

FIFTY CENTS *

JANUARY 24, 1969

TO HEAL A NATION
Special Section: The Task before the President

TIME





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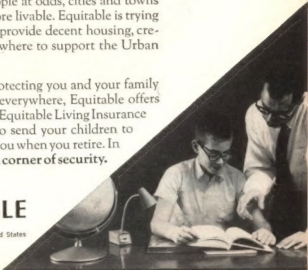


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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, January 22

VOYAGE TO THE ENCHANTED ISLES (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* This essay, which is partially narrated by Prince Philip, examines the strange Galápagos Islands, where the climate permits penguins and flamingoes to coexist in undisturbed splendor along with other primitive forms of wildlife.

Thursday, January 23

THE LIONS ARE FREE (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Bill Travers revisits the pride of lions that returned to its natural habitat after starring in his 1966 film, *Born Free*.

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8-9 p.m.). Milo O'Shea and Jack MacGowan star in a comedy about a young postulant in a Trappist monastery who discovers that even monks have their little weaknesses. "Silent Song" is played almost entirely without dialogue.

Friday, January 24

THE FRENCH-AMERICAN CHALLENGE CUP (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). Members of the French and American professional ski teams compete for the Challenge Cup on the slopes of Aspen, Colo.

Saturday, January 25

UNTAMED WORLD (NBC, 12:30-1 p.m.). Philip Carey recalls the myths and legends surrounding the world of reptiles, and shows film of snakes as they charm and chop their fellow creatures.

SHELL'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF GOLF (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). Doug Sanders, Charles Sifford and David Thomas compete at the Singapore Island Country Club in Singapore.

BING CROSBY PRO-AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP (ABC, 6-7:30 p.m.). The third round from Pebble Beach, Calif. Fourth round Sunday from 5-7 p.m.

DOWN ON THE FARM (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The role of the American farmer, past and present, is explored; then the camera looks at the mechanical marvels of tomorrow that will send more country folk swarming to the cities.

Sunday, January 26

DISCOVERY '69 (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-noon). "Stockholm—The Town Between the Bridges" is a comparison of the 20th century city with the Swedish capital as it was in centuries past.

CBS CHILDREN'S FILM FESTIVAL (CBS, 1:30-2:30 p.m.). "Clown and Other Stories" are three award-winning French short films about the fantasies of childhood.

AMERICAN SPORTSMAN (ABC, 4-5 p.m.). In a fin and fur doubleheader, Lee Wulf fishes for tuna in Newfoundland and Rick Jason guns for grizzly bear in the wilds of British Columbia.

BOTH OUR HOUSES—THE NINETY-FIRST CONGRESS (NBC, 4:30-5:30 p.m.). NBC looks at the makeup of the new Congress and assesses what it hopes to achieve.

MUTUAL OF OHAMA'S WILD KINGDOM (NBC, 6:30-7 p.m.). Marlin Perkins joins Explorer-Naturalist Jim Fowler in the Peruvian Andes to search for one of nature's grandest gliders, the Andean condor.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Tomorrow—Today" is a look at how scientists simulate the future in order to

* All times E.S.T.

solve pressing technological problems of the present.

Monday, January 27

NBC MONDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Sgt. Joe Friday (Jack Webb) takes out after a murderer with a preference for photographic models in *World Premiere: Dragnet*.

Tuesday, January 28

ARCTIC ODYSSEY: THE DAVID HUMPHREYS POLAR EXPEDITION (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A close-up study of an Arctic expedition that changed the map of the world. The odyssey follows the project from its planning stage through its 109 days on the polar ice.

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Longshoreman-Philosopher Eric Hoffer chats again with Eric Sevareid on many subjects, including politics, the urban crisis, intellectuals, writing and death.

THEATER

On Broadway

HADRIAN VII is a deft dramatization by Peter Luke of fantasy and fact in the life of Frederick William Rolfe, a would-be priest who dreamed of being called first to the cloth and then to the throne of St. Peter—becoming the second English Pope in history. With an outstanding command of technique and a wealth of small mannerisms under perfect control, Alec McCowen displays Rolfe's narcissism and cunning, his insincerity, vulnerability and genuine religious obsession. His performance may well be one of the major theatrical events of the decade.

FORTY CARATS is a comedy with Julie Harris as a middle-aged divorcee and Marco St. John as the young man who successfully woos her with ozo. Directed with crisp agility by Abe Burrows, the play is never less than civilized fun.

PROMISES, PROMISES is an imitation of past successes, with a plot from the Wilder-Diamond film *The Apartment* and a structure borrowed from *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*. Jerry Orbach and Marian Mercer turn in the best performances of the evening.

JIMMY SHINE. Playwright Murray Schisgal, attempting a journey through mood, psyche and character, fails to go anywhere. But Dustin Hoffman is so obviously pleased with himself that it is difficult for anyone in the audience not to be just as satisfied.

ZORBA, Producer-Director Harold Prince seems to have tried to fashion a sequel to his *Fiddler on the Roof*, thinly cannibalized with a Greek accent. But Zorba isn't Jewish, and the miscasting and bogus bouzouki music scarcely ever evoke the characteristic tone of Levantine lament.

KING LEAR is the best work that the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater has ever offered. Lee J. Cobb, aided by a supporting cast that truly supports, gives the best performance of his career in the title role.

Off Broadway

LITTLE MURDERS. This revival of Cartoonist Jules Feiffer's first full-length play still suffers from being a series of animated cartoons spliced together rather than an organic drama. What Feiffer does achieve, with the aid of Alan Arkin's masterful di-

rection and a remarkably resourceful cast, is social observation that is razor sharp.

DAMES AT SEA. This friendly parody of the old Busby Berkeley-type movie musicals of the '30s, has a thoroughly engaging cast headed by Bernadette Peters, and some of the most ingenious staging currently on or off Broadway.

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK is a warm, loving tribute to the late Lorraine Hansberry, put together from her own writings. The interracial cast, ably directed by Gene Frankel, works well as an ensemble to thread an elegiac mood through the range of comedy, rage, reminiscence and introspection.

TEA PARTY and **THE BASEMENT.** In all Harold Pinter plays, the surface is never the substance, and the meaning lies in the eye and mind of the beholder. In *Tea Party*, a middle-aged manufacturer of bidets is pushed into what may be his death throes by the interactions of his secretary, his wife, and his wife's brother. *The Basement* deals with the relations of two men and a girl who share a basement flat.

CINEMA

THE SHAME. Ingmar Bergman's 29th film is a tonal allegory involving a nameless war, a broken marriage, and existential doubt. The performances by such Bergman regulars as Max von Sydow and Gunnar Björnstrand are letter perfect, but Liv Ullmann, newest member of the Bergman company, portrays the whole range of feminine response with a special brilliance.

THE FIXER. "I'm the kind of man who finds it perilous just to be alive," says the reluctant hero of this grueling and often moving adaptation of Bernard Malamud's novel. Under the meticulous direction of John Frankenheimer, the cast performs with a power that gives the film an almost Dostoevskian force.

FACES. John Cassavetes wrote and directed this grim and gritty study of the vicissitudes of love and marriage at middle age. The film is alternately powerful and dreary, and demands more sympathy for its characters than many members of the audience will want to give.

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S is a surprise: a funny, affectionate valentine to old-time burlesque. Songs, dances and molly jokes are all delivered with appropriate reverence. The actors, including Jason Robards and Norman Wisdom as a couple of seedy comics, Britt Ekland as an innocent young thing in the big city, and Joseph Wiseman and Harry Andrews as concerned fathers, all perform with dedicated energy.

CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG is a friendly musical that drags a bit in the first half, but picks up once Dick Van Dyke, who plays a pixilated inventor, gets his children, his girl friend (Sally Ann Howes) and his car airborne.

THE FIREMAN'S BALL. Under the direction of Miloš Forman (*Loves of a Blonde*), a group of firemen stage a party in honor of their retiring chief, and act out a neat parody of Communist bureaucracy.

YELLOW SUBMARINE is an elaborate animated cartoon adventure starring the Beatles. Although Graphics Designer Heinz Edelmann brings off a series of visual puns, the overall result tends to bog down at times.

BULLITT is a cops-and-robbers movie that moves the audience's viscera, particularly during a chase scene up and down the



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hills of San Francisco. Steve McQueen stars as a detective with impeccable cool.

FUNNY GIRL Barbra Streisand makes her movie debut in a loud musical biography of Fanny Brice. Miss Streisand is on screen most of the time, which will delight many fans, but may give others a sense of uneasy familiarity.

COOGAN'S BLUFF This story of an Arizona sheriff (Clint Eastwood) who comes to New York on a man hunt, amply justifies Director Don Siegel's reputation as a minor film genius.

WEEKEND Jean-Luc Godard gives the bourgeoisie a good drubbing in a satire that might be sharper if its Maoist political harangues were not so dull.

PRETTY POISON Homicide can be fun, as Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld prove in this stinging satire on violence in America. Direction is by Noel Black, 31, whose previous experience has been mostly in educational and commercial shorts.

OLIVER! They've removed Dickens' reformist zeal, but substituted some colorful period costumes, some excellent songs by Lionel Bart, and some stunning sets by John Box. The result is the best musical of 1968. Carol Reed directs a large cast (including Ron Moody, Shani Wallis and Mark Lester as Oliver) with precision.

BOOKS

Best Reading

ALEXANDER POPE, by Peter Quennell. A lucid biography of the great 18th century poet, a proud and petulant man who used words as sticks and stones in his savage satires.

THE VALACHI PAPERS, by Peter Maas. A painstaking account of one man's career in the Mafia, made the more fascinating by the author's observation: "If the Cosa Nostra's illegal profits were reported, the country could meet its present obligations with a 10% tax reduction instead of a 10% surcharge increase."

JOYCE CARY, by Malcolm Foster. The first full-scale biography of the late-blooming author of *The Horse's Mouth* and *Herself Surprised* reveals his vision of the world as a struggle between creative man and organized authority.

SILENCE ON MONTE SOLE, by Jack Olsen. In the fall of 1944, Nazi SS death squads rounded up, shot down, grenaded and then burned more than 1,800 inhabitants of the villages around Monte Sole in north central Italy. Author Olsen performs a journalistic feat as he records this atrocity, which was only a footnote to the history of the Italian campaign.

MILLAIS AND THE RUSKINS, by Mary Lutyns. A measured, complex view of the private lives of the Victorian genius John Ruskin and his wife that reads as smoothly as an old-fashioned novel of manners.

THE ARMS OF KRUPP, by William Manchester. The "smokestack barons" of the Ruhr, whose arsenal armed Germany in two world wars, are portrayed in an encyclopedic history of their powerful and eccentric family.

TURPIN, by Stephen Jones. Beginning with the murder of a golden retriever and lurching from ludicrous deaths to outrageous depravities, this savagely comic novel bares the terrors that hide beneath the surface of apparently calm minds.

THE BEASTLY BEAUTITUDES OF BALTHAZAR B. by J. P. Donleavy. A rich, dreamy young man drifts rudderless through a series of touchingly humorous misadventures. The author's best novel since *The Ginger Man*.

O'NEILL: SON AND PLAYWRIGHT, by Louis Sheaffer. In the first of two volumes, Author Sheaffer examines the emotional factors in the playwright's family history.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Salzburg Connection*, MacInnes (1 last week)
2. *A Small Town in Germany*, le Carré (2)
3. *Airport*, Hailey (3)
4. *Preserve and Protect*, Drury (4)
5. *The First Circle*, Solzhenitsyn (6)
6. *And Other Stories*, O'Hara
7. *Force 10 from Navarone*, MacLean (5)
8. *The Beastly Beautitudes of Balthazar B.*, Donleavy (8)
9. *The Hurricane Years*, Hawley (7)
10. *Testimony of Two Men*, Caldwell (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The Money Game*, 'Adam Smith' (1)
2. *The Arms of Krupp*, Manchester (2)
3. *Instant Replay*, Kramer (3)
4. *The Day Kennedy Was Shot*, Bishop (4)
5. *The Rich and the Super-Rich*, Lundberg (7)
6. *On Reflection*, Hayes (8)
7. *Soul on Ice*, Cleaver
8. *Sixty Years on the Firing Line*, Krock (5)
9. *Anti-Memoirs*, Malraux (6)
10. *The Joys of Yiddish*, Rosten (10)



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"Behind that emblem, is an otherwise perfect car."



LETTERS

How to Behave

Sir: Congratulations on your new department *BEHAVIOR* [Jan. 10]. For decades psychologists and I dare say other behavioral scientists—have been amused, puzzled and outraged by the tendency to consign or conceal their professional and scientific identity in other departments like *MEDICINE*, *EDUCATION* and *BOOKS*.

Psychology is one of our country's most rapidly growing professions. Over 30,000 of its researchers, teachers and practitioners are presently engaged in the production, dissemination and application of the knowledge of behavior.

Your decision to create this section is consistent with the vitality of the underlying art and science. Beyond achieving the objectives you mentioned, it will serve to highlight for your readers the excitement and the great significance that the study of behavior *qua* behavior has for almost every aspect of human affairs.

BERNARD SAPER

President

New York State Psychological Association
Manhattan

Sir: Re "Exploring a Shadow World": In order to achieve a more valuable contribution to sociology, Erving Goffman should study more closely the work of his putative intellectual forebears, Cooley and Mead. Surely social life is more than the banal playing out of prescribed social roles by "normal" social actors. Though social order is based upon a high degree of mutual expectation in role behavior, the visibility of social life is fruitfully conceptualized in terms of highly frequent, residual rule-breaking by "normal" persons, as well as by supposed deviants. Are all human relationships as disingenuous as Goffman portrays them?

HOWARD L. NIXON II

Pittsburgh

Sir: Goffman's basic thesis is that man's behavior for public order and unspoken mutual trust manifests itself in even the seemingly most simple social interactions, such as two people passing each other. Several years ago I observed Erving Goffman walking through Barrows Hall on the University of California campus. He ran into another sociology professor who said, "Well, Erving, I haven't seen you in several years." To which Dr. Goffman replied, "It isn't my fault, David."

ANNE MITCHELL

Berkeley, Calif.

Upholding the L.A.W.

Sir: A wonderful article concerning the plight of the left-handed person [Jan. 10]. A year ago several friends and I came to the same realization. The result was the formation of the L.A.W. Society: Left-Handers Against the World. We would like to mention two other discriminatory practices perpetrated on left-handed students. One is the curse of the spiral notebook, which is bound on the left side. Designed for the comfort and ease of the right-handed person, it is a cause of genuine pain and grief to thousands of students everywhere. The second is the fact that most college desks are made for right-handed people, forcing "lefty" to go into contortions when taking notes. Thank you for your recognition of this dangerous situation.

KENNETH J. YOLLA

President, L.A.W.

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sir: It is true that we southpaws are constantly inconvenienced in this right-handed world, but we can always find certain compensations. One is the salad plate, which is always placed to the left of the dinner plate. Another, the brevity of the articles in *TIME*, which allows us to read it by starting at the back cover and working forward with no trouble.

GARY BERGERON

Crowley, La.

Sir: I'm sure that the chap who opened the left-handed shop in London last year won't make a go of it. I would guess that the majority of left-handers would have a hard time learning to use something designed just for them either because 1) they have learned to use most things as a right-hander would, or 2) they have learned to use things in their own gauche-appearing way.

For instance, it never even occurs to me to shake hands or salute with my left hand. I long ago learned to use right-handed scissors with ease. At dinners, when seated next to a right-hander, I automatically keep my left elbow close to my side when eating to avoid bumps—and when things are too close at a table, I switch to eating with my right hand, another trick I taught myself long ago.

I always tell fellow lefties who complain to consider those with worse handicaps than theirs and who have overcome and excelled.

BERNARD SCHUKRAFT

Oak Park, Ill.

Sir: Left-handers are not the only ones who must negotiate a world designed for others. Take, for example, tall people—like myself—who find door lintels inconveniently at forehead level, hotel beds several inches too short, and theater seats with just enough leg room to push one's knees into one's face. But that's not the worst of it: we also find that almost all the pretty women are too short.

KENNETH E. EKMAN

Cambridge, Mass.

Greeting

Sir: Had your Essay about eliminating the draft in favor of a volunteer army [Jan. 10] been accompanied by a graph plotting re-enlistment rates against intelligence, I'm quite sure it would have resembled a ski jump.

Take a man doing a highly technical job and punish him because a doorknob is not shiny enough; make him appear in uniform on his own time to hear an of-

ficial announcement the content of which he knew days before; make him an officer and expect him to believe in these absurdities. The mind boggles briefly and then realizes that the Army is something to be borne and that dignity and fulfillment will have to be sought elsewhere. Exit one valuable man.

Raises, pensions and other such mundane bribes would not have kept him. His price is much higher: individuality. To eliminate the draft, the services would have to adopt an entirely new form of discipline, one in which conformity would be secondary to personal initiative and common sense. Whether such a posture would be militarily effective is a question for the psychologists, but I suspect that "volunteer army" will remain a politician's oxymoron for some time to come.

BRUCE WILLIAMS

Glenside, Pa.

Sir: As a former draftee, I know only too well that the present draft system is imperfect and that servicemen are greatly underpaid. But is a highly paid volunteer army really the answer? I think not—the opinion of my political hero William Buckley to the contrary.

Reform the draft, making each and every American equally likely to be called; increase the pay of servicemen, particularly those who make the military a career; and work for peace and understanding and brotherhood in the world so that military forces might one day be unnecessary. But don't adopt a volunteer army. Don't give Americans any more excuse than they presently have for making the other guy carry their load. We are taught that the country belongs equally to all; what we apparently have not learned is that we all belong equally to the country.

CHARLES R. McDOWELL

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sir: There is indeed a strong need for volunteer rather than drafted armed forces. But sometimes we seek such complicated solutions to simple problems that the obvious eludes us. What is needed is a loyal, effective, enthusiastic, patriotic and spirited volunteer. He can be obtained without cost to the taxpayer. Indeed, this plan for raising a volunteer force would undoubtedly reduce our civilian tax burden: 1) extend the present draft law to four years for involuntary service, and 2) reduce the voluntary service requirement to two years. Almost any young man of draft age would be eager to volunteer to serve only two years rather than be drafted for four.

In this way, draft quotas could be cut, perhaps even eliminated. Men could serve honorably on a volunteer basis rather

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than with the stigma of the involuntary-service draftee. And they could complete their obligation within the same two years that would be required under the present draft law.

JOHN R. RUMMELL

Honolulu

Ted v. Teddy

Sir: Senator Edward Kennedy's victory in the contest for Democratic majority whip [Jan. 10] is a significant event in the Democratic Party's move toward effecting a liberal stance in the formulation of party positions on key issues. As majority whip, Kennedy will do much to accomplish a rapprochement of liberal factions alienated in the travesty at Chicago. This is good for Ted Kennedy, for the Democratic Party, for the people.

DENNIS J. KUCINICH

Cleveland

Sir: Any perceptive person knows that the majority whip is the prize given to Teddy Kennedy for not rocking the boat at the Chicago convention; given by frantic politicians, not deservedly but because they evidently believe the Kennedy name, not Teddy, to be the light that will lead them out of darkness.

However, in spite of their undeniable glamour and their affinity with the populace, neither Jack nor Robert, with all due respect to their memory, really accomplished much. At least not enough to merit this incessant genuflection. Is it not time that sentimentalism give way to an analytical presentation of their concrete achievements?

JUAN L. BRITO

Brownsville, Texas

Fitness Report: Senator

Sir: Mr. Nixon is about to become our new President [Jan. 10], but I haven't yet heard much about his wartime experiences.

I was Mr. Nixon's commanding officer for a number of months during 1944 at the Naval Air Station, Alameda, Calif. My command was Headquarters Squadron, Fleet Air Wing Eight. When I first met him in my office, I detected a very eager young lieutenant who was proud of his uniform and displayed a nervous desire to get to his new job assignment, which was as night maintenance officer, third shift.

We had a huge backlog of heavy maintenance checks to perform and a large flight schedule to maintain, in which we qualified pilots and crews for transpacific flights to Honolulu. Mr. Nixon assured me that there wouldn't be another officer or man in the squadron who would work harder or support our mission better than himself. His enthusiasm was overpowering. He had something special to give, but I couldn't immediately determine what it was. In about three months, my engineering officer recommended that the third shift be terminated—much to my surprise. His explanation was that the young Lieut. Nixon had been so successful in performing, not through technical competence but through the sheer weight of enthusiastic leadership, that the night shift produced so well that they were even performing checks scheduled for the day shift.

Mr. Nixon's quiet leadership techniques took hold throughout the squadron. I am sure that his leadership qualities will stand all Americans in good stead these next four years.

P. F. BOYLE
Captain, U.S.N. (ret.)

A.P.O., San Francisco

Housemaid's Plea

Sir: Your photographs of the backside of the moon [Jan. 10] recalled an excursion into poetry, in the 19th century, by the housemaid of Sir Edmund Gosse. After a moonlight evening in an English garden she presented to her master next morning these immortal lines:

*O moon, lovely moon, with thy beautiful face,
Caring throughout the boundaries of space,
Whenever I see thee, I think in my mind,
Shall I ever, oh ever, behold thy behind?*

Sir Edmund seemed to think only that the housemaid was indelicate in her expression, and extravagant in her desire. Perhaps she was among the prophets.

(The Rev.) ERNEST MARSHALL-HOWSE
Toronto

Sir: The three astronauts, representatives of the Establishment reading *Genesis* while spinning in space, recording scientific data for the ages to come, with faith in God and their fellow scientists, show up the puerile nihilism and obscenity, the physical and mental shabbiness of our youthful dropouts like a bright light in a dark dungeon. Any hippie, yippee, card burner or other destructive zealot who reads your article and doesn't drop in to 1) a bathtub, 2) a barber shop and 3) an employment office, must be completely devoid of imagination and vision.

(Mrs.) ANNE RIGGS OSBORNE

Augusta, Ga.

Sir: It certainly is a commentary on our society to see that we feel free to send three men, by themselves, to the moon and back, but find it expedient to cover them with swarms of Secret Service agents when they ride down a main street of our largest city at high noon.

FREDRIC A. GRIMM JR.

Assistant Prosecuting Attorney

Muskegon County

Muskegon, Mich.

Ultimate Liberty

Sir: The tone of your recent article on the dangers of cholesterol [Jan. 10] shocked me. The ultimate civil liberty in a democratic society is the power over one's own life and death, and I cannot see why the Government should restrict cholesterol any more than it restricts equally "lethal" alcohol and tobacco. Let us have a program of education, by all means, but allow us to "choose our poison." You may have nicotine, and I'll take bacon and butter.

JOHN L. ROPHEQUET, '69

The Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore

Two Against Many

Sir: After relishing sweet reviews of my play, *God Is a Guess What?* [Dec. 27] from eight of the major New York critics, your man's bitter but beautiful blast was refreshing. However, it reminds me of a story about George Bernard Shaw. After a certain speech at the opening of one of his plays, Mr. Shaw was greeted with great applause by all of the audience save one man who expressed his opinion with a resounding "Boo!" G.B. looked up into the balcony where the dissenter sat. Then said he genially, "I heartily agree with you, my dear fellow; but who are we two against so many?"

But, truly, thank you very much for paying any attention to that trifle. It was "an honor that I dreamed not of."

ROY MCIVER

Atlanta

Novel Title

Sir: In your article "The Year of the Novel" [Jan. 3], the title of Doris Lessing's new novel was inaccurately reported as 1999. The title of Mrs. Lessing's book is—and always has been—"The Four-Gated City."

ROBERT GOTTLEB

Editor in Chief

ALFRED A. KNOPP

Publisher

Manhattan

Mighty Mouse

Sir: In reference to your article, "Is This Any Way to Buy an Airline?" [Jan. 10]: Gentlemen, we are tired. If you have not been involved in a merger you cannot imagine the traumatic shock to the individual employee—the chaos and confusion in trying to standardize and produce a brand new product.

In 14 years I have had the opportunity to study most other airline operations, and we are no more inferior than quite a few I could mention. If fairness is your doctrine, you might mention the long hours put in by our executives; the patient humor and heroic efforts of our ticket agents, operations and reservations staffs who have lived through this six-month nightmare—that is the real story.

Yes, we are having problems; no, we are not perfect, but my God, we're trying. And pardon us, Mr. Disney, but Mickey Mouse we are not!

M. JAY KEEPING

Regional Sales Manager

Air West Inc.

Los Angeles

Welcome to Havana (Fla.)

Sir: When one of those nuts starts hollering "Havana! Havana!" aboard one of our airliners [Jan. 17], it doesn't necessarily have to go there.

Why not build a typical Hollywood set somewhere in Florida, with a nice 10,000-ft. airstrip and an air terminal with a big sign reading HABANA splashed across the front of it, staffed with a group of Miami Cubans making fake Havana Cubans' guns and all? Our airliners could land there in confidence.

This would save a lot of time and trouble, and we could apprehend the hijackers every time—as their plane landed at Havana, Fla., U.S.A.

ED CASTILLO

San Antonio

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TIME JANUARY 24, 1969

A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

THIS week, as the U.S. inaugurates a new President, TIME adds a special 20-page section to its regular issue. The section attempts to assess the quality of U.S. life at this point in the nation's history, to examine the problems that face the new Administration and to suggest some of the promising paths for the future.

It was prepared by a team of writers, correspondents and researchers, headed by Senior Editor Robert Shnayerson, a veteran of many TIME departments. Shnayerson was long-time Education editor before he helped to start TIME's present Law section, and is now responsible for editing TIME's Essay. His writing staff include Associate Editors Timothy Foote and Gary Clarke, and Contributing Editors Lance Morrow, Christopher Cory and Philip Herrera, along with TIME's former London Bureau Chief Robert T. Elson, the author of TIME Inc. *The Intimate History of a Publishing Enterprise*.

The job of finding the most useful books, articles, statistics, pictures and even song lyrics among the mountains of background material was performed by Researchers Nancy Chase, Mary Kelley, Leila Little, Marion Pikul, Helen Prince, Mary McConachie, Michele Stephenson and Jane Van Tassel. To garner the most provocative ideas for their files, TIME correspondents around the world questioned historians, philosophers, ecologists, clergymen, politicians and businessmen. The reporting group was made up of 20 correspondents and 20 stringers. Major files came from a special Washington team directed by TIME Senior Correspondent John Steele and including Donn Downing, Richard Saltonstall, John Stacks, Arthur White and Marvin Zim.

THE COVER is a photomontage by Robert Crandall. The composite picture, containing photos by Steve Schapiro, Jim Wells, Laurence Fink

and John Stewart Olson, symbolizes the major problems that face the incoming Administration of President Richard Nixon. The four segments illustrate student protest, the Viet Nam war, the problems of the cities and law and order.

The Nixon inaugural medal shown at the bottom of the cover is the official medallion approved by the new President. The sculptor was Ralph Menconi, and the medal itself was struck by the Medallic Art Co. of New York. The three-quarter view of Nixon's face is a departure from the traditional presidential profile. The reverse side of the medal is also something of a novelty: instead of being the standard reproduction of the Great Seal of the United States, it is a sculptured rendering of the crewelwork seal that Julie Nixon gave her father as an election-night surprise.

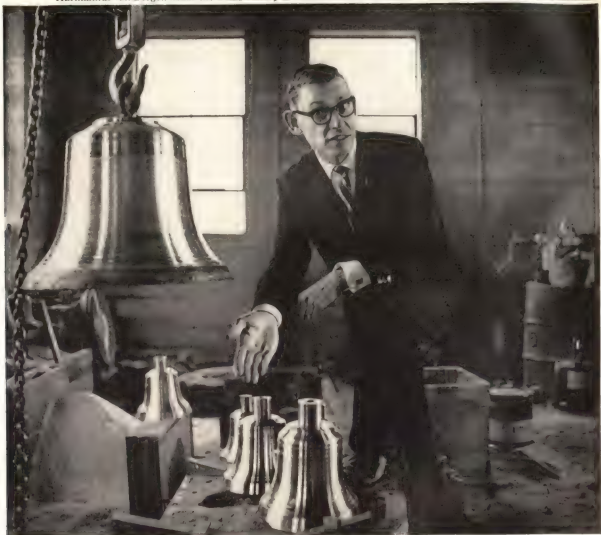
While pointing out the problems that the country faces, TIME's editors are happy to be able to offer a generous helping of what many think of as at least a partial remedy for the ills of the world: poetry. This week the entire Books section is devoted to a thorough survey of contemporary U.S. poetry—a look at the modern school and what has been developing over the past decade. All the reviews were written by Contributing Editor George Dickerson, himself a poet, whose work has been published in a variety of magazines, including *Mademoiselle* and *The New Yorker*.

Once he started an examination of what he considers "the revitalization of American poetry," Dickerson was surprised to discover how many important poets have recently put out new books. He turned out 26 reviews before reluctantly paring down his list to the twelve that appear. His personal reward, he says, was "the sharpening of one's own language that comes from studying other people's poetry."

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Harmannus van Bergen heads the Bell Foundry in Greenwood, S.C., which casts and sells musical bells and carillons.



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Harmannus van Bergen talks it over with MONY man John Grier, CLU.

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"But John certainly opened my eyes. He pointed out that without me the in-

come from my business might well fall off to virtually nothing. That Peggy could only go back to work at the expense of our child's care. He made me realize that accidents and sickness could happen to anyone at any age, and that the time to buy was when youth and good health insured my getting a policy inexpensively.

"He even arranged an easy way to pay premiums called 'MONY-matic.' I hardly feel the payments at all. But I sure feel a lot more secure knowing my family can get an income if I'm disabled

and can't work. I'm grateful to John and MONY."

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

January 24, 1969 Vol. 93, No. 4

THE NATION

NIXON'S MESSAGE: "LET US GATHER THE LIGHT"

FINALLY, it was over. The apprenticeship in high places, the eight years of anxious exile in which he could only wonder if the chance would ever come again, the final months of combat, triumph and preparation anew—all that was behind Richard Milhous Nixon. Now, at 56, atop the citadel of power, he was ready to stand before the thousands in the Capitol Plaza and millions watching TV across the U.S. to take his oath of office as the nation's 37th President. In his inaugural address, he set out to sound clearly the tone of his Administration.

In keeping with his campaign promises and personal style, Nixon offered no new utopias, delivered no exhortations to grandeur. Rather, he earnestly and soberly addressed himself to the immediate tasks of reunifying a divided nation and leading "the world at last out of the valley of turmoil. . . . We cannot learn from one another until we stop shouting at one another," he said, "until we speak quietly enough so that our words can be heard as well as our voices. For its part, Government will listen. We will strive to listen in new ways—to the voices of quiet anguish, the voices that speak without words, the voices of the heart, to the injured voices and the anxious voices and the voices that have despaired of being heard."

No One An Enemy. Nixon chose not to deliver a detailed catalogue of policies and programs. His underlying themes were conciliation and equity at home, the quest for peace abroad. "Those who have been left out," he said, "we will try to bring in. Those who have been left behind, we will help to catch up." To foreign friends and adversaries, he extended this hope: "Because the people of the world want peace and the leaders are afraid of war, the times are on the side of peace. Let us take as our goal: Where peace is unknown, to make it welcome. Where peace is fragile, to make it strong. Where peace is temporary, to make it permanent." Realistically, he added: "We cannot expect to make everyone our friend, but

we can try to make no one our enemy."

Nixon appealed to Americans to join individually and actively in solving the nation's problems—a standard passage in presidential oratory—but he did it in personal, vivid terms: "We need the energies of our people, enlisted not only in grand enterprises, but more impor-

It was aimed squarely at the national constituency that Nixon must rally if he is to be able to govern effectively. It was yet another effort to recruit a coalition from among the sundered political and ideological factions of the country, an effort he is bound to continue.

Nixon's emphasis on citizens' involvement in the affairs of their society was also an extension of his previous appeals. He did not suggest a retreat from the high degree of governmental activity that marked the Democratic Administrations since the 1930s. Rather, he pleaded for support from all levels of society in a drive for common participation that will probably be a dominant ambition of the new Administration. "I do not offer a life of uninspiring ease," he said, "I do not call for a life of grim sacrifice. I ask you to join in a high adventure—one as rich as humanity itself, and exciting as the times we live in."

A Common Destiny. As the speech suggests, President Nixon plans no frenetic hundred days, no volcanic outpouring of glowing visions and imperative programs. One theory of presidential strategy has it that any new White House resident must stamp his signature on the times immediately or risk losing forever the chance to do so. Nixon construes his circumstances and opportunities differently—and with cause. He wants what one adviser calls "studious momentum." He is a minority President who faces an opposition majority on Capitol Hill, a centrist Republican who confronts a political left and right, both flaming with angry frustration.

Thus Nixon took extraordinary pains in framing his inaugural address. After maintaining a low silhouette since the election, he was anxious to set the right note with which to begin the exercise of leadership. The process began several weeks ago with requests for drafts from three of his speech writers and idea men, William Safire, Patrick Buchanan and Raymond Price. Nixon himself had read every previous inaugural address, picking as his favorites Lin-



NIXON IN N.Y. JUST BEFORE INAUGURATION
To center stage with measured tread.

tantly in those small, splendid efforts that make headlines in the neighborhood newspaper instead of the national journal. With these, we today can build a great cathedral of the spirit, each of us raising it one stone at a time, as he reaches out to his neighbor, helping, caring, doing."

The address was very much of a piece with the more thoughtful of his campaign speeches. It was hopeful without being euphoric, avoided partisanship.

coln's second inaugural, both of Wilson's, F.D.R.'s first three, the Kennedy speech and—surprisingly—the baroque oratory of Democrat James K. Polk. A favorite Nixon motto is "Forward Together," and Polk in 1845 chose compromise and unity as his basic themes. He deplored "sectional jealousies and heartburnings," entreating the competing factions of his day to "remember that they are members of the same political family, having a common destiny."

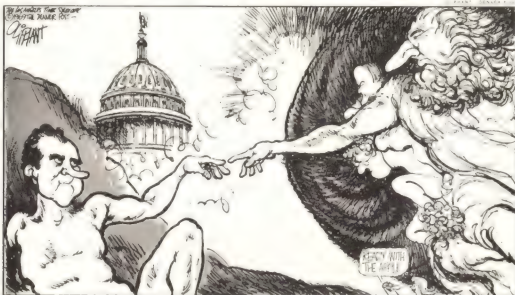
While preparation of the speech absorbed so much of Nixon's time and attention during the final weeks of the transition period, the process of transferring power continued at a somewhat slower pace than many had expected. The recruitment of officials below the Cabinet, sub-Cabinet and White House staff levels was apparently being done

mand 6,300,000 in military and civilian personnel (the figure was just 4,800,000 when Nixon left Washington in 1961). Somewhat apprehensively, this awesome apparatus still waited for the impact of the change in party and President.

Box-Office Success. It was one of the ironies of the transition period that while the lower levels of government awaited new superiors and unknown policy guidelines, Nixon was nonetheless making himself felt at the top. On Viet Nam, particularly, he acted almost as a co-President, assisting the Johnson Administration in bringing Saigon into the expanded Paris peace talks (see THE WORLD). He scrupulously observed his pledge to act in concert with Lyndon Johnson on foreign affairs from November through January.

The relatively cooperative, amiable

most august roof, the Nixons—and the Republicans—had the traditional celebrations to enjoy. At an estimated cost of \$2.3 million, the highest in history (borne by the paying guests and the Washington business community), the festivities that started over the weekend with receptions, luncheons and a concert at Constitution Hall, reached a crescendo Monday night with six balls around Washington, at each of which the Nixons were to appear. G.O.P. bashers are traditionally more sedate than Democratic windings, but the Republicans still promised to produce hundreds of young "Nixonaires," dressed in silver-seamed miniskirts, at each of the balls. As the weekend approached, downtown hotels and suburban motels were jammed with guests from all corners of the nation. One of the most congested



with great deliberation. Of the 300 top posts that Nixon might have filled before taking office, he had by last week named only about 100 appointees. Incoming Cabinet officers, notably William Rogers at State, have been asking assistant secretaries of departments to stay on for the immediate future. During the campaign, Nixon had talked of a "complete housecleaning" at the State Department, but, more recently, he said that he had "the greatest respect for the career State Department people." One associate described Nixon's mood: "He doesn't want to rip out and tear up. He wants it slow, orderly, methodical, measured."

Ganglia of Government. The task that confronts him is formidable. Beyond setting broad policies, choosing from the plethora of recommendations being churned out by his advisers, keeping close vigil over the Viet Nam negotiations and the conduct of the war itself, Nixon must establish control over the balky federal bureaucracy. The vast ganglia of government, housed in 141 buildings in and around the capital, com-

tone established by Nixon and Johnson immediately after the election was preserved through Inauguration morning, when the Nixons and Johnsons had arranged to meet at the White House for an informal chat before riding together to the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue for the formal change of command. The trip back—the triumphal parade that was to take the rest of the afternoon—was a box-office success. All 38,000 seats along the line of march were sold in advance.

With the Johnsons scheduled to leave for Texas later in the day, the new first family planned to spend Inauguration night in the White House. Inevitably, there would be many differences in atmosphere and routine. Among the changes, the Nixons plan to hold interdenominational prayer services in the mansion. On a more prosaic level, Pat Nixon may set up a beauty salon for the convenience of White House distaffers and the family.

But before any changes, global or minuscule, would be effected, before that first night's sleep under the nation's

spots in town was outside the old Willard Hotel, where tickets to inaugural events were on sale. The Republicans did not have the field to themselves. A group of Democrats and some newsmen staged the "First Quadrennial Pre-Inaugural Extra-Dimensional Ball," and found a heavy demand for tickets. Meanwhile, antiwar groups organized protest demonstrations.

During much of the period between election and Inauguration, Richard Nixon purposely remained in the wings, saying little, digesting masses of reports from 21 study groups on problems ranging from the guaranteed annual wage to the post-Viet Nam economy. Now center stage is unavoidable, Nixon's first official address was an evocation of the striving and optimism that are basic to the American temperament: "We have endured a long night of the American spirit. But as our eyes catch the dimness of the first rays of dawn, let us not curse the remaining dark. Let us gather the light." The new President of the U.S. has that opportunity, and, indeed, an urgent summons to do so.

THE LAST MESSAGE—AND ADIEU

Mistakes have been made, as all can see and I admit. But I leave comparisons to history, claiming only that I have acted in every instance from a conscientious desire to do what was right: constitutional, within the law, and for the very best interests of the whole people. Failures have been errors of judgment, not of intent.

It was not Lyndon Johnson who spoke those self-justifying words, but Ulysses S. Grant in his farewell annual message on the State of the Union in 1876. The Grant Administration was pockmarked with scandal and ineptitude, and Grant's standing among scholars of the presidency is no higher now than it was among the people then. Last week Johnson, the 36th President of the U.S., took his own leave of a nation disenchanted with a far-off war and deeply perturbed by its myriad problems at home. His apology was not abject like Grant's, but his peroration contained a latter-day echo of it: "I hope it may be said a hundred years from now," Johnson told the Congress, "that by working together we helped to make our country more just. That's what I hope. But I believe that at least it will be said that we tried."

The outgoing President chose to deliver his final State of the Union message in person; the last President to do so was John Adams in 1800. Lyndon Johnson had a special reason for his decision, which he confessed was "just pure sentimental." He is a child of the Congress, and he was at home again for the last time as President. "Most all of my life as a public official has been spent here in this building," he said. "For 38 years, since I worked in that gallery as a doorkeeper in the House of Representatives, I have known these halls and I have known most of the men pretty well who walked them." The Congress, always generous to its own, responded warmly.

Unfinished Business. Johnson won a 34-minute standing ovation when he strode into the House chamber behind Doorkeeper William ("Fishbait") Miller and stood behind the lectern, nodding and smiling to acknowledge the applause. Then, pleading yet proud, he recited some of his Administration's achievements at home: Medicare, three far-reaching civil rights laws on housing and voting, job programs that have trained 5,000,000, the lowest unemployment in nearly 20 years (3.3%), more than 1,500,000 college students on federal scholarships, Project Head Start for preschool children, support for pupils below college level.

There was also plenty of unfinished business, which Johnson urged the Congress to complete: a draft system based on selection by lot, a licensing and registration law for firearms, and the nu-

clear nonproliferation treaty, which has been pending in the Senate since July.

Johnson's mood was solemn as he spoke of the war. "I regret more than any of you know," he said, "that it has not been possible to restore peace to South Viet Nam." But he scorned critics who have contended that Viet Nam has drained needed funds from butter for guns. "We have been able in the last five years to increase our commitments for such things as health and education from \$30 billion in 1964 to \$68 billion in the coming fiscal year. That's more than it's ever been increased in the 188 years of this Republic, notwithstanding Viet Nam." In-

DAVID DUNN



PRESIDENT JOHNSON BEFORE THE CONGRESS
Pleading but proud, sentimental yet scornful, solemn and then silent.

creases in social-welfare spending were just what most congressional Democrats wanted to hear about.

Broad and Deep. The U.S., said Johnson, continues to enjoy an unequalled economic boom. "Our prosperity is broad and deep," he said. "It's brought record profits, the highest in our history, record wages. Our gross national product has grown more in the last five years than in any other period in our nation's history." The G.N.P. was \$589,200,000,000 when Johnson took office; for calendar 1968 it is \$861 billion. Unexpectedly, he also announced that the U.S. has achieved an international balance of payments surplus for the first time since 1957, which should add new strength to the dollar (see BUSINESS).

In a separate message to Congress, Johnson proposed a budget for the fiscal year starting July 1 that comes to \$195,300,000,000, an \$11.6 billion jump

from the present year's estimated total. The nation can afford this new federal spending, Johnson explained, precisely because it is so prosperous. He predicted budget surpluses of \$2.4 billion for fiscal 1969 and \$3.4 billion for fiscal 1970. Total defense outlays will creep up only \$500 million to \$81.5 billion, and the proportion going for Viet Nam will drop, for the first time, from 35.5% to 31.2%—partly because the costly bombing of North Viet Nam has been cut back sharply, partly because major base construction is now nearly complete. Administration officials were careful to say that the cut signified no lessening of the U.S. war effort.

Campaign Commitments. Johnson's other budget proposals for fiscal 1970 include ending the distinction between

first-class mail and airmail, since much long-distance mail now goes by air anyway; the new flat rate would be 7¢ an ounce. Congressional salaries would go from \$30,000 to \$42,500 a year, those of Cabinet members from \$35,000 to \$60,000. (Last week the Congress approved a 100% salary boost for the President, to \$200,000.) Johnson requested no new money for the U.S. supersonic transport and suggested cuts of \$300 million in space spending, \$540 million in farm-price supports and \$120 million in foreign aid. He asked for an extra \$743 million for the Department of Housing and Urban Development, mainly for its model-cities and housing-subsidy programs.

Nixon, of course, can revise the proposed budget. Though he and President Johnson conferred by telephone for 40 minutes shortly before Johnson gave his State of the Union speech, Nixon

is only tentatively committed to extending the 10% income surtax for another year. Because Nixon is pledged to halt inflation, however, he will find it doubly difficult to end the surtax and thus erase the deflationary surplus Johnson hopes to create. Johnson asked an overall 13% increase in social security benefits; in the campaign, Nixon proposed to tie social security payments to a cost-of-living index so that benefits would rise and fall with consumer costs. Given his further campaign commitments to urban aid and new weapons systems, Nixon probably cannot reduce notably the total amount of spending that Johnson recommended.

Upturned Faces. As he concluded his State of the Union address, Johnson put in an unusual word with the Congress for his successor, "President-elect Nixon, in the days ahead, is going to need your understanding, just as I did,



LYNDA & LADY BIRD IN THE GALLERY
Out through the cold, clear night.

and he is entitled to have it," said the President. "And I hope every member will remember that the burdens he will bear as our President will be borne for all of us."

Lyndon Johnson paused and looked down at the upturned faces before him—the black-robed members of the Supreme Court, the glittering diplomatic corps, his Cabinet, the Senators and Representatives. "And now it's time to leave," he said.

The members of Congress tried to sing *Auld Lang Syne*, and the hand-clapping was warm. This was really goodbye to the great love of Lyndon Johnson's life, the U.S. Congress. His car turned through the clear, cold night of Washington, back toward the White House. He rode with Lady Bird, and they swooped down Independence Avenue and around the white obelisk of the Washington Monument and then back to the South Portico. L.B.J. was a different and silent man, because this at last was his public finale and his personal adieu.

THE CABINET

The Flavor of the New

Winton ("Red") Blount, the incoming Postmaster General, keeps a pet pig named Elvira on his 60-acre spread near Montgomery, Ala. The Blounts also have a summer place on nearby Lake Martin, where they entertain friends and family aboard a Chinese junk. Robert Finch, who will be Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in the new Cabinet, sometimes sports socks with holes the size of a half-dollar. He turned up recently at a dressy function in a green shirt that he had worn all day working around the house. Says a friend: "I think he puts on clothes just to keep from being arrested." The new Secretary of Transportation, Massachusetts' John Volpe, drinks "Volpe mead"—honey and hot orange juice—for breakfast, dyes his hair but insists that regular doses of olive oil have kept him from going grey. Labor Secretary-designate George Shultz cooks for guests by plastering steaks with a half-inch coat of salt and throwing them in the living room fireplace.

Despite such minor quirks, the members of Richard Nixon's Cabinet are a staid lot who have generally similar tastes. They are not eight millionaires and a plumber, as Eisenhower's original choices were irreverently—but accurately—described. Though some are wealthy, most live unostentatiously. While one, Red Blount, is a qualified jet pilot, none of them is by any stretch a jet-setter. Their mode of living is mainly suburban middle-class, with strong emphasis on family life and informal entertaining at home. A possible exception to the pattern is New York Investment Banker Maurice Stans, the new Secretary of Commerce, who lives in a Fifth Avenue apartment overlooking Central Park and hunts big game in East Africa; he and his wife Kathleen prefer taking their friends out to top restaurants for dinner.

Community Service. Quite a few of the new Cabinet members are no strangers to Washington. Stans served as Eisenhower's budget director from 1958 to 1960. Finch was executive secretary to California Congressman Norris Poulson in the late 1940s, and administrative assistant to Vice President Nixon a decade later. Melvin Laird, the incoming Secretary of Defense, has been an eight-term Congressman from Wisconsin, and has become a highly influential Republican in the House. Secretary of State-designate William Rogers was Eisenhower's last Attorney General; during the Kennedy and Johnson years, he kept a handsome home in Bethesda, Md., and worked both in New York and Washington for a topflight New York law firm.

Several Cabinet wives bring to the capital experience in community service, and in one case a considerable first-hand political background. Lenore Romney has campaigned effectively for her

husband George both in Michigan and nationally. Barb Laird, on the other hand, says candidly: "I doubt if many political wives know more about politics than I do, which is nothing." Both Mrs. Shultz, whose husband has been dean of the University of Chicago graduate business school, and Mrs. Clifford Hardin, married to the incoming Agriculture Secretary and ex-chancellor of the University of Nebraska, are used to the incessant social round of high college administrators. Ermalee Hickel, wife of the incoming Interior Secretary, works regularly for Cordelle (French for "towlne"), a group that helps bring family cheer to Alaska's reform school for boys. The Romneys and the David Kennedys—he will be Nixon's Secretary of the Treasury—are good Mormons, and thus considerable contributors of both time and money to their church. Most of the others formally belong to churches, but are less active in them.

Cadillacs and a Continental. The life style among the Cabinet families is as solid as mahogany and red brick. Bill Rogers drives a silvery-grey 1967 Cadillac convertible, though his wife Adele will probably take it over now that her husband has a chauffeur-driven official limousine. David Kennedy has a Chrysler Imperial. More improbably, Cliff Hardin breaks the academic mold to drive a Cadillac himself, and favors dark suits cut in the conservative style of a banker. Maurice Stans collects primitive African art. The Blounts own fine antiques and Oriental rugs; he drives a Jaguar, she a Continental.

For many there are some mixed feelings about tearing up roots and coming to Washington. One of the Finch offspring at first objected: "Oh, gee, do we really have to move?" Mrs. Kennedy fears that the Washington whirl will be like "living in a fishbowl." Lenore Romney admits that when she realized she had to leave Michigan "I sat down and had a good cry with my daughter," but now she is looking forward to the challenge. "Washington," she says, "is more an opportunity than a place." That is true enough. With all of the capital's social problems, new, civic-minded leading citizens can find plenty of good causes to work for. Though John Kennedy once cracked that Washington is "a city of Southern efficiency and Northern charm," it also boasts a gracious, glittering social life.

One center of that social life in the Nixon Administration is obviously going to be the Watergate apartments, a co-operative complex overlooking the Potomac. Secretary Stans and his wife have taken an apartment there, and Attorney General John Mitchell and his wife have just bought a \$325,000 duplex in the building, which Washington Post Columnist Maxine Cheshire says will probably be "the most expensive and spectacular in the Nixon Administration." The Blounts are thinking of living at Watergate; so are Emil ("Bus") Moshbacher, who will be Chief of Pro-

NIXON'S CABINET AT HOME AND AT PLAY

On a bright winter's morning, William and Adele Rogers relax with coffee and the Sunday Times. Both the new Secretary of State and his wife enjoy tennis, but Mrs. Rogers has been unable to play of late as a result of a fractured ankle that she suffered two years ago while running for a taxi.

As Robert Finch and his wife Carol look on, Daughter Maureen, 18, lines up a shot at bumper pool. The Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare is brisk, busy, absent-minded and a chain smoker. An ex-Marine, Californian Finch enjoys swimming and tries his hand at gardening—"when I get a chance."



PHOTOGRAPH BY



PHOTOGRAPH BY



Melvin Laird's wife Barbara adjusts her husband's tie in a Washington hotel as she and the Secretary of Defense change for a dinner date. When not engaged in governmental problems, Laird golfs, fishes or plays the electric organ.





Cheered on by his wife Helena and their five children, Secretary of Labor George Shultz reads his takeoff on a saucer at his vacation home in Cummington, Mass. An ex-Marine, Shultz is a spirited competitor at golf, but at home—in keeping with his academic background—likes to talk politics and business.

← Banker David Kennedy and his wife Lenora are the center of a family group in their suburban Chicago home. Like George Romney, the Secretary of the Treasury is a Mormon and neither smokes nor drinks. At home, Kennedy likes to putter in his rose garden. A keen outdoorsman, he hunts, fishes, rides horseback, and has hiked through the forests of Michigan and the mountains of his native West.

Wearing a favorite sweater, George Romney finds the record he wants as he chats with his wife Lenore in their Michigan home. The Secretary of Housing relaxes by riding horseback, playing golf and jogging.



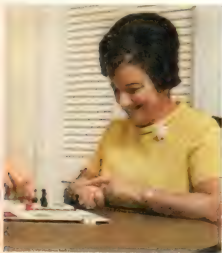
John A. Volpe, Secretary of Transportation, makes a forward move in a game of Parcheesi with his wife Jennie in their Boston apartment. She is taking a course in Japanese flower arrangement to complement her husband's expertise in the subject.



Clifford and Martha Hardin, seen with some of their children and a grandchild, will take leave of Lincoln, where Hardin served as chancellor of the University of Nebraska. The new Secretary of Agriculture will miss boating on Lake Okoboji in northern Iowa but will be able to indulge his taste for travel, reading and occasional Sunday golf.

Doubles partners Winton Blount and his wife Mary Katherine volley in an intrafamily match with their teen-age children Joe and Katherine. The new Postmaster General, an Alabama native, is also an avid pilot, skier and horseman.





JOE ARONSON



Alaska's Governor Walter Hickel and his five sons race snowmobiles while his wife Ermalee rides the sled trailer. The Secretary of the Interior-designate is a lover of wide-open spaces and of cabin cruising on the open water.



Maurice Stans, an avid collector of African art, and his wife Kathleen admire a favorite piece in their Manhattan apartment. As Secretary of Commerce, Stans may not have time for his lively avocation of big-game hunting. In the Congo, he bagged a rare antelope called a bongo.

BOSTON GLOBE

Martha Mitchell at the organ wins smiles from her daughter and her husband, Attorney General John N. Mitchell. He commanded PT boats in the Pacific, where one of his junior officers was John F. Kennedy. His friends regard Mitchell as a man who never loses his cool.



toloc, and Nixon's longtime personal secretary, Rose Mary Woods. Also in northwest Washington will be the Romeys, at the Shoreham West apartments. George Romney's office is too close to permit his customary four-mile morning jog, but the new Secretary of HUD will probably lope off to work through Rock Creek Park as his chauffeur delivers lunch—a meat sandwich, a salad, a thermos of milk—to his desk.

The Confirmation Marathon

Confirmation of the President's appointees has been a prerogative of the Senate from the nation's beginning. In the vast majority of cases, the President gets his way—but often not before the Senate tweaks a few noses, publicly absolves itself of future misdeeds by the appointee and throws in a few surprises. Last week the Senate looked over Richard Nixon's appointees at close range, performing its usual quota of tweaking as well as offering its own surprises.

Somewhat more than tweaks were directed at Alaska Governor Walter J. Hickel, who was once described by a former member of his administration as a man who "only opens his mouth to change feet." Seeking confirmation as Nixon's Secretary of the Interior, Hickel carefully stifled his celebrated whip-snapping temper and larded his answers with such Capitol Hill bromides as "the Congress in its wisdom." Once he even referred to "its wise wisdom."

All the politeness, though, did not prevent most of the 18 Senators on hand from quizzing Hickel closely about some of his ill-considered statements about conservation (TIME, Jan. 17). In explaining what he meant by saying there was no merit in "conservation for conservation's sake," Hickel said that he had been thinking of the "millions and millions of board feet of timber rotting in Alaska." When he said that stringent water-pollution standards would hinder industry, he was again thinking of Alaska and its abundance of clear rivers. In fact, admitted Hickel, many of his statements—notably his remark that he could do more for Alaskans in Washington than in Juneau—were meant strictly for local consumption.

Sitting alone at an 18-foot table in the crowded chamber, Hickel fielded a barrage of questions about his policies during two years as Governor. Why had he taken it upon himself to block a Japanese freezer ship from buying fish from a struggling Eskimo cooperative, thus forcing the Eskimos to sell the catch at lower prices to local private interests? The Senators said that he had overstepped his authority by unlawfully invoking an international agreement. "I just don't recollect," said Hickel. "It was a human error." (Last week the cooperative filed a \$150,000 suit against Hickel for losses.)

Then there was the Interior Department's executive order holding in escrow 262 million acres of Alaskan land

until Congress could settle century-old claims by Indians, Aleuts and Eskimos. That same land contains the largest untapped pool of oil in the U.S., and Hickel has been accused of trying to free it for exploration by oil companies. As Governor, Hickel successfully contested the federal order, which is now before an appeals court. Last week he agreed that as Secretary he would confer with Congress before making any decision on the land.

While Governor of an oil-rich state, Hickel has strenuously opposed higher petroleum import quotas. But Maine Democrat Edmund Muskie, whose state wants to offset New England's high fuel costs with a free-trade zone and a refinery for imported petroleum, won from Hickel a promise to reconsider the problem from a national viewpoint.*

Closed Doors. When it came time for Old Capitol Hill Hand William Rogers to testify, there was hardly a Senator in the Foreign Relations Committee who did not know him. As a courtesy to the incoming Secretary of State, Chairman William Fulbright held the meeting behind closed doors. Rogers discussed efforts with Moscow to settle the Middle East crisis and the incoming Administration's initiative in unsmiling the Paris talks (see THE WORLD).

Meanwhile, Secretary of Defense-designate Melvin Laird, who had gained a solid reputation as an expert in military affairs in 16 years in the House, told the Senate Armed Services Committee what it wanted to hear. He was in favor of staying ahead of the Soviet Union in the nuclear arms race. He said that the invasion of Czechoslovakia had set back attempts to negotiate an arms-limitation treaty as much as twelve months. Added Laird: "We have to start preparing all over again."

The smoothest confirmation hearing concerned John Mitchell, Nixon's former law partner and now his Attorney General. The 55-year-old bond expert told the Senate Judiciary Committee that he would use electronic devices for "national security and against organized crime." Ramsey Clark, Mitchell's predecessor, had brusquely refused to obey a congressional directive to use wiretapping. Asked if he would mix politics with his work at the Justice Department, Mitchell answered that the 1968 campaign was "my first entry into politics, and I trust it will be my last."

By week's end, even the thorniest conflict-of-interest problem facing Nixon's extraordinarily affluent Cabinet seemed to have been resolved to the Senate's satisfaction. As for Hickel, the Senators kept their prehearing promise of teaching the Alaskan millionaire exactly what was expected of him in his national post.

* Even as Hickel struggled for confirmation last week, outgoing Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall made a final bequest to conservationists. He set aside land in California, Alaska, Utah and Arizona for national parks and monuments.

DEMOCRATS

Nowhere to Go But Up

Although Hubert Humphrey was the Democrats' nominee for President, the last-minute surge of popularity that won him only 499,704 fewer votes than Richard Nixon last November was no credit to his divided, dispirited party. For four years, the Democratic organization had been neglected by Lyndon Johnson; the potent coalition assembled by Franklin Roosevelt was crumbling. The young were ignoring the party, and the Old South had deserted it. The big-city Democratic machines were frayed from the stresses of racial tension and urban decay. In fact, the most vocal critics of Democratic policies were Democrats themselves. Some dissenters were even

PHOTO: GUNDEL



CHAIRMAN FRED HARRIS
Guide for the hard-luck road.

praying for a debacle that would shatter the old patterns forever. Only then, they argued, could a new party be built without the encumbrances of obsolete ward heelers and aging urban oligarchs.

Yet the consoling advantage of falling so low, as drunks and defeated politicians both know, is that there is nowhere further to fall. Thus, on the chilly morning of Nixon's victory, dejected campaign workers were cheered by Humphrey's promise to work for a party that was "vital and responsive" to the political imperatives of the 1970s. Last week, the Democratic National Committee gathered in Washington to select a new national chairman to guide the party along the hard road back. The choice—by only a single dissenting vote—to succeed the outgoing Lawrence O'Brien: Oklahoma's Senator Fred Harris, 38. Harris not only had the blessing of Hubert Humphrey; he had also taken the precaution of telephoning

every one of the committee's 110 members before the meeting.

Vitality to Spare. It was a characteristically astute performance for Harris, who had also cleared his candidacy with Senator Ted Kennedy, South Dakota's Senator George McGovern and Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine, all potential contenders for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1972. Harris, some Democrats said, had been the only politician on Capitol Hill who could breakfast with Humphrey, lunch with Lyndon Johnson and dine with the Bobby Kennedys. His wife LaDonna, who is half Irish and half Comanche Indian, frequently entertains small, select Washington dinner parties.

The new party chairman is the third-youngest member of the Senate, with a scant four years' seniority. Yet he is already admired by the Senate potentates as a man to watch. Personable, eloquent and diligent, he reads voraciously to make himself familiar with important pieces of legislation. He is also unabashedly ambitious. "I like to win," he says.

Harris' biggest asset has been his courage in espousing liberal causes that are often anathema to his conservative Oklahoma constituents. As a member of the Kerner Commission, which investigated black-ghetto rioting in 1967, Harris, son of a Mississippi-born sharecropper, was the principal advocate of the commission's strongly worded condemnation of white racism and its demands for programs to wipe out Negro slums. "If I can come to see these things," Harris is fond of saying, "anyone can."

Shadow Government. It is with this forthright approach to issues that Harris plans to smoke out volunteer workers, especially among the young. "We'll make the party so vigorous on issues," says Harris, "that the people we need will want to get involved." To this end, Harris will name a Democratic Advisory Council to provide the "out" party with the ideological thrust of a shadow government so that it can develop its own legislative programs and keep its platform up to date.

His first task will be to rescue the party from near-bankruptcy. At one point in 1968, the Democrats were in such penurious straits that Humphrey's backers could not afford a single hour of nationwide TV. The party's debts have since swelled to more than \$8 million, including more than \$2 million in remaining campaign IOUs incurred by the late Robert Kennedy, Eugene McCarthy and McGovern.

As a co-chairman of Humphrey's 1968 campaign, Harris was only narrowly edged out by Muskie for the No. 2 spot on the ticket. By 1972, the Democratic nominee, backed by a rejuvenated party, might well look no further than the chairman's office at national headquarters to pick a nationally known running mate.

BACK TO PEARL HARBOR

LUMBERING into Pearl Harbor last week, the mighty aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Enterprise* looked like a belated victim of Dec. 7, 1941. Huge holes yawned in the flight deck. Shards of steel plate and gobbets of demolished aircraft were littered across the 44-acre deck. Cables dangled over the side, and the flattop's freshly painted grey hull was blackened and blistered. Said Samuel Spencer, who has been a Pearl Harbor shipyard rigger since the Japanese attack: "This is the worst condition I've seen a ship in since World War II."

Loaded and Ready. The nuclear-powered, 85,350-ton "Big E," the world's largest fighting ship and first nuclear-powered surface war vessel, had been performing routine maneuvers on her way to a fourth tour in Viet Nam waters. It was 0819 hours. On the stern, 30 Navy aircraft were ready to be catapulted aloft. Loaded with 500-lb. bombs, rockets and air-to-air missiles, the planes of Carrier Air Wing Nine were going to wage a simulated attack on the barren island of Kahoolawe, some 85 miles southeast of Honolulu.

In the cockpit of his F-4 Phantom, Lieut. Commander Ronald Foster, 33, of Milton-Freewater, Ore., was checking out instruments. He heard a blast and "saw an orange fireball coming across the deck. Bodies were coming out of the fireball." Another explosion knocked the canopy off his plane. Then, "like a hand picking me up and lifting me out, another blast blew me out of the plane." Others were not so fortunate: four men in a latrine just under the flight deck were killed outright, one impaled by a jagged water pipe.

On the bridge, Captain Kent L. Lee

sounded general quarters and swung *Enterprise* into the wind to fan the fires astern. Below him on the deck, crewmen tried frantically to fight flames as exploding bombs sent shrapnel in all directions. There were many heroes. Chief Warrant Officer James Helton of San Diego was knocked down repeatedly, yet managed to get up and continue to fight the blaze. Airman Jack Benson of Portland, Ore., is credited with having helped 30 men escape the fire area.

Trapped by advancing flames, some crewmen were forced to jump six stories down to the water, despite the de-vouring suction created by *Enterprise's* 30-knot speed. Others held fast against flying shrapnel and searing heat. Airman George Condit, 21, of Chicago tried to pull a Phantom away from the fire. "While I was hooking up," he says, "a big piece of shrapnel flew through the plane. Fuel started running out and caught fire. I jumped out of the tractor, and in a minute, both plane and tractor were blown to bits."

Tragic Experience. The holocaust killed 26 and injured 85; one crewman was missing. It was not extinguished for three hours and 21 minutes (though it was under control after 41 minutes). Back at Honolulu, 1,500 civilian and military personnel lined up outside of the U.S. Army's Tripler General Hospital and Queen's Medical Center in response to pleas for blood. Soon after the gutted ship returned to port, a team of damage experts boarded her and, after viewing the gaping deck holes, decided that the seven-year-old, \$444-million carrier would have to return to the mainland for extensive repairs. Meanwhile, another team pushed through the charred

AERIAL VIEW OF ENTERPRISE FLIGHT DECK



rubble to try to discover the cause of the fire.

Initial speculation blamed the first explosion on an incoming jet with a bomb hanging from it, but this was later disproved because no aircraft was landing at the time. "All we know," said a Navy spokesman, "is that it took place in or near a Phantom. It could have been a rocket or a bomb, or a break in a hydraulic line that caused a fire and triggered the first explosion."

As serious as the *Enterprise* fire was, it could well have been far worse. The Navy had learned from tragic experience to be prepared for such a crisis. In 1966, a fire aboard U.S.S. *Oriskany* claimed the lives of 43 men, and the 1967 *Forrestal* blaze killed 134. As a result, *Enterprise* had been staffed with professional firefighters. Better equipment was provided, including improved water pumps, hoses that are less prone to break and special units that combine a chemical called "Purple K" and "light water" to produce a substance that smothers the fire with foam. Most important, the *Enterprise* crew had been thoroughly drilled in preventive tactics, which they performed superbly last week. As Chief Warrant Officer Helton put it: "That was the ultimate drill."

HISTORICAL NOTES

Return from Oblivion

On Aug. 18, 1950, a slight, bespectacled electronics engineer who worked on secret U.S. defense contracts was escorted by Mexican policemen across the international bridge at Laredo, Texas. He was immediately arrested by the FBI. Morton Sobell, then 33, had been in Mexico for two months, using a string of aliases. The U.S. Government was later to contend that Sobell had been planning to flee behind the Iron Curtain after six years of spying for the Soviet Union. Sobell vigorously denied the accusation, but his trial for espionage resulted in a 30-year jail sentence. Morton Sobell was soon forgotten by most Americans. Last week, a revenant from oblivion, he stepped off a bus in Manhattan, free on parole after serving 17 years and nine months in federal prisons. He was still proclaiming his innocence.

Thin-faced and balding, Sobell called back other ghosts from the past. In the 1930s, when he was a student at the City College of New York, he lunched from time to time in the cafeteria with Julius Rosenberg, a fellow student. Both belonged to the Young Communist League, and both worked for the U.S. Government as engineers during World War II. Later in New York, they met once again socially.

It was through Rosenberg and his wife Ethel that Sobell got into trouble. The Government later produced evidence that Sobell and the Rosenbergs did far more than pass pleasant evenings together. Sobell, said the Gov-



MORTON & HELEN SOBELL

After millions of words and \$1,000,000.

ernment, gave the Rosenbergs secret information, including details of firing control mechanisms for weapons, and recruited a high school classmate into a spy ring managed by Anatoli Yakovlev, Soviet vice consul in New York. When the Rosenbergs were tried in 1951 on charges of passing U.S. atomic secrets to Russia, Sobell was a codefendant. Found guilty, the Rosenbergs were executed in 1953 after the failure of a worldwide crusade, mostly Communist-inspired, to save them. Sobell was not implicated in atomic thefts but was convicted of conspiring to commit espionage. He would not take the stand to defend himself.

Six Years on the Rock. "Just yesterday, I was No. 31048," Sobell told a *TIME* reporter in flat, lifeless tones that reflected the shock of freedom. For almost six years, he was immured on Alcatraz, the desolate "Rock" in San Francisco Bay, where the U.S. penned its most dangerous and intractable federal prisoners until it was closed down in 1963. Transferred to Atlanta Penitentiary, Sobell could at least employ his engineering skills, helping to redesign the prison's wiring system. After undergoing abdominal surgery in 1963, he was transferred to prison at Lewisburg, Pa., and allowed to study dental technology. "Prison wasn't really a living death," he says. "It's just another kind of life. All the inmates sit around and write their 2255s [petitions for judicial review of their cases]."

Sobell's wife Helen, who teaches science at a Manhattan school, never ceased to labor for his release. She spoke millions of words at protest meetings and ground out countless appeals for help on an electric typewriter, the one modern appliance in the Sobells' drab Green-

wich Village apartment. With friends who stood behind Sobell throughout his imprisonment, she spent roughly \$1,000,000 on legal maneuvers, including seven fruitless pleas to the U.S. Supreme Court. Money came from those who believed that Sobell had not received a fair trial. Among the doubters were Nobel Prize-winning chemists Harold C. Urey and Linus Pauling, Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and Britain's nonagenarian nonbeliever, Bertrand Russell. Sobell, however, betrays scant enthusiasm today for continued legal battling to clear his name. In any case, after the verdict of his 1951 trial and more than a dozen later appeals, it would doubtless prove a fruitless enterprise.

The Refrocked Diplomat

John Paton Davies Jr. was born in China, the son of U.S. missionary parents. He joined the Foreign Service in 1931, served largely in the Orient and advised General Joseph ("Vinegar Joe") Stilwell in Chungking during World War II. There, he criticized Chiang Kai-shek for battling Mao Tse-tung's Communists more ardently than their common enemy, the invading Japanese armies. That stand cost Davies his job. In 1953, Senator Joseph McCarthy named him as part of a group that "did so much toward delivering our Chinese friends into Communist hands."

Deputy Under Secretary of State Robert Murphy offered Davies a chance to resign, though nine security hearings produced no evidence that he was disloyal. Davies replied: "I guess you'll have to fire me." In November 1954, John Foster Dulles did just that, charging Davies with "lack of judgment, discretion and reliability." Last week, more than 14 years later, the State Department in effect cleared Davies—now 60—of those charges. It issued him a security clearance for work on an M.I.T. arms-control study.

No Bitterness. Since 1956, Davies has partly supported himself, his wife and seven children on \$4,000 a year in retirement pay. In 1964, he published *Foreign and Other Affairs*, a collection of short essays. In it, he described himself somewhat ruefully as "an unrocked diplomat."

In retrospect, Davies shows no bitterness. He recalls with astonishment that after firing him Dulles telephoned to offer the use of his name as a reference. "What could I say?" asks Davies. "It was so bizarre." As Davies sees it, both he and Dulles were victims of the times. "Getting rid of me was his *modus operandi* with Congress," he says. "It made it easier for him to work with them. The Congress is not so naive now. It has learned to live with dissension on foreign affairs." He adds: "The State Department is catching up with the times in personnel matters as well as policy." For Davies, clearance 14 years late is better than never.



TO HEAL A NATION

From the deck of the little 350-ton *Arbella* plowing westward through the angry Atlantic to the Massachusetts coast in 1630, John Winthrop preached a sermon that struck the theme of what America in all its future years would seek to be. "Wee shall be," Winthrop prophesied, "as a City upon a Hill, the Eyes of all people are upon us; soe that if wee shall deale falsely with our god in this worke wee have undertaken and soe cause him to withdrawe his present help from us, wee shall be made a story and a by-word through the world."

Almost three and a half centuries later, many Americans view the U.S. as something far less than a shining "City upon a Hill." To baffled foreign eyes, the nation that once roused hopes around the world now appears inexplicably torn by tension and dissension, its vast treasure squandered with a profligate's hand, its fabulous beauty pockmarked by hideous urban scars. Has the American Dream become the American damnation, a formula for selfishness rather than equality and excellence? British Historian Sir Denis Brogan flatly states: "This is not going to be the American century. Very few people are enamored of the American way of life." Arthur Krock expresses a visceral fear that "the tenure of the United States as the first power in the world may be one of the briefest in history."

Crisis of pluralism

This week, as he swears the awesome inaugural oath, Richard Nixon becomes the 37th President of a people still bewildered by a year of crises hauntingly reminiscent of those that preceded the Civil War and the Depression. As if verging on a national nervous breakdown, the U.S. in 1968 erupted in ghastly events: assassinations, black riots, student protests, rising crime. America faced a crisis of pluralism: warring groups and individuals refused to pay the price, whether in money or changed attitudes, that might broaden social justice. A decade that began with a quest for moral grandeur seemed to be ending on the defensive, mired in the sheer effort to keep society from exploding.

The incredible year ended, to be sure, with a growing view that the worst is over, the raw angers of race and generations spent and replaced by a national readiness to begin anew. As if symbolizing its potential for great cooperative projects, the U.S. sent three articulate and sensitive men on a faultless trip around the moon. Yet Richard Nixon, unfortunately, cannot rely on what may be only a passing moment of domestic peace and pride. Dark forces endure in U.S. life: stubborn problems remain to be resolved. Clearly,

the daunting task of the American President in 1969 is nothing less than to heal a nation. What can he possibly do?

Every new President basks in a rebirth of American hope, a resurgent faith that new men, with new perceptions, can summon the nation to greatness. In one sense, that hope is well justified in the case of Richard Nixon: he comes to power when the war in Viet Nam may finally be ending; today, Americans are generally agreed that the nation's resources must, as far as possible, be reallocated toward resolving its domestic ills.

Where—and how?

In this special Inauguration report, *TIME* thus focuses primarily on those ills: race, poverty, decaying cities, crime and all the other current burdens on the U.S. mind and spirit. Above all, it seeks to penetrate the biggest mystery in U.S. life today: why has the can-do country become a country that can't? Why can't a nation that commands one-third of the world's wealth wipe out its social problems overnight? Are Americans so angry that they simply fail to see and seize the remarkable opportunities before them?

The answers are by no means apparent. The President cannot solve the problems alone; Americans themselves must decide where they want the nation to go—and how. It is a troubling fact that few Americans can view their land today without wondering whether it is not somehow going to hell and heaven at the same time. The world's richest, strongest nation has never deserved its superlatives more. Yet rarely has it felt so wracked and confused, so unable to yoke its power to its problems. For the President who may well preside over America on its 200th birthday in 1976, the challenge is to revive its morale and purpose.

Even if Nixon merely diagnoses what ails America, he will have gone a long way, for what the nation needs above all is a fundamental reassessment of its peril as well as its progress. Are the disruptions in U.S. life signs of decay, or are they constructively forcing Americans to do out of necessity what they have refused to do by choice? Can the U.S. go on risking the backlash effects of helping some needy people at the expense of others who refuse to share their gains—or does it sorely need a unifying national challenge, a moral equivalent of Pearl Harbor? To lead and heal the nation, Richard Nixon will have to marshal immense compassion and intellect. The presidential imperative to comprehend the real forces of the age—and link them constructively to the unique character of the "City upon a Hill"—may never have been so difficult.



The age in perspective

The major advances in civilization are processes which all but wreck the societies in which they occur.

—Alfred North Whitehead

If it sometimes seems as if American society is close to being wrecked, and if it is unclear whether the cause is an advance or a retreat in civilization, one must step back for a better view. Dissent and protest, black bitterness and white resentment, ghetto and suburb, student riot and police reprisal must be seen from a certain distance if they are not to become hopelessly blurred. America's conflicts are the products of old attitudes in U.S. history as well as new forces in 20th century society. To understand them at all, Americans must look backward as well as forward; the era must be regarded in perspective.

What makes it difficult to get a true fix on the nation's position is the permanent characteristic of the age—the bewildering speed of change. The fact is often stated. But just recognizing it is little help in trying to grasp the impact. In the past three generations, the everyday life of Western man has changed more than it did in the previous 2,000 years. A revolution in farm technology has shifted huge populations into teeming cities. Already 73% of Americans live on only 1% of the land; by 1985, U.S. cities will swell by the equivalent of five New Yorks. Mobility has scattered families and eroded the continuities that once cemented local loyalties. Great organizations are now society's principal units. Knowledge is the key economic resource. Innovation seems to be salvation. So swift is the pace of modern change that, in terms of common experience, America has a new generation every five years.

Creeping pessimism

Man is still largely geared to the old rhythms, learning slowly the faces of his children, observing the seasons, the habits and kindnesses of one wife at a time. But now, unable to go to school in nature, he must rapidly learn and unlearn technical ways that his father did not know and that may prove useless to his children. Religion fell away, while faith in industrial progress became a form of religion—now it self eroded by creeping pessimism. Less than ever before is Western man sure of his own nature, except that he is so adapt-

able. That quality is all that saves him from the pathological anxiety experienced by tribal Africans exposed too abruptly to technology. It is also what inures him to urban filth and noise and crowding—and doing too little about them.

This is the age of overlapping ages—the atomic age, the jet age, the space age, the age of cybernetics and now of protest. Time has been telescoped as never before. Rome enjoyed three centuries of imperial power. Britain dominated much of the world for 100 years. The U.S. has only recently emerged fully onto the world scene, its influence vast and apparently to continue; yet Americans have already begun to question the durability of their power. After the anguished strain of World War II, the country quickly learned to live with a cold war, making rather enlightened attempts to maintain peace and justice in the postwar world. To achieve world stability, the U.S. concentrated on foreign policy—a sign of growing maturity in a once isolationist nation—and let economic and educational growth at home more or less take care of themselves. They did, but not always for the best.

Perhaps for the first time, America as a nation has now been forced to contemplate the ambiguities of all human action. The U.S. has had a glimpse of those twin catastrophes, unmerited failures and the irony of fulfilled desires. To know the age, the seven deadly sins are no longer an adequate guide. Modern men must become accustomed to the seven disconcerting paradoxes.

THE PARADOX OF FREEDOM Having pursued freedom more successfully than any other nation, the country finds that it can lead both to civic irresponsibility and to an unparalleled sense of lost personal freedom. The question looms ever larger: "Freedom for what?"

THE PARADOX OF POWER Great national power always brings an awareness of its limits. This is true for the U.S. both in the relative failure of the Viet Nam war and in the frustrations at home. It has often been said that only what a society truly values will be well done. Yet Americans are just glimpsing the sobering possibility that ideals and reforms it does value may not be well achieved, or achieved at all.

THE PARADOX OF WEALTH The long American dream of "middle-class comfort for everybody" is nearing fulfill-



ment at home. But an exploding population makes even a small percentage of poor an enormous number of people (one out of nine in the U.S.). As a result, poverty is now the most dramatic material problem of the day—though the situation is clearly improving. Even if it is solved at home, poverty threatens the peace abroad, where the gap between rich and poor nations is steadily widening. Instead of a highway to utopia, the road to wealth now looks more like a gilded treadmill.

THE PARADOX OF SPEED. Apollo 8 whizzed to the moon at a speed that would have taken it around the earth in less than an hour. Anyone with a credit card can jet from New York to London between lunch and breakfast. Yet air congestion is likely to make him late, just as millions of commuters are habitually unable to get to work on time in big cities. When Jean-Luc Godard's recent film, *Weekend*, opens with the whole of France hogged down in a universal traffic jam, the not-so-fantastic scene raises a symbolic question, "Where were all those people going?" and seems to provide a gloomy answer: To the end of the world.

THE PARADOX OF KNOWLEDGE. Ninety percent of all the scientists who have ever lived are still alive, and much of what they know has been modified in their lifetimes. Technology soon promises to make material from computer libraries and microfilm reference works instantly available electronically in every home and school. In two seconds, machines now do mathematical problems that would take a man 38 years to solve. Xerox machines multiply paper and print at a volume that rivals the miracle of the loaves and the fishes. Yet fewer and fewer individuals feel capable of understanding the world they live in. More and more decisions are made by specialists pooling their small fragments of individual expertise.

THE PARADOX OF COMMUNICATIONS. In post-McLuhan America, universities give a Ph.D. degree in communications. Telstars convey TV programs instantly to all parts of the world. Yet TV may spread epidemics of violence, and commercials breed frustration. Never before have so many people agonized so much about "the failure to communicate." Meanwhile, no one has ever adequately answered Thoreau's laconic comment, made in 1845 when he contemplated the invention of the telegraph: "Maine and Texas, it may be, have nothing important to communicate."

THE PARADOX OF INTERDEPENDENCE. Man is fast approaching a condition long urged by religious teachers as a spiritual ideal—the condition of human interdependence. John Donne preached to 17th century Londoners the message that "no man is an island." Modern technology is making it almost impossible to be one. New Yorkers particu-

larly recall how the failure of a single distant power relay darkened the world's largest metropolitan area for hours. Every year, more men and institutions are irrevocably delivered into one another's hands as the world becomes bound by infinite threads of communications, trade and power. The balance of terror, which now ensures a measure of peace in the nuclear world, is interdependence at its fearful summit. To treat one's neighbor as oneself today is not merely virtuous but a matter of sheer necessity. While this condition offers great opportunity and hope of progress, it also threatens disruption by the few, who can work irretrievable havoc on the many.

The net-effect of these paradoxes has been to undermine Western man's traditional confident faith in the future. And yet the latest visions of the future are more dizzying than ever. One of the most fascinating and perhaps saving characteristics of the age may well be man's unfolding ability to project possible "alternative futures" by means of computers—and then try to make the best future come about. Despite their fears, Americans are being encouraged with more detailed images than ever before of things to come.

Technetronic tomorrows

Arnold Toynbee saw historic evolution as a flowering and decaying of civilizations, partly based on their response to the challenge of providing individuals with a religious vision larger than themselves. In some ways, this view is not far from those held by many of today's dissatisfied youths, who yearn to identify with universal perceptions, to be stirred by some cosmic vibration. Moreover, it is just possible that today's technocratic futurists will help find it, simply by applying systems-analysis to the variables of what they call the "technetronic" age.

The futurists already sound like managerial mystics or neoromancers with divine research contracts. As they see it, man is about to enter a period of industrial fruitfulness so astounding that most of the world will be totally liberated from scarcity. A radical leap in the quantity and efficiency of everything will iron out most of our present confusion. The spur will be the gross national products of the U.S. and the world, which are exploding even faster than population. The overall result will be that by the year 2000, the average U.S. family income will reach \$20,980 (1965-dollar buying power). Within the following 100 years, even in relatively backward countries like the U.A.R. and India, the figure will edge past \$3,500, the 1965 U.S. per capita share of the gross national product. Unlike some doom-ridden thinkers, the futurists do not seem unduly worried about pre-



Manhattan's Fifth Avenue—1905



Child coal miners—1913



Milk for the hungry—1932

dictions that the world population will double (to at least 6 billion) in the next 30 years and turn humanity into a colossal anthill. The researchers at the Hudson Institute look forward to at least three megalopolises in the U.S. alone—"Boswash," stretching from New England to the nation's capital, "Chippits," burgeoning southeast from the Great Lakes to Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle, and a third along the West Coast. Even at maximum population-growth rates, some experts say, the density in these areas would be no greater in A.D. 2000 than it is today in western Holland.

Human hibernation

The planners' confidence in their predictions is based partly on the experience of the very institutions that have set the astonishing postwar growth in motion—today's mammoth industrial corporations, many of which now can and do project their markets 20 years ahead simply in order to keep their enormous output at full blast. According to Economist John Kenneth Galbraith, the efficiency of these corporate cornucopias reflects the fact that decisive power within them is exercised not so much by headstrong top leaders as by an unemotional "technostructure" composed of specialized middle-level experts. The big corporation's planning has such impact on the whole economy that, according to the futurists, governments themselves will soon apply more and more sophisticated industrial-planning techniques to public programs, making it possible to weigh and choose between national policies, just as corporations choose between different products.

If the new technocracy can be as innovative as it is calculating, human life may soon change even more radically than at present. Already the time that used to be required between scientific discovery and its massive industrial application has decreased dramatically. Barely three years (1948-51) separated the invention of transistors from their wholesale manufacture. The first manned spacecraft rocketed skyward in 1961; by mid-1969 we may be on the moon. Even three years ago, freezing as a substitute for burial was a macabre fantasy. Today ten known cases exist, along with predictions of deep-freeze hibernation for the living. Three years ago, heart transplants were expected "some time" soon. Today more than 100 have been performed, and wholesale interchange of organs seems possible.

Undersea cities, fish farming, household robots, the learning of languages in sleep, choosing the sex of children in advance—such things have become nearly as predictable as simple everyday improvements like rubber-bottomed gar-

bage cans. Science-fiction writers are becoming the prophets of the day after tomorrow.

"With luck and hard work," says Arthur Clarke, the dean of science-fiction writers, "we have a chance to see the final end of the Dark Ages." It seems an irresistible vision, a Faustian grand finale for rational humanist men.

Yet more and more thoughtful people are objecting to the triumphal last act, the clowder it veers to be. The reason for this lack of excitement at the by-now ritually invoked vision of material utopia is that it has been held out too often. Today, at least in wintry moments of perception, it comes on as overblown and unconvincing as a TV commercial.

For more than a hundred years now, what might be called industrial humanism, the dream of total progress through production and distribution, has held general credence in Western civilization. Science, industry, and a morality of shared materialism were linked in a powerful secular religion of consensus.

Only lately has that consensus shown real signs of disintegrating. Modern society has established all sorts of machinery for regulating and improving man. But the regulatory machinery keeps breaking down, as it did in the two great World Wars. The 20th century, marked by an almost numbing thrust of knowledge and human ingenuity, is now infected with correspondingly profound pessimism.

Romanticism revisited

Much of it is due to shortsighted overselling of the possibilities of evolutionary progress. Darwin's theories showed that man had evolved from primordial protoplasm. But that evolution from a lower to a higher form of life had taken some two billion years. (Biologist H. J. Muller has graphically illustrated how long it took by imagining the span of time since life first appeared on earth as a trip along a tape running 90 miles from beyond New Haven to the center of a desk on Wall Street. Man appears 7½ feet from the center.) Darwin's theory did not suggest that man as a biological animal had improved in the 5,000 years of more or less civilized history. There was no real proof either that evolution toward a still higher life form could be speeded up by improving man's environment.

Pessimistic objections to the present course and rate of improvement—indeed to the whole idea of material progress as an absolute value—have been stirred, too, by a continued, if unequal, philosophic conflict over the nature of man. In one view—long predominant and customarily summed up by Descartes' dictum, "I think, therefore I am"—

ARTHUR KENNY

TED TALBENHORN

KOMA SPEECH ASSOCIATES



Stalled traffic outside New York



Airport congestion on Long Island



Town planning model, Columbia, Md.

thought and instinct are separate and man at his best is a rational animal. In the other view, often pilloried under the pejorative name Romanticism, thought and feeling are rightly and forever intermingled. Systems are to be avoided, individuality is stressed—which often made Romantics rebels against society. Man is naturally in tune with the divine in nature until he lets himself be corrupted away from his original innocence and natural virtue by organized society. On the whole, Romantic feeling has been a social outcast, preserved by poets and writers, celebrated unwittingly by ordinary men. The rational approach assumes that anything, including God, that cannot be proved to exist, does not exist. One essentially Romantic reply in religion was Kierkegaard's assertion that man must leap into faith, as into darkness, with no reassuring proof that God exists. Another response was modern Existentialism. In what it gloomily concedes is now a mechanistic world, it seeks to restore man's sense of individual vitality and will by urging him to will his own predetermined fate, just as a swimmer, stroking hard enough with an overwhelming current, can create the illusion that he is self-propelled.

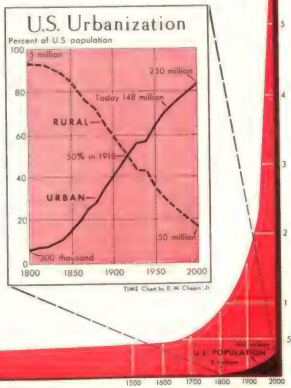
The Romantic resistance to rational materialism has shown itself in many other ways, among them the current hippie revolt, the angry posturing of youth all over the world, and the misgivings of more and more men about the projected computerized world of the future. All these are essentially a reassertion of the Romantic values.

Crossroads of creativity

Like today's futurists, many middle-class white students, though genuinely indignant about economic and racial inequalities, have begun judging the country as if its material problems had virtually been solved. Progress, they argue from this philosophical perspective, has in many ways made men worse, not better. No matter how dazzling, GNP can never spell GOD. Rockets, computers, the fair distribution of enough goods and services have little value except as machinery used to create a society. That society is valuable only in terms of the caliber of its people, their sense of justice and honesty, their appreciation of beauty, their self-re-

straint, the excellence of their thought and discourse. Freedom itself is ultimately valuable only if the individuals exercising it are actually choosing something valuable, are actually imbued with a sense of virtue and purpose.

These assertions greatly resemble similar assertions in the past, which have been brushed aside by earlier Establishments. The world's youthful dissidents, moreover, often sound irresponsible and unscrupulous, their thoughts confused and cluttered with echoes of anarchy and hand-me-down Marxism. In their desire to shake and shock the society they criticize, they often trample on democratic procedure, and must be remarkably lacking in a sense of history. Yet their criticism is



World Population

In billions

A.D.

500

1000

1500

1600

1700

1800

1900

2000



Awaiting welfare checks in Harlem



Moon over Manhattan during 1965 blackout

not negligible. For it calls attention to the quality of the life man has created precisely at the moment when modern society seems to stand at a crossroads of creativity—the moral choice implicit in the new capacity of geneticists to change and control the very being of unborn man. To bring about this evolutionary leap forward will require decisions on how man should be changed (less aggressive, surely, but what else?) and agreement on the highest possible goals for future humanity.

Some of the young dissidents are private, hedonistic and escapist, but many of them are turning to politics, hoping to encourage some new political alignments into being. America, they see, will dramatically improve only if it is actively organized around needs and values—which now should far exceed life, liberty and property. Only then will the country really be doing what it set out to do.

The greatest potential for growth and planning, as well as for controlling the quality of what citizens desire, today lies with the great corporations. They pay enormous taxes, often spend millions on foundations and civic good works. But they do not yet seem prepared for the idea that the business of business could be this: to sell goods and services whose influence on American taste and values might—instead of being mediocre and sometimes baneful—be actively inspiring and benign. The students certainly do not see business helping, except as a result of Government pressure.

Natural piety

But the young may yet succeed in overhauling the practices of industrial society through an informal alliance with nonpolitical forces: science and religion. Technical knowledge becomes more important every day, and with it the potential influence of universities, especially science faculties. Today, too, the social values implicit in much scientific thought reinforce rather than undercut those of religion. Scientists are increasingly shocked by dangerous pollution and man-made imbalances which industries and individuals refuse to take seriously. Whether studying cells or primitive societies they are concerning themselves more and more with the delicate interrelationships and harmonies of nature, seeking plans and patterns that can be applied to improving the harmony of modern society. In doing so, they are returning to a kind of natural piety, a reverence for the complexities of creation, which were the original province of religion. These are matters on which many churchmen, scientists and the "flower power" folk can now agree. What might

come of all this, no one can yet say. A seer of science fiction, at any rate, has already dealt with the possibility of a militant underground, composed of Christians and conservationists, who join forces to take over industrial America and save it from itself.

Behind the hopes and criticisms of the angry young are unspoken questions that reach far beyond the youth revolt itself. In the long scale of history, where do the U.S. and Western society stand? Do civilizations really flower and decay according to clear-cut laws? If so, are America's troubles, as Whitehead suggests, painful signs of new fruitfulness to come? Or is the U.S., as others insist, a doomed society, grown divided and decadent even before it could come to maturity? Not only hope but hard evidence points to the Whitehead hypothesis. One thing ought to be clear from experience. Whether God is dead or not, belief in God or something very like him seems to be an ecological necessity for the balance of man in society. The same is true of faith in the possibility of progress and a sense of mission in the world, though in the future these concepts will perhaps not be used in the same simplistic, old-fashioned ways.

It is, ironically, the blacks who, in their very bitterness, testify to this. The young white protesters, criticizing materialism, are part of a revolution of rising spiritual expectations. But the blacks are still concerned with the old material expectations. They are not insensitive to esthetics. Despite extremist behavior, for many of them right now the "quality of life" is something far simpler than it is to the white students: a better life, a better job—largely the products of material progress. Along with the Viet Nam War it was, after all, a demand for a betterment of the Negroes' condition that first spurred the young, and indeed the country, to the present reappraisal of itself.

The underdeveloped peoples abroad also want, and desperately need, the fruits of material progress. In seeking it they hope to profit further from Americans' successes, as well as from their failures and shortcomings. So, despite the pessimism about the limitations of material progress, which the paradoxes of the American experience have lately pointed up, it is unlikely that the world will abandon its pursuit. The present rebellion by the blacks and the young could still fragment American society beyond anything now imagined possible. The end result will more likely be a heightening consciousness, a raising of national sights. The new challenging target will be progress, understood in a broader and more sophisticated way to include not only materialist means but also the will and perception to put them to more moral and more civilizing ends.

BLACK AND WHITE BALANCE SHEET

No part of the American situation today is so full of contradictions as that which concerns the Negro. In terms of statistics and cold facts, the gains of the eight Democratic years have been spectacular. Negro median family income is up 53%; the unemployment rate is down 34%. The gap between black income and white income has narrowed substantially. Slightly more than a quarter (27%) of all Negroes are below the poverty line, compared with 55% in 1960. A far greater percentage of Negroes are finishing high school and going to college. Today, a Negro college graduate often has a better chance of landing a good job than his white classmate.

Eight years ago, the black man could not set foot inside many U.S. restaurants or hotels—except as a servant. Now, almost the last vestige of segregation has been wiped off the law books. A Negro votes in the Senate; another sits on the Supreme Court; until this week, a third sat in the President's Cabinet. Black mayors govern Cleveland and Gary, Ind., while in the South, nearly 400 serve in all kinds of elective offices. Black faces are now common in TV commercials and magazine ads; some corporations prize black executives as highly as computers. Proportionally, there are far more blacks in good jobs today than there were eight years ago. By almost any statistical index, the U.S. would seem to be headed in the right direction.

The classes of Toms. Yet black-white relations are not improving. In comparison with today, 1960 looks like the era of good feeling. Since 1964, each year has seen black riots in the ghettos—although there is a feeling, if nothing more, that the worst phase of the riots is over. 1968, for instance, was quieter than 1967. Since the time when blacks and whites marched together on Washington in 1963, the dream of integration has seemed increasingly less relevant. Black students on many campuses now want their own segregated dormitories; the rhetoric of black militants has grown increasingly virulent, as last fall's New York school controversy and the continuing battle at San Francisco State College demonstrate. Moderates are often either embarrassed or afraid to be seen with whites. Dr. Joseph Wilber, a white physician who has brought Atlanta Negroes and whites together in discussion groups, explains that "they're afraid of being labeled as one of the classes of Uncle Toms—the Tom, the Uncle Tom, or the Super Uncle Tom." A Stokely Carmichael or a Rap Brown can talk of honkies—just as white bigots talk of niggers—and an Eldridge Cleaver can shout that "We shall have our manhood. We shall have it, or the earth will be leveled by our attempts to gain it."

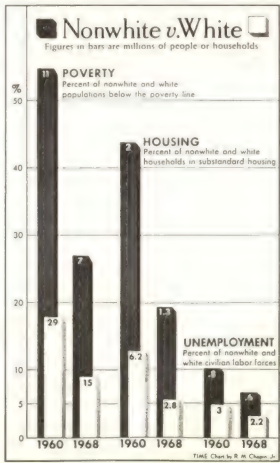
The anger is not difficult to explain. The dream of equality has been deferred too long, and Americans, both white and black, are paying in the late '60s for the omissions of the past. For there is another side to the glowing figures of black advancement. Negroes are still three times as likely as whites to die in childbirth and infancy; they are three times as likely to be in poverty; they are twice as likely to be unemployed. While they are gaining more in terms of income than whites, they are not likely to catch up at the present rate for decades. Everything else being equal, an ordinary Negro worker is less likely to find good employment than a white.

A new dialogue. What do Negroes want? According to a survey for the Kerner Commission, most Negroes reject the blandishments of black separatists. A FORTUNE survey determined last year, in fact, that about three-quarters thought conditions were better than they had been in the early and mid '60s. Even more had hope for the future. They want the same things whites want: decent housing, decent jobs, decent education and the respect that is due any human being. In his basic hopes and fears, the

black American is no different at all from the white American. Thus it seems particularly tragic that the idealism that brought whites and blacks together in the early '60s has evaporated. Yet perhaps it was, as the militants now say, a false idealism based on the notion that whites could lift blacks with well-meaning, but destructive paternalism. That idea, at least, is now dead, and a new kind of dialogue is developing in which whites help, but do not command the black advance.

The race dilemma will be the President's toughest problem. Aside from various economic measures that may improve the lot of blacks, he could begin by using the Government's powers to further desegregation in deliberately segregated schools and employment. He could bring highly qualified Negroes into the highest ranks of his Administration. And he could, through word and deed, put the prestige of the presidency behind the Negro's cause.

There is no need to wait for new Government reports or the weighty deliberations of a presidential commission. Mrs. Shirley Chisholm, the Brooklyn Representative who this month became the first black woman to sit in Congress, sums up the Negro's status very succinctly: "The black people are no longer interested in a lot of conferences and meetings, or surveys and graphs and study commissions. We've been analyzed and graphed and surveyed for too long. We need action now. We want to give white America the chance to show that there is such a thing as equality of opportunity, regardless of race, creed, or color."



What is holding us back?

In material terms at least, the panorama of American progress is stupendous. Poverty, racial injustice and crime rebuke American affluence, but it verges on fantasy to call the U.S. a failed society. No other nation has ever remotely matched the U.S. in both human and material resources. The American problem is almost purely one of logistics and priorities: how to use these resources far more wisely.

In the past ten years, the growth of the American economy has far outstripped the comprehension of most individuals; even economists are at a loss for an abstract theory to explain it. But beyond dispute is the fact that never before has man transmuted energy and raw materials into wealth at such a fantastic rate. With 7% of the global land mass and 6% of its population, the U.S. produces about one-third of the world's goods and services. Every five years the American economy grows by the equivalent of that of West Germany, the third largest industrial nation. In 1968, the U.S. gross national product was twice that estimated for the Soviet Union, and the output of one American corporation, General Motors, was greater than the G.N.P.s of all but 13 of the world's nations.

The knowledge inventory

Since 1960, the spendable per capita income of the average American—even allowing for higher prices and inflation—has increased by one-third. So has his productivity: 7% of American workers now produce all the nation's food and manufactured goods. Yet unemployment has steadily declined, until it is now at the lowest point in 15 years. While the U.S. worries about the hard core of "unemployables," it has a limitless demand for new skills. In the new information industry, the computer and related fields, 1,000,000 programmers will be needed in the next six years (c. 200,000 now so employed). Most of the economic targets of the '60s have been achieved. In the American economy, the immigrants' vision has been surpassed—wealth undreamed of and seemingly without limit.

U.S. wealth rests not only on a huge industrial base but it also derives from the greatest inventory of scientific knowledge ever accumulated. Starting from a modest \$74 million

in 1940, the Federal Government steadily expanded its subsidy of scientific research and development to a peak of \$16.7 billion in 1967. Though since cut back because of the Viet Nam war, this investment has added enormously to U.S. resources. In the fields of physics, chemistry, medicine and physiology, Americans have won 31 out of 63 Nobel prizes. Among the discoveries in pure science attributed to American scholars in the last decade are the total synthesis of cortisone, intense radiation in outer space (the Van Allen belt), the magnification of light (the laser) and the discovery of intergalactic gas.

A talent for management

As a nation of organizers, the U.S. has harnessed its new scientific knowledge to all kinds of new technology: the production of electricity by nuclear energy, communication by satellite, the Salk vaccine, oral contraceptives and a whole new spectrum of antibiotics—to say nothing of learning how to put a man on the moon.

All these feats reflect one of the nation's most impressive resources: the American skill in managing great enterprises, whether in war or peace. The Manhattan Project, which built the atom bomb, and the Marshall Plan, which rebuilt shattered Europe after World War II, remain classic examples of this talent. Today's Apollo program is yet another demonstration of how seemingly insoluble problems can yield to a systematic approach. The question naturally arises: why can the same skills not be used on the same scale to end poverty and traffic congestion, to clean up pollution and save the cities?

It is too easy to say that Americans have become too selfish to cooperate in attacking social ills. For all the present dissent and division, all sorts of people throughout the country remain compassionate and responsive to need. Clearly, those qualities in the national character form a vital resource that can be tapped by leaders with drive, purpose and exciting ideas—witness foreign aid, foundations, philanthropy. Since the end of World War II, the U.S. has contributed \$115.6 billion in aid to other nations—a massive contribution, notwithstanding the fact that it also served U.S. policy—and supplemented the official amounts by uncounted millions in

Black Panthers in California State Capitol



ANDY WARREN, SACRAMENTO NEWS

Exercise addicts at health resort



JOHN MORRIS

private philanthropy. The Rockefeller Foundation contribution to medicine has had worldwide benefits; the Ford Foundation is now contributing millions to pilot projects that may offer solutions to some of the problems of the cities. There is in the American temperament an evangelical conscience, and it can be aroused.

How can so prodigious and inventive a society have failed so conspicuously in so many areas? One flaw in the American psyche—and one of its strengths—is its single-minded concentration on one Big Problem at a time. In the past four decades, the nation's energies and imagination have been largely absorbed by the specter of economic instability, war, cold war and the nuclear arms race. At the same time, the rural American was becoming the urban American. The Negro became even more restive for social and economic equity. And the great engine of American success, industry, was practically given carte blanche to pollute the air and the water, with no implicit social responsibility to the cities it had helped to build.

The nation until recently did not have the aroused conscience to use its financial resources to deal with myriad problems at home. Now it should be able and willing to solve them. Still, what may really hold America back is precisely what has pushed it forward: the American's prized and highly developed sense of individualism, which can amount to plain selfishness. This is a relative matter; many Europeans, with their deep class conflicts, tend to be far more selfish than people in the U.S. But Americans, particularly in times of rapid and threatening change, have turned protectively in upon themselves, their families, their jobs. That is an understandable but fallacious approach to individual or collective life, since every American citizen stands to benefit or suffer as his whole society succeeds or fails. The success of the American experiment, as Thomas Jefferson argued in a somewhat different context, will depend on its success in "enlarging the empire of liberty." That is no longer true in geographical terms. In social terms, it has never been a more urgent task.

A lost place

What complicates the task is the state of the country's political institutions. To begin with—though no politician permits himself to say so—there is the U.S. Constitution, a triumph of 18th century rationalism, which is rightly revered for its dedication to individual liberty but in many ways is poorly suited to national governance in the 20th century. At Santa Barbara's Center for the Study of Dem-

ocratic Institutions, a mixed herd of scholars, politicians and journalists is currently rewriting the Constitution—a fascinating if somewhat impractical project (see box, 26).

The Constitution's most serious defect is that it subdivides the Republic into 50 states on geographical lines that no longer make much sense (except perhaps for Hawaii and Alaska). Ever since the Depression proved the state governments incapable of coping with national problems like unemployment, their governments have steadily lost place to Washington.

A diffusion of power

Below the state capitals, the diffusion of authority and proliferation of municipal governments makes for disarray bordering on chaos. The National Commission on Urban Problems reported that as of 1967, U.S. metropolitan areas were served by 20,745 local governments. Greater Chicago has 1,113 different and often competing local authorities; in the Philadelphia metropolitan area there are 876 separate municipal governments.

The writers of the Constitution believed that a diffusion of powers within the Federal Government would serve the commonwealth; they succeeded in creating three branches that gallop in three directions at different speeds. In its finest hours, such as the Army-McCarthy hearings, Congress may change the American mind and demonstrate its potential as the most dynamic member of the Constitutional triad. In its worst hours, it might as well be a backwater state legislature. Shackled by its own archaic rules (the Senate filibuster, the seniority system that casts aged conservatives as the satraps of powerful committees), Congress is all too often responsive to local interests at the expense of national interests. It is no accident that the Supreme Court, not Congress, pioneered in giving the Negro his legal due. It is hard to believe that even now Congress has no committees on urban affairs. Only once, in 1950, has the House, which initiates money bills, considered appropriations *in toto*. Instead, various committees too often cut or fatten piecemeal items in line with narrow interests—a highly inefficient way of allocating national resources. Though the Constitution explicitly reserves to Congress the right to declare war, the President in his conduct of foreign affairs actually determines the issue, reducing the role of the legislature to that of critic and commentator.

Meanwhile, the central Government has become so huge that its power seems virtually without limit. But in *The Age of Discontinuity*, Peter Drucker suggests that to a future his-

Performers in "Living Theater"



Deep-freezing dead in hopes of later revival



HERESY IN SANTA BARBARA

The U.S. Constitution "has ceased to be an instrument and has become an impediment," says Rexford Guy Tugwell, a survivor of the New Deal's brain trust. He says it reasonably, mildly, and from the sunny tranquility of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, Calif. There, he and 23 other tweedy, intellectual fellows have devoted the better part of a decade to rewriting the Constitution. Now in its 35th draft, their version of the document would, in Tugwell's words, "let law catch up with life."

Most Americans assume that the world's oldest living written Constitution got that way because of its enduring adaptability to change. Not only does the Supreme Court constantly reinterpret it; Congress has also approved 25 amendments. Santa Barbara's fellows argue that none of this will do. The amending process is so slow (deliberately so), they note, that only ten amendments have occurred in this century, most of them minimal patchwork jobs. Recalls Fellow of the Center W. H. Ferry: "As we investigated the new institutions of American life and saw the President being forced again and again to operate on his emergency powers, we kept being driven back to a consideration of the document itself."

The fellows fault the Constitution on one familiar ground: that it was designed for an agrarian society with an elite electorate and disenfranchised majority. Now the U.S. is a highly industrial, urbanized and interdependent nation in which the electorate, though fully enfranchised, is paradoxically less able to influence Government bureaucracies. Moreover, say the fellows, the Constitution's original architects were devout Newtonians, who applied to human government the same kind of clocklike checks and balances that were then thought to govern the planets. Now scientists see the universe as a system of organic and symbiotic processes, and American Government may well be as outdated as Newtonian mechanics.

Plug in people. The center's version of the Constitution recognizes this collision between 18th century ideals and 20th century realities. Its language is businesslike. The fellows see it as a tool that, like a computer, is complex, quick, and has change literally built into the program.

First and most pressing objective of the new Constitution is to plug the mass of people into democracy. Thus, Article 2 requires delegates to political conventions to be elected, not appointed as they are today. Voters are also to be educated on all campaign issues through regular party conventions. Backroom political favors and private contributions to politicians are specifically abolished. The whole apparatus of elections is

regulated by a nonpartisan "overseer of politics," who also finances all campaigns with public money.

In the center's view, the presidency has become too large a job for any single man, no matter how gifted and industrious he may be. The "Refounding Fathers," as the fellows cheerfully call themselves, propose that the President serve a six-year term, not succeed himself, and govern four areas: finance, foreign, military and legal affairs. Authority for the other Cabinet departments lies in a new executive branch (with two Vice Presidents) concerned only with domestic affairs. Says Fellow Harvey Wheeler, a political scientist: "This means the President loses much of his power as a legislator. But he gains stature as a statesman and leader."

No more senators. "There has to be trouble with a Constitution," Wheeler adds, "that has brought us to the point where nine men who don't even represent the people are making all kinds of policy for the nation." Under the rewritten Constitution, the Supreme Court's powers are spread between three separate high courts. One handles cases brought up from lower courts; another decides on constitutional matters; and the third watches over judicial procedures at all levels. All three are forbidden to step in where legislators fear to tread, as in recent school-segregation or suffrage issues.

The most massive reorganization of all occurs in the legislative branch, which now represents local interests better than national ones. Change begins with all 50 states vanishing and reappearing as a dozen or so homogeneous regions, like New England or the Southwest, which are called "Republics." Similarly, the House of Representatives turns into a lower "People's House," of 300 members elected from 100 districts, plus 100 members-at-large, whose broad constituencies are designed to ensure that the national interest be their primary concern.

Out goes the Senate too. Instead, there is a middle, or "Republics' House," with one, two or three members from each region, depending on population. Their jobs? To care for the regions by passing uniform laws, and considering all legislation pertaining to the regions. A new, mainly appointive body, the upper, or "Nation's House," rounds out the government. Partly legislative in function and partly executive, this group watches over the nation's best interests, can declare a national emergency and overrule the courts on questions of constitutionality.

Unboly writ. Another desperately needed branch of government, say the fellows, is a planning body: science is now as wild, important and ungoverned a force in politics as industry used to be. "What the planning branch does," explains Wheeler, "is to bring science out into the open, where it can be monitored by the people. We're on the verge of such big things that we absolutely need to plan. Computers and transistors and the whole new field of transplants were all introduced chaotically, without a thought to their implications. We've got to predict future developments and plan for them."

The draft constitution will horrify not only traditionalists but quite a few serious students of government. It seems unduly cumbersome in some respects and naive in others—particularly in the assumption that political and philosophical ideas dating from the time of Newton (or Archimedes, for that matter) are necessarily invalid in the days of Bethe and Feynman. But the document is also full of fascinating ideas and just criticisms of the present Constitution. The fellows know that their draft will never be adopted, but they hope that its ideas will be considered. Says Wheeler: "We want to stimulate thought, get people to realize the Constitution is not so holy, so maybe they would have a Constitutional Convention of their own. After all, if there is to be a new Constitution, it has to come from the people, not from us."

Washington at Constitutional Convention—1787



torian "impotence, not omnipotence, may appear to be the remarkable feature of Government in the closing decades of the 20th century." While the Federal Government collects taxes with ruthless efficiency, it can no longer move the mails with dispatch; it spends vast sums on welfare, but Sociologist Daniel Moynihan says that it is "highly unreliable" as an instrument for ameliorating the lot of urban Negroes. The multitude of social programs through which it administers welfare funds lack central direction. Drucker believes that the central Government is trying to do too many things that should be left to other organizations functionally better equipped to handle these tasks. He feels that its role should be more and more restricted to making decisions, and that by doing less it would achieve more.

Interdependent partners

The new pattern of society already foreshadows this future role of Government. The U.S. now functions through a network of organizations in which Government, industry, labor and the universities are intertwined and obviously will become more so. In the Apollo program, NASA defined the mission, planned the flights and recruited astronauts; MIT contributed to the design of the navigation system, North American Rockwell Corporation built the vehicle, and Pan American services the Cape Kennedy base. George Champion, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, believes that if private business addressed itself to satisfying the education and housing needs of the poor it could not only improve their lot but also find it profitable. As the New Left is quick to point out, the military relies on the universities for the science and technology of advanced weaponry.

If the President can mobilize the resources and skills of these organizations, they can be helpful partners. But they can also be effective barriers to reform. When their self-interest is threatened, they coalesce into political blocs that can impose vetoes on action. The farm lobby has prevented any realistic reappraisal of U.S. agricultural policies. Lyndon Johnson commanded the nearly undivided support of labor throughout his Administration, but he was unable to persuade the craft unions to modify their apprenticeship rules, which restrict the expansion of skills in the labor force and are, in effect, a racial bar. The business community has shown a belated but increasing interest in training "unemployables." However, in matters of air and water pollution created by industry many individual corporations continue to evade their responsibility for these conditions. Robert McNamara remained unconvinced as to the desirability of an anti-ballistic missile system, but the military was able to override his objections through political pressure and commit the country to the "thin" Chinese compromise.

A will for what?

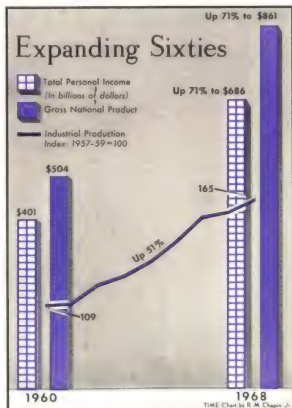
Great resources and balky institutions—what can the President do? Much of the advice that he has been tendered reflects the impatience inherent in the American temperament. J. Irwin Miller, a leading Republican and a much respected Middle West business leader, believes that the problems of the ghettos, crime and domestic unrest are so critical that they justify "going to war." By this he means mobilizing the nation as in World War II, when all of its energies were focused on the one goal of defeating Germany and Japan. The Kerner Commission on civil disorders said that the country's greatest need was to "generate a new will."

But a will for what? In a series of legislative acts affirming the equality of races, Congress declared the nation's objective to be the achievement of a biracial society. The greatest obstacle to that goal is the tense mood of fear, mistrust and hatred that corrodes race relations. Although a majority of blacks still subscribes to the ideal of integration, the increasingly vocal militants preach an American *apartheid* that would ultimately isolate Negroes from the mainstream of American life (see box p. 23). That such a solution would not only be accepted but welcomed by a great many whites is all too evident. Any meaningful integration of blacks must in-

volve moving more and more of them into white suburbs, training them for skilled crafts and opening union membership. These are the specific steps that meet the most stubborn resistance from the white community.

In large part, the U.S. race problem is a problem of poverty. When President Johnson addressed himself to it, he proclaimed as a national goal the creation of a great society that would ultimately end poverty. He assembled the largest task force ever of the nation's scholars and experts; they produced a three-volume catalogue of its most urgent programs. These were later translated into far-reaching legislative proposals aimed at improving life in the cities, the aesthetics of an industrial society and alleviating the living conditions of the poor. Legislatively, the Johnson Administration accomplished more in less time than any other in U.S. history. In 1961 there were 45 federal social programs with expenditures totaling some \$9.9 billion; there are now 435, involving expenditures of some \$25.6 billion. And yet Johnson failed conspicuously to "generate a new will."

Johnson's failure makes Nixon's task harder. His electoral mandate comes largely from what Spiro Agnew calls "middle Americans," who are often out of sympathy with the notion that the country must make a special effort, let alone special sacrifices, for the blacks. He must keep these people with him, and at the same time convince Negroes, who distrust him, that he is getting results for them. He must convince middle-class whites that black progress is in their interest, because it will benefit society as a whole. He must convince Negroes that a measure of patience is in their interest, because it will help enlist necessary white support. He must accomplish this almost impossibly difficult task while dealing with institutions whose nature it is to resist change. John W. Gardner believes that the U.S. must find a way to make society (and institutions) "capable of continuous change, continuous renewal and continuous responsiveness." This is a task not for one Administration but for decades. In this need is Nixon's opportunity—he can make a beginning.



What the Government can do

The new Administration's opportunity comes, in large measure, from a buoyant economy. Without the economic advances of the past eight years, it would not have the means to even begin the job that must be done domestically. One of its most important functions, therefore, is to maintain prosperity through fiscal and monetary policy. A sound and expanding economy is more important than any single federal program in combatting poverty and many other social ills. Beyond that, how should the Federal Government direct its huge (but not unlimited) resources toward achieving the nation's ideals? The question now demands a different answer from the one that Americans have grown accustomed to since the New Deal. The Depression clearly required Washington to "do for the people what they cannot do for themselves." However alluring that idea seemed as recently as the days of Lyndon Johnson and his Great Society, it is now close to being self-defeating.

All too often, big federal spending has produced not social miracles but merely a swollen bureaucracy and the anger of those who feel cheated by the gap between promise and performance. The nation now has ten times as many federal agencies concerned with city problems as it had in 1939, and the problems are worse. The lesson is that federal programs tend to be innovative only at first; soon both their officials and their beneficiaries, such as subsidized farmers, share a vested interest in making eternal what no longer makes sense. Even after their purpose is achieved, federal agencies rarely fade away; they simply double their budgets and staffs. Even as Americans bemoan more taxes, federal largesse often makes them takers rather than givers.

The U.S. cannot go back to its 18th century maxim: "That government is best which governs least." A highly interdependent nation needs a great central government to cope with problems that affect all citizens and states. But equally obvious, Washington needs a new tactic: it must encourage Americans to do for themselves what they could do if they tried to. This idea has often been used as a sort of shorthand for the callous notion that all public assistance is a coddling waste; it does not mean that in the present context. What is at stake now is the freeing of the individual from unnecessary dependence on a remote bureaucratic apparatus or the liberation of local communities from the notion that they cannot help themselves. The Government can dramatize the issues, provide the example, and spend its money in new ways that release private energies on a far greater scale. Ideally, it could also set a new standard for federal officials' performance. Promotion and pay raises might well go mainly to officials who liquidate their programs fastest and release more money for new federal efforts. The goal should be to enlarge federal leadership and contract federal bureaucracy at the same time.

Tax sharing

Toward these ends, Nixon should seek a better and more generous system for sharing federal tax revenues with states and cities. Last year Washington collected some \$148 billion in taxes from the states and returned \$17 billion to them in the form of grants-in-aid for specific programs, largely supervised by the federal bureaucracy. While the states need and compete for these funds, the Governors complain that the grants have strings attached; many bypass state and city authorities, and the federal programs are often uncoordinated. Federal-program administrators are accused of "tunnel vision"; being concerned only with their overall objectives regardless of community feelings.

What the states prefer is a fixed share of federal revenues without strings attached. Both Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon endorsed revenue sharing in principle dur-

ing the presidential campaign. But outgoing HEW Secretary Wilbur Cohen was adamantly opposed on the ground that Washington's nationally elected officials should not "hand over funds to 50 Governors to spend without a definition of national priorities."

Cohen is right in the sense that federal funds should never be used for such ends as protecting school segregation. Washington, on the other hand, has far more tax money than it can disburse effectively at the local level. If adequate protections can be worked out, Washington should now share some of its revenues on a fixed basis with hard-pressed states and cities, and thereby encourage far greater local initiative.

Poverty

Though millions have risen from poverty in the past eight years, 22 million Americans remain without basic means. The key is jobs. In its last year, the Johnson Administration found one promising approach to the hard-core unemployment problem. Since it costs more for industry to hire the slum dweller, who often lacks even the simplest skills, the Government promised to pay all extra training costs (average: \$3,000 per man). Partly as a result of this guarantee, partly out of new awareness of their social responsibilities, businessmen responded. The JOBS program has already exceeded its goal, hiring 128,000 people who just a few months ago could not have got past the plant gate. The Nixon Administration should not only continue JOBS, as it has promised to do, but should also expand its scope from the present 50 cities to at least 200. Cost: \$1 billion a year, about five times what is currently being spent.

As important as the numbers was the lesson: with a little imagination, federal money can create new opportunities. The Nixon Administration should thus continue most other present job-training programs (though perhaps not the Job Corps, which is not working very well). Tax incentives and low-interest loans, even though they are a drain on the Treasury, could also be used to induce business to build plants and other job-producing facilities in impoverished rural areas and big-city ghettos. Used in the right way, such incentives can draw money from other sources, multiplying the taxpayers' initial investment many times.

For the thousands whom private industry cannot possibly take, however, the Government should offer refuge as "the employer of last resort," a concept long espoused by Nixon's urban adviser, Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Many thousands could be usefully employed as, among other things, teacher aides and police auxiliaries. Wages could run about \$4,000 a year, with another \$1,000 for training. Though it is impossible to say how many people would want or need this program, the Government could at least test the response this year by offering 150,000 jobs. Cost: \$750 million, a part of which would be offset by reduced welfare costs. If necessary, the target could be boosted in future years.

To replace the present incredibly cumbersome welfare system, the Government should seriously consider income supplements, probably in the form of the negative income tax. For many, particularly ghetto Negroes, poverty and apathy have become so joined that no job-training program really suffices. The only way to break the circle of despair may be to give them some form of guaranteed income, minimal as it might be. Incentives could be set up so that work would be rewarded and no one would live comfortably off the Government. The poor would remain, but the really poverty-stricken would disappear. The worst deprivation would be done away with. It would not be cheap—as much as \$30 billion a year (as against the present total welfare bill to federal, state and city governments of \$5.5 billion). The pro-

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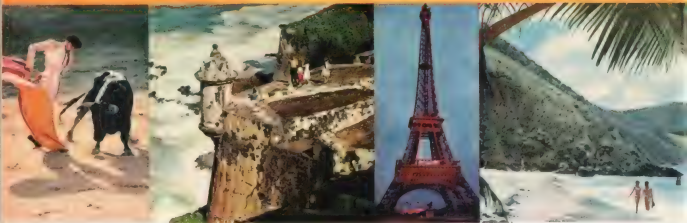
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ponents of the scheme argue convincingly, however, that the cost of the negative income tax would gradually decline as growing numbers of people escaped the poverty class.

For the present, the Nixon Administration could vastly improve the existing welfare system at comparatively modest cost, simplifying and humanizing the welter of regulations that governs the welfare system. At the same time, the Federal Government should assume all the costs of welfare (it now pays about half), leaving administration, however, to local and state governments. This one act (cost: \$3.4 billion) would relieve the cities of a burden that threatens to bankrupt them. One huge advantage of this federal role in welfare would be to standardize welfare payments across the country, thereby possibly reducing the migration of the poor from states with low benefits to areas with high payments (in one important program, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, New York State offers benefits of \$71.75 for each member of the family, as compared with \$8.50 in Mississippi).

Cities

Despite the attention given to the urban crisis, the cities continue to deteriorate. So far, one of the least used resources, particularly in the slums, has been private industry. The potential in private capital is enormous, and both businessmen and bureaucrats must work to exploit it. Taking advantage of low-interest loans from the Federal Housing Administration, the Boston Gas Co., for example, provided additional capital for the rehabilitation of 3,000 apartments in the Roxbury ghetto. The result was not only better housing for several thousand people, but also the acquisition by Boston Gas of 3,000 gas-using customers and a valuable tax-depreciation advantage. The return was not so great as a similar investment might have made elsewhere, but the lesson was clear: a profit can be made.

The Government might try to make the ghetto a high-profit magnet. For example, it could give bigger tax write-offs for ghetto investments, cheaper loans, and guarantees similar to those it offers to U.S. investors in underdeveloped countries. The inducement of tax holidays made Puerto Rico's Operation Bootstrap a resounding success. If the businessman and the Government looked at the ghetto as an underdeveloped country, they would in fact see one of the world's greatest potential markets. If black incomes were brought up to the white level, businessmen would have a new market of about \$20 billion a year.

Private investment, however, will not do away with Government programs, which must continue to expand. In the Model Cities program and the Housing Act of 1968, the Nixon Administration has the tools—money excepted—to make real improvement in the lives of millions. Model Cities is important because it tackles the slums from all angles,

forcing city administrations to plan far more efficiently than they have ever done before. Unfortunately, the program has never been adequately funded. To make it work, Nixon should increase this year's allotment of \$625 million to at least a billion, next year's to \$1.5 billion. He should also adequately fund the Housing Act, which seeks, through subsidies, to build or rehabilitate 6,000,000 low-income units by 1978 (v. 60,000 a year now). Cost to the Treasury: \$13 billion over the decade.

To open up the ghetto and take care of the 100 million population increase expected in the next generation, the Government could encourage the development of at least 100 entirely new towns, varying in population from 100,000 to 500,000. Great Britain has built 24 new towns since World War II, and private developers in the U.S. are already experimenting with the concept. Barriers to private development are enormous, however, and the Government might take the initiative with a New Towns Act and a New Towns Administration within the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

The slums are not the only thing wrong with U.S. cities, and the urban crisis can never be solved until Americans change their concept of the city itself. Central to any change is control of the automobile. With the Federal Highway Act, which offers 90% federal funding for expressways, the Government destroyed any possible balance between cars and other forms of transportation, such as subways and monorails. Though subways might be more efficient, cities have in effect been offered expressways virtually free. The lure has usually proved irresistible, and as a result cities—not to mention the countryside—have been torn apart. The car has not only wrecked the city physically but poisoned its air as well. Auto exhaust fumes account for about 60% of air pollution in the U.S., even with the addition of exhaust-control devices.

The answer, of course, is not to abandon the automobile—except in the central city—but to restore the balance. The Government already supports mass transit (\$153 million this year, v. \$4.1 billion for roads). Without costing the taxpayer an extra penny, it could multiply this sum 13 times simply by diverting half the money it spends for roads to transit lines. To improve the civic order, the Nixon Administration could also grant more generous funds for planning and esthetic improvements, going so far as to deny federal grants for such things as sewage plants to municipalities that continue to ignore the environment. A little money here would go a long way. Almost any amelioration would be valuable.

Crime

Deeply concerned about law and order, Americans tend to look at crime in only one dimension, focusing on the chase and the capture. They tend to ignore the courts, the prisons and the conditions that cause crime. The Federal Government can probably do less about crime than it is often assumed. But with relatively modest expenditures—or no expenditures at all—the Government can help merely by re-examining the problems. Almost all authorities on crime agree, for example, that many social infractions now classed as crimes—drunkenness, drug addiction and homosexual relations between consenting adults—are not matters for the police or the criminal law. The problems are real enough, but should be dealt with in other ways, freeing police for more crucial tasks.

The Nixon Administration could prod Americans into looking anew at crime by asking that federal law be brought into line with sociological and psychological thinking—not to mention the facts of life. It should also research better ways of handling such problems as drunkenness and drug addiction. Marijuana laws, in the eyes of many young people the worst example of hypocrisy and repression, should be re-examined, with more research provided on marijuana's long-term effects.

At the same time, the Administration should improve the federal court and rehabilitation systems and fund the

Pollution-spewing stacks in Pittsburgh



Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968 to the full legal authorization of \$300 million. Whatever President Nixon does, he will not find quick, inexpensive solutions. One exception: passage of a strong gun-control law that would not only register all guns but also curb ownership for anything but hunting. Without gun control, all other measures are half steps.

Education

More than one out of every four Americans—almost 58 million—is attending some kind of school today. Though education is and will remain primarily a state and local responsibility, the Federal Government can do more to widen and improve the educational prospects of every American. In the elementary and secondary schools, the chief object of its attention must for the immediate future remain the ghetto child. One of its top research targets should be how to educate the black child of the inner city; no one has yet found a very good answer. Truly effective ghetto education is at least as important as a cure for cancer.

Beyond high school, the Government can do far more to encourage diversity of education. There are, for instance, many alternatives to the B.A. degree. Not everyone needs or wants the traditional four years of college, but many can benefit from advanced training. As leisure time increases, more adults will also want fewer formal classes. The Government itself should not provide these services now, but its grants and research can point the way toward making education more flexible and relevant in a day when rapid change so quickly outdates formal learning. The Carnegie Commission on Higher Education estimates that federal expenditures for higher education (now \$3.5 billion a year out of \$17.2 billion from all sources) must increase \$10 bil-

lion a year by 1976. This may be far too high, but the current federal education investment at all levels (\$9.2 billion a year) will probably have to rise considerably.

Environment

In no other aspect, not even race, has U.S. society failed so spectacularly as it has by its abuse of the environment. Day by day, Americans are destroying the landscape and poisoning the air they breathe and the water they drink. The Johnson Administration was partly successful in stopping the trend; the Nixon Administration should do far more. It should vigorously enforce and fully fund existing antipollution laws. If they prove insufficient, it ought to ask Congress for even tougher measures. It must also act swiftly to preserve scenic areas, waterfronts and unspoiled islands. Fortunately, the country still has many deserving areas. It might also help local governments fund more parks near cities, and if they still cannot afford the land, the Government might step in with suburban national parks.

Beyond that, the Administration, including the President himself, must constantly preach the values of conservation and the need for a balanced environment. Nixon should adopt immediately the recommendation of one of his task forces that he appoint a special assistant for environmental affairs. Alternatively, he might accept Stewart Udall's suggestion for a Council of Environmental Advisers, which would have the same influence over the environment as the Council of Economic Advisers has over the economy. Above all, ecology—the interrelationship of all living things within the framework of the environment—must become as familiar a word to bureaucrats as GS-12 or ABM. As the new President's task force commented, "The real stake is man's own survival—in a world worth living in."

THE LESSONS OF CO-OP CITY

The tall towers can be seen from miles away—glum, graceless structures, most of them still unfinished. They mark Co-Op City, a vast middle-income housing project for about 60,000 people, which is now rising over the desolate flats of northern New York City. Ringed by highways and anchored in mud, this group of apartment houses stands as both a prediction of huge vertical subdivisions yet to come and a warning of failures that can be avoided.

Congress has called for the construction of 24.2 million new dwelling units by 1978. The only way to get them is to think big, and Co-Op City's sponsor—the United Housing Foundation, a nonprofit group organized by 40 labor unions—conceived the \$294 million project on a monumental scale. When it is completed in 1971, Co-Op City will cover 300 acres of filled marshland, with 35 apartment towers, from 24 to 33 stories in height, eight block-square parking garages, six schools, several shopping centers, 236 townhouses, and assorted service buildings—an instant city.

The people inside. United Housing obviously wanted to produce a city of thousands of inexpensive rooms, which it did very well. Each of the 15,372 apartments has hardwood floors, ample closet space, a large kitchen, central air conditioning. At \$450 per room down and \$25 per room in monthly maintenance charges, Co-Op City is an unbeatable bargain—at first glance.

But it is also shaping up as an eminently depressing place to live. Co-Op City is dense (200 people per acre). It is relentlessly ugly: its buildings are overbearing bulges of concrete and brick. Its layout is dreary and unimaginative. Right now, residents have to bus their kids to nearby schools and shop in a make-do supermarket on the bottom floor of a garage. Not a spadeful of dirt has yet been turned on a new subway line that will connect the project directly with New York City, of which it is supposed to be a vital part. Even worse, except for

some projected excellent landscaping, there is little effort to create neighborhoods at Co-Op City, or a feeling of community. Instead, residents are treated like clean socks, rolled up and tucked into gigantic bureau drawers.

Wasted muscle. The saddest thing about Co-Op City is that its bleak environment was achieved at great public cost. Only governmental assistance can put good housing within the grasp of big-city dwellers who earn an average of \$7,500 a year, not to mention the poor. At Co-Op City, state and city governments helped with a long-term 90% mortgage at a low interest rate, a municipal real-estate-tax exemption, and investment in schools, and other capital improvements. Total assistance over 40 years, reckons Architectural Critic Walter McQuade in *Architectural Forum*, will reach about half a billion dollars. "Government is paying most of the ticket on this trip," he adds, "and government has the right to insist that the destination be pointed not only by economics, but by sociology and architectural talent as well."

But the failure of Co-Op City does not stop with its debilitating environment. If the U.S. is going to meet the demand for housing without even more public aid, construction costs must come down. One promising way is to apply technical innovation, including large-scale prefabrication. But stiff municipal building codes and the power of the building trades' unions have blocked most such attempts, while construction costs spiral up, 12% a year.

Co-Op City is so big that its sponsor was able to reduce some costs through bulk purchasing. The sponsor might have used the same muscle to force really significant changes in construction techniques. What labor union could resist bending its archaic rules in order to work on a five-year, \$294 million job? What city has anything to lose by modernizing building codes in order to keep 15,000 middle-class families in town? At Co-Op City, the questions were not raised and the opportunities not seized. But its example remains for other projects to heed.

Where do we get the money?

While many of the plans and programs discussed in the preceding section require nothing more than a change of mind—admittedly, not always an easy thing—others require substantial sums of money. The total might amount to a possible \$30 billion, obviously an unrealistic sum in the next two or three years. Even if priorities are worked out, the question remains: where is the money to come from? Can the U.S. afford it? In managing the nation's economy, President Nixon's freedom of maneuver will be fairly circumscribed at first: he inherits from Johnson a budget that can be altered and amended but whose thrust and direction derive from past commitments and certain built-in increases, such as mandated pay raises for civil servants and the armed forces. Nor can he redirect the course of spending from the huge reservoir of obligations previously authorized by Congress (current total: \$190 billion).

Even an early end to the Viet Nam war offers little immediate prospect for substantial savings. Former U.S. Budget Director Charles Schultz, now of the Brookings Institution, in *Agenda for the Nation*, effectively explodes the idea that the annual \$29 billion that the war is now costing will be available for domestic needs. Working from an optimistic "scenario" that assumes an early end to the fighting and deactivation of some troops beginning in July, Schultz foresees no substantial reduction in military expenditures until 1971. Ordnance and munitions lines run on after any cessation of hostilities to rebuild depleted inventories. In a war like the one in Viet Nam, substantial forces are likely to remain in the field for many months and be withdrawn gradually. Meanwhile, the country has made expensive commitments to advanced-weapon systems. Some items: the conversion of 31 Polaris submarines (cost: \$248 million) to carry 496 Poseidon missiles at \$80 million per vessel, the first six of which are to take place this year; the beginning of procurement for components of the Sentinel and the antiballistic missile system, ultimately estimated at \$5.5 billion; the development of the new Minuteman III to carry the MIRV (Multiple Independently-targeted Re-entry Vehicles), \$4.5 billion. Schultz estimates that military expenditures will rise from the present \$79 billion to something like \$100 billion by 1974.

Mortgages and fiscal dividends

Yet even after this immense military mortgage is taken into account, the financial bind should begin to ease in 1971. If Nixon chooses to keep taxes at present levels—without the surtax—he will enjoy the benefit of "a fiscal dividend." This dividend is created by the automatic rise in federal revenues that accompanies the economy's growth; automatic, that is, so long as the economy does grow, for recessions have not yet become unconstitutional. If the gross national product continues to advance at a rate of an average 6-7% annually, tax revenues will increase faster than federal expenses. This will produce a dividend of \$8 billion in 1971 and thereafter climb impressively to \$35-\$40 billion by 1974. By applying the fiscal dividend as he sees fit, Nixon will have discretionary power to fund new programs, increase old ones, reduce taxes—or indeed, some combination of these.

Against this anticipated dividend must be set a multibillion-dollar set of claims. The future military shopping list, in addition to the items above, includes a number of costly weapons systems in the development stage on which procurement decisions are pending. Initial requests from the armed forces in the 1970 budget were reported at the \$100 billion figure that Schultz projects for 1974. In addition to these proposals there are potential increases in programs already authorized but underfunded. If Congress fully applied the Model Cities Program to the 130 or 140 cities

involved, the annual cost could reach \$4 billion or \$5 billion a year. To make supplementary compensatory grants for the education of poor children wholly effective would require \$3 billion. Nixon assured Henry Ford of his support for the on-the-job training administered by private industry; a three-year program for 1,500,000 hard-core unemployed would cost the Treasury \$1.5 billion per year. As for reforming or replacing the welfare system, the estimates for the various income maintenance schemes that have been proposed run as high as \$30 billion per year.

To make good on all these claims would obviously exhaust even the most generous fiscal dividend that Charles Schultz has projected. But the President can still find some money for key social needs. The fact is that the federal budget can stand some slimming. Not as much as Americans sometimes think is wasted—but a good deal is. Not as much as Americans sometimes suppose is going into absurd projects—though too much is. Money is being spent on programs that, by comparison with priority needs, are secondary or of relatively minor importance. Someone is always hurt when a program is cut, but given the need, both the President and Congress could buck the political pressures to trim them this year.

Risk and unpopular decisions

If he can muster support, Nixon might chop as much as \$2 billion out of dubious programs. First to feel the ax should be maritime subsidies, which now cost about \$500 million a year, money largely ill-spent. Also due for pruning is the farm bloc's annual harvest of \$3.5 billion in subsidies, two-thirds of which goes to farmers with incomes of more than \$20,000. The fact that Mississippi's Senator James Eastland's plantations receive \$157,930 a year for not growing cotton—while some of his constituents go hungry—ought to be reproach enough. Ironically, the Agriculture Department is also spending millions to improve big-scale Southern commercial farms, thus driving Negro farm laborers out of jobs and on to Northern welfare rolls. The Government should do far more to help and restrain those laborers—in the South—thus saving more money and needless misery in the North. Critics have suggested that the space program could well be cut back by at least \$1 billion—mainly by stressing instrumented space probes rather than the spectacular manned flights with less scientific payoff. But in the afterglow of Apollo, which so lifted national spirits, such a decision might be un-

U.S. supply dump at Danang



popular. It also entails some risk; if the Soviet Union were to orbit a large space platform, the President would be charged with having endangered the nation's security.

The President can also take a new look at the Social Security trust funds: they pile up huge surpluses that are normally used to increase security benefits. So long as there is inflation, benefits have to be increased, but perhaps not to the full amount of the surplus. Reform of the Post Office would save at least \$1.5 billion, as well as move letters faster, while another \$100 million could be found by asking whether it still makes sense for the Rural Electrification Administration to subsidize rural cooperatives with 2% loans. Congress should also be shamed into cutting the \$4.6 billion a year that goes for pork-barrel public-works projects. The nation owes a great deal to its veterans, but there is a question as to whether it need pay them \$600 million a year for low (10-30%) disability ratings. Other savings undoubtedly could be made in other areas after a careful reassessment of priorities.

Foreign policy priorities

In the long run, however, the U.S. probably cannot effectively meet its domestic responsibilities unless it can reduce the vast military budget, which accounts for 43% of every federal dollar spent. This is the most difficult area of all, for in foreign policy the Government's actions—and expenses—are in large measure dependent on the actions of others. The security of the U.S. must obviously take precedence over all other considerations. However, there is room for debate about what is essential to U.S. security.

The Viet Nam war has taught some lessons that should make the assessment somewhat easier. Washington is less likely to intervene in an unstable foreign country without a much harder look at the military dimensions of the commitment. Taken to the extreme, this attitude could turn into isolationism: as it is, it is probably a sign of a healthy national re-evaluation. Talking about U.S. Pacific relations, Edwin Reischauer, former Ambassador to Japan, suggests that the U.S. adopt a "lower profile," or what the Japanese call a "low posture." None of this suggests that the U.S. should—or could—withdraw into a Fortress America. But it does

suggest that after Viet Nam, the U.S. might get along with a somewhat smaller military establishment.

Would the Russians cooperate? Carl Kayser, a former assistant to President Kennedy for security affairs, now director of Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, thinks that the Russians may be just as interested in reducing their own arms burdens as is the U.S. The Soviet Union itself has enormous social needs, and could find better uses for its money than rockets and submarines. It too might consider the time propitious to sign an arms-control treaty. Even if the Russians do not respond, Kayser argues, the U.S. might hold its missile force at present levels without endangering security. No increase in nuclear power—not even an anti-ballistic missile system—can fully protect the civilian population. The U.S. must, of course, maintain a nuclear deterrent. Kayser concedes: the nuclear balance of terror that keeps the peace must be preserved. But if both sides build ABM missile systems, as now appears likely, though neither will have gained an iota in security, costs will have risen astronomically. The "thin" ABM system to protect the country against the Chinese is estimated at \$5.5 billion, money largely wasted, in the view of military men who want a full-scale system that would add as much as \$50 billion to present military expenditures. Against these ever spiraling demands must be weighed the domestic crisis, the need for unity and social peace, which are as much a factor in a nation's security as the might of arms.

President Nixon's assertion that the U.S. must negotiate from strength and maintain what he calls "an edge" on the Soviet Union has been interpreted as presaging an increase in the military budget. But he is too sophisticated not to know that "nuclear superiority" has become a meaningless concept. His own foreign-affairs adviser, Henry Kissinger, has said that there is an urgent need to analyze what is meant by power—and the balance of power—in a nuclear age. He believes that whatever balance there is between the U.S. and the Soviet Union is now regarded by the rest of the world as inflexible and precarious. Therefore the traditional uses of power have become less feasible, and the international order has become more, not less, stable. A searching and painstaking review of American security and America's place in the world must have top priority on the President's agenda.

After the Viet Nam war is resolved, the U.S. could begin restricting its Asian commitments to a few vital areas—Japan, South Korea, Formosa. One of the two divisions in South Korea could probably be brought home without increasing the danger to South Korea. Any pullback of commitments in Europe and the Middle East is far more difficult. But the U.S. could fully meet its NATO commitment with 30% of the 330,000-man force now in Europe. And the U.S. can surely encourage the best Europeans, whose total industrial output is second only to America's, to assume more responsibility. One way to do so would be to invite the Europeans to take command of the forces deployed there, thus ending the tradition of an American Commander-in-Chief.

Risk and rewards

No President is offered a simple choice in determining a nation's priorities: no budget is ever enough to take care of all those who, like Oliver Twist, ask for more. In the next 18 months, the probable area of savings—about \$2 billion—is not enough to take care of the demands of the cities, of education and of welfare that could easily absorb the anticipated dividend from the end of the Viet Nam war. But to raise taxes in the interim might well impede the growth of the economy, on which the maintenance of prosperity depends, and with it the hope of improving American society. The President probably cannot lower military expenditures to the pre-Viet Nam figure of 1964 (\$62.1 billion in 1969 prices), but such reductions as he can make will increase his fiscal dividend, his power to spend more on domestic needs or to lower taxes. Any substantial move in this direction would require determined leadership and entail some risks, but would also offer great rewards.

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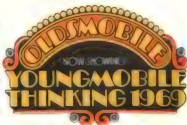
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What the individual can do

No amount of Government programs could do every thing that needs to be done; and no President, in four years or a hundred, could end all the evils and right all the wrongs that exist in the U.S. today. But a strong President, in touch with the needs of the country, can do much to relieve the anguish that now grips the American spirit. His leadership can bring new understanding between the races; his resolve, or lack of it, can set the tone that guides the public actions of his countrymen.

It is doubtful, however, that by itself even a strong President's moral presence could make the country whole again or cure the sense of anomie that afflicts so many Americans today. More and more people feel that they are helpless at the mercy of forces beyond their control.

All too often, reality bears them out. What, then, can anyone do? Big Government or big business or big cities cannot be done away with. A nation of 200 million or 300 million—as the U.S. will be in another generation—cannot survive without a vast bureaucracy and without a multitude of laws. The day is long gone when a family could simply pack up to avoid being hemmed in by complexity. Even as technology opens up vast new worlds, extending man's powers and perceptions a thousand- or million-fold, many long for the simplicity of an earlier era. Yet there is no escape.

A sense of concern

Nor need there be. Today's individual in search of influence could do worse than seek what Philosopher Josiah Royce, more than half a century ago, called the "Great Community." In the days before World War I, Royce feared the consequences of a mindless technology. The answer, he declared, was not the destruction of machines, but the expansion of man. Man, he said, should look upon himself as part of a great community and develop a hierarchy of loyalties extending from his family, to his own community, to the great community of all mankind. Cynics might look upon this as a sophisticated version of "the power of positive thinking." On the other hand, what alternative is there?

As countless people have shown, the individual need not really be powerless. The machine can be made to stop and change direction. James Ellis, a dynamic lawyer, mobilized

hundreds of citizens to bring order to Seattle's over-rapid growth (see box following page). Ralph Nader may not be everyone's hero, but he set the giant automobile industry on its heels, and now seems ready to reform the federal regulatory agencies, which have been shockingly negligent in their concern for the consumer-citizen.

Harold Knapp, a systems analyst who lives in Germantown, Md., was bothered by inconsistencies in the newspaper accounts of a rape case, and undertook his own time-consuming investigation. Largely because of his concern, three men were saved from the gas chamber. In New York City, 250 youthful executives are giving up much of their leisure time to help black and Puerto Rican entrepreneurs open businesses in the slums. In California, James Lorenz, a bright young lawyer, has forsworn a more profitable law practice in order to establish a statewide legal-aid service for Mexican-American farm workers.

Fighting city hall

In the past year, hundreds of young people dropped out of college to help the cause of Eugene McCarthy and campaign against a war that they considered unjust. They may have felt at the Chicago Convention that their efforts had come to naught, and they may be disillusioned with McCarthy's recent behavior; the fact is that their efforts played a considerable part in persuading Lyndon Johnson to withdraw from the election and seek peace in Viet Nam. The episode showed, among other things, that the most effective protest is not mindless violence and the shock tactics of obscenity, but disciplined, organized effort.

Americans might seek, for example, to decentralize their governing institutions on all levels and bring government closer to the people. As a politician's phrase, this has lost all meaning, but it could become at least a partial reality. Decentralization might turn into just another slogan, and the idea carries obvious dangers. But given the right balance between necessary central administration and local authority, decentralization could do a great deal to enhance the individual's feeling of importance.

The citizen must also ensure for himself power of redress against the bureaucratic machine. The feeling that only the

American deserters in Sweden



WILLIAMS

Josiah Royce (1855-1916)



McCarthy supporters in Wisconsin



LEADERSHIP: THE VITAL INGREDIENT

Every year, some 20,000 new residents settle around Seattle. Mainly well-educated professionals, they are drawn to the area by good jobs, good schools, and the prospects of the good life—sailing on Puget Sound, skiing in the high Cascades, hiking in the Olympic ranges. But the cherished countryside is disappearing, being swallowed up by grim housing developments whose sewers overflow with every heavy rain, scarred by highways that are often choked with cars, and blotched by grey industrial "parks." This is one toll of urbanization, and the price is being paid by prosperous cities across the U.S. Unlike most other cities, however, Seattle is doing something about the mess mainly because one man refused to put up with it.

James Reed Ellis, 47, looks like a university professor: compact, neat, with greying hair and blue eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses. Ellis is, in fact, a corporate lawyer in the firm of Preston, Thorgirson, Horowitz, Starin & Ellis. He is also that rarest of citizens, a practical leader.

For the past 15 years, Ellis has devoted himself, at the expense of his family, his health and his legal career, to the betterment of his home city. "Our job as citizens," he says, "is to set up some viable alternatives for the next generation, not paint these kids into a corner."

Back in the late 1950s, Ellis was one of a handful of Seattleites who decided that the waters of Lake Washington were so polluted that a cleanup was overdue. They drew up a supergovernmental agency, called Metro, of 94 separate taxing districts around the lake and built big new sewage-treatment plants. "He won't tell you he was responsible," says a friend, "but Jim put Metro together. He didn't worry about the problems involved in creating another level of government. He just felt it had to be done."

40,000 man-hours. Metro succeeded in less time and at less cost than had been expected. "We're probably ten years ahead of any other city in the U.S. in cleaning up our waters," says Ellis. By 1965, he had conceived another, even more ambitious countywide program of capital improvements that would represent the nation's first truly comprehensive effort by private citizens to cope with rapid urbanization. He knew it had to be big to make a difference and had to start soon rather than wait for the glacial processes of governmental action.

"We have a great idea here," Ellis told the area's leading businessmen, "but it's not going to move an inch without financial backing." The businessmen responded with \$100,000 for preliminary studies. In early 1966, a committee named Forward Thrust, consisting of 200 civic leaders—and all the power of their organizations—was formed to determine what needed to be done. The committee canvassed Seattle and its surrounding King County, welcoming all suggestions. One woman wrote: "I wish every time I came out of a downtown office building that I

could see a little greenery." Replied Ellis: "A very good idea, but too expensive."

After putting in 40,000 man-hours of work, Forward Thrust developed a working program that would cost \$5.5 billion to realize—also much too expensive. While part of the committee pared this down to essentials—like a new stadium, storm sewers, a rapid-transit system and parks—other men prepared bills for the state legislature to enable the thrust to move forward. Of 19 proposed bills, 18 passed. Most important were measures to double King County's debt limit and to enable the county to borrow on behalf of its 30 cities. They permitted the county to finance its capital improvements with long-term bonds, which the area's 1,000,000 residents would pay off through modest increases in real estate taxes.

All minorities. Something else came of all the careful preparation. The people of King County discovered a new sense of commitment. "From the beginning," says Ellis, "Forward Thrust rejected the idea of compulsion, as implied in a plan imposed from above. Communities can never be compelled to do anything they don't want to do. There has to be some element of civic involvement."

That involvement is achieved, he continues, "through face-to-face give and take. In a fragmented urban society, the need for honest communication is critical. We are all minorities. Some of us like the stadium; others want electric utilities buried out of sight. Only by agreeing on one group of aims can we become a majority."

In Forward Thrust's case, a 51% approval did not pass a bond issue; it took a clear 60% majority. When the voters went to the booths last year to consider twelve separate issues, costing \$820 million, they passed seven of them, costing \$334 million. Seattle's central area, a Negro slum, supported the entire program and will receive benefits from a \$12 million street-improvement bond issue, plus new parks and swimming pools. The most expensive single item to be rejected—a \$385 million mass-transit system—will be presented to the voters again next year, when traffic in Seattle thickens even more. It got 51% approval in 1968, stands a good chance of passing.

To get Forward Thrust's program this far, Ellis had to deal with 30 city governments and King County. He readily concedes that it would have been more difficult to act if there had been many more governments to convince of the need for the improvements. Too, the problems in the Seattle area are not as grave as they are in other parts of the country—and there is more land, water, good air and scenery left to save. Yet Forward Thrust's precepts and example can serve many other cities. "We're a pluralistic society," says Ellis. "We certainly ought to be able to find ways of sitting down together and working out these problems." True enough, as long as a city has an Ellis to supply the vital ingredient—leadership.

Seattle Lawyer James Reed Ellis and his city



ROBERT W. KELLEY

rich and powerful can win against edicts from government offices is very often justified. Some countries have found the solution in an "ombudsman," an independent official who investigates citizens' complaints and curbs overzealous or arrogant bureaucrats. Americans might follow this example; create ombudsmen at all levels of government, who will help them fight city hall. City hall, wherever it is, will resist, but the effort must be made. One solution would be to form public-interest pressure groups to counter the lobbies and private-interest groups that inevitably will be out for their own game. Americans have not watched their elected representatives closely enough or set standards for them that are half as high as they should be. In the end, the truism cannot be denied: People get the kind of government they deserve. Ultimately, they also get the kind of country they deserve.

Just what kind of country Americans want is, of course, the big question—and the answer remains curiously elusive. Americans have traditionally stressed optimism, a faith in the future, what John Kirk calls "progress, pragmatism, respect for achievement, a belief that rising wealth and expanding technology would ultimately dissipate most individual and social problems." Yet Americans have seldom examined those values long enough to see the possible inner contradictions. In part, they were too busy carving for themselves a share of the country's peerless abundance. Men with fabulous opportunities for self-advancement had no time for self-inspection.

From the start, the American Dream has contained as much egotism as its generosity. In a day of European despotism, it was daring to proclaim that "all men are created equal," and understandable for divines to celebrate Americans as God's chosen people. Yet the Founding Fathers excluded the Negro from the national egalitarian ideal, and the discrepancy made the white man's prejudice particularly enduring. If all men are created equal except the Negro, then it becomes logical to assume that blacks must be inherently inferior. When the perfectibility of man is a national theology, imperfection is unendurable.

Today, the American ethic prevents whites from blatant prejudice. Surely the fact marks a considerable advance in national maturity. Yet the old contradiction clearly lingers. Equality and freedom—the vast majority of Americans will unhesitatingly support them, but not necessarily meaning the same thing. The black militant upholds freedom from ghetto living and discrimination, but not the freedom of the white majority to govern the country. The blue-collar worker and the suburban home owner enthusiastically cheer equality, but not necessarily if equality means a black in one's labor union or next door.

Common protest

This is what many a white middle-class American feels—a type that today is often truly alienated. Such attitudes recall Thomas Merton's mordant lines: "Listening is obsolete. So is silence. Each one travels alone in a small blue capsule of indignation." Is it still possible in America today to establish communication between the capsules? Is it still possible to find any shared beliefs and desires between the indignant extremes?

If there is an emerging moral consensus in the U.S. today, it seems to revolve around a longing for a sense of participation and understanding in the performance of the individual's life in relation to the society around him. George Wallace's supporters, like those who followed McCarthy and Robert Kennedy, shared a common protest against what they felt was their own impotence to control the conditions of their government and even existence itself. Old rightists, new leftists, black militants, and those of the Nixonian center all occupy, in some sense, an ironically common ground. Their yearning, often merely nostalgic, is for a society in which the scale of life permits relevant personal action—which is why the doers like Seattle's James Ellis are so significant. And yet, however valid the longing, it is too frequently reflexive and unreflective—a protest, ironic in the American tradition, against the rapidity of change.

The notion—often myth—of individualism has stood for many different things in American life, from the self-sufficiency of the early agrarian society, to the rapacity of the robber barons, to the business and success ethic (with its underside, the fear of failure). New Deal liberalism through Lyndon Johnson's day saw individualism as requiring the paternal protection of the Federal Government. Lately a longing for individualism has reappeared in reaction against the welfare state, the vast corporation and the city, where people are crowded together in lifeless apartment buildings like celluloid headstones. As with the desire for relevance, this feeling cuts across the conventional ideological lines. The political conservative's idea of individualism is likely to be curiously close to the conception among the New Left. Thus Karl Hess, Barry Goldwater's 1964 campaign speech writer ("Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice"), now expresses sympathy for the aims and methods of the Students for a Democratic Society. "They're following the precept of the Declaration of Independence," says Hess. That precept is "that if the government steadily encroaches on the freedom of the individual, then it's the right and the responsibility of the people to overthrow the government."

There may be intriguing possibilities in such ironic agreement of extremes, including, perhaps, some new political formations and a half-aware alliance against old-style liberalism. There is probably something like incipient agreement in America about the need to fulfill—really fulfill—some of the primary values upon which the country was established. Nor is that consensus entirely sentimental. The upheavals of the '60s have awakened Americans to an extraordinarily high level of national awareness. Yet the question remains whether this is nearly enough.

Toward community

One article of the American faith that retains significant value is the work ethic. A Gallup poll indicated that while only a minority (36%) of the nation favors a guaranteed annual income for the poor, fully 78% approve of Government's providing guaranteed work. This again may be a symptom of Americans falling back upon a basic common denominator of personal relevance. The belief in earning an honest buck, no matter what the larger implications of the job itself, is the original American ideology peeled down to the core. The ethic endures, although many of the disaffected youth will continue to protest against the meaningless and numbing work of their fathers.

Significantly, patriotism apparently remains high. If asked what other country he might prefer, the average American still draws a blank. Rarely in the past—or present—have Americans hated America enough to commit treason, renounce citizenship, or stop longing for God's country while abroad. In that sense, patriotism thrives not only among the more demonstrative flag wavers, but also in unexpected ways among dissenters and anti-Establishmentarians. Even if the disaffected young bitterly criticize American institutions and values, they reflect the traditional patriotic view of the moral and providential nature of the American destiny. The insistence that one's country should be utopia is a patriotism of sorts—perhaps, in the long run, the best kind, for it may ensure that the present discontent will ultimately draw Americans together in seeking the utopia they want.

It would be ironic, though common in human experience, if things had to get much worse before Americans finally decided that strife had gone too far. What seems hopeful, however, is that Americans are already drawn, more than in the past, to Royce's vision of community and an end to the dehumanizing aspects of technological society. "A sense of community is not the only good," concludes a new study of U.S. life prepared under outgoing HEW Secretary Wilbur Cohen. "But, as the present divisions in our society reveal, it is very much worth asking whether we have as much as we need." It is also very much worth answering "No"—and setting more community as the American goal. It may be a small beginning, but is there any other if the nation is to be truly healed?

THE WORLD

FULL CIRCLE IN PARIS

All things from eternity are of like forms and come round in a circle.

—Marcus Aurelius Antoninus

WHEN the history of the Viet Nam peace negotiations is written, posterity will probably look with astonishment on what has proved to be the most important procedural obstacle to getting down to substantive business: the shape of the table at which the participants sit. For ten weeks of often absurd haggling, the parties in Paris—the

the Front without according it recognition. In the weeks to come, the Communists are certain to intensify the pressure for such recognition.

Full Support. The breakthrough came after weeks of intense diplomatic maneuvering. In late December, the U.S., clearly hoping for a turn in the negotiations before the end of Lyndon Johnson's term, had begun pressuring Saigon to accept a Hanoi offer of an undemarcated round table, with the provision that the North Vietnamese

with a minimum of polemics and with neither side claiming a diplomatic victory. Said U.S. Chief Negotiator Averell Harriman, who will yield his post to Henry Cabot Lodge this week: "We did not give in, and we did not expect them to give in. Meanwhile, we can go ahead and do business."

By week's end, only two days before Johnson left the White House, the four delegations met in the French Foreign Ministry's International Conference Center, the old Hotel Majestic on the Av-



CYRUS VANCE

Tough, complex, arduous.



would waive their demand for name plates and flags for the four delegations. Saigon demurred, still fearful that sitting at a round table with the Front would imply recognition.

Two weeks ago, Secretary of State Dean Rusk asked William Rogers, the Secretary of State-designate, to elicit Richard Nixon's views on the U.S. stand. Rogers complied and later advised the State Department that the incoming administration fully supported the compromise advocated by Johnson's outgoing team.

Ready To Do Business. Last week Colonel Ha Van Lau, North Viet Nam's deputy negotiator, surprised his U.S. counterpart, Cyrus Vance, by resubmitting a table design that Hanoi had haughtily rejected once before: a round table flanked by two smaller rectangular tables. Such a layout, Lau said, would be acceptable, provided the smaller tables could be separated slightly from the big table (by about 18 inches, as it turned out). He also accepted the suggestion that the allies speak first, to be followed by Hanoi and then the Front; earlier, Hanoi had demanded that the speaking order be determined by drawing lots. The 80-minute meeting between Vance and Lau, held in secrecy in a Paris suburb, was followed by a shorter one the next day. Then the agreement was announced—matter-of-factly,



COLONEL HA VAN LAU

But bargaining, not posturing.

enue Kléber. They assembled around a new 154-foot diameter main table, built the day before and covered with green baize cloth by French carpenters under the supervision of officials from the Quai d'Orsay. It was the same room in which the U.S. and North Viet Nam had begun preliminary talks on a settlement last May 13.

Propaganda Bombardment. Some procedural matters remained—primarily those that would determine the conference rules. At the end of the first session, however, Vance announced that all sides had reached full agreement on the procedures to be followed in later meetings. The conference is therefore free to get down to substantive matters this week. One is a mutual troop withdrawal, though it was announced last week that U.S. and South Vietnamese officials have begun working out a timetable to begin bringing home some G.I.s this year. Other issues include the political future of South Viet Nam and the territorial integrity of neighboring Cambodia and Laos.

That, of course, is when the real bargaining will begin—and probably go on, and on, while the war still rages.



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Johnson, though elated that a breakthrough had been achieved under his aegis, warned that the U.S. would have to be patient and that "we must pursue peace as diligently as we have fought aggression." Nixon, equally elated because the negotiations can now turn from niggling procedures to matters of real substance, also expressed his pleasure.

Both Johnson and Nixon, of course, are aware of the cruel fact that since the parley with the North Vietnamese got underway last May, some 8,000 Americans and many times that number of South and North Vietnamese have died in the war. Both also know that, at least in the opening weeks, the Paris conferees can be expected to bombard each other with their favorite propaganda themes. Some pessimists in Washington, as a matter of fact, expect no major progress before midsummer. The bargaining, as Bunker put it in Saigon, will be "long, tough, complex and arduous." But at least there will be bargaining, and not just posturing.

MIDDLE EAST

Bubbling, But Not Yet Boiling

The Middle East cauldron was still bubbling last week, but to the relief of practically everybody, it failed for the time being to come to a boil.

In Lebanon, Premier-designate Rashid Karami had been thwarted for more than a week in his efforts to put together a new government in the wake of the Israeli commando attack on Beirut's airport. Stymied in his attempts to satisfy all of Lebanon's myriad religious-political factions, Karami finally was forced to resort to a ploy: he simply named a 16-man Cabinet and presented it to President Charles Helou without bothering to seek the approval of balky opposition leaders. Though two of the incoming ministers at first refused to accept their posts, the other 14 began work immediately. There was at least a possibility that the gambit might produce results.

Too Much to Bear. While the outcome of Beirut's government crisis remained uncertain, France moved to expand its interests in the Middle East. President Charles de Gaulle, who last week stirred outpourings of gratitude from Arab states by embargoing the sale of French arms to Israel, assigned an emissary in Beirut to tell the Lebanese "France would not be indifferent in case of a threat of Lebanon's integrity and sovereignty." The statement served to spotlight De Gaulle's efforts to restore France's influence in the troubled area.

The Israelis found De Gaulle's maneuvers too much to bear. Students staged mass demonstrations before the French embassy in Tel Aviv. One poster showed a De Gaulle-nosed poodle sniffing a mongrel sporting an Arab headpiece. The caption: HE SMELLS OUT. In the Knesset, Premier Levi Eshkol condemned France's expressed reasons for

the embargo (Israeli "aggression") as a "mendacious libel."

In France, De Gaulle came under stinging attack for his anti-Israel policies from the once subservient French press. In an unprecedented demonstration of unanimous scorn, French newspaper reporters boycotted the information ministry's regular Wednesday briefing in what amounted to a direct snub of the general himself.

Arab Reservations. Soviet proposals for a Middle East settlement seem to have bogged down. These envision a four-power agreement among the U.S., Britain, France and the U.S.S.R., mediated by the United Nations. France proposed a similar Big Four conference, but the antagonists seemed as reluctant

known to pay as much as \$700 in damages for a single noisy evening of crockery tossing.

A well-smashed plate expressed approval of the local *houzouki* music as well as the manly exuberance of the thrower—presumably well-fueled on *ouzo*, the potent, anise-flavored Greek liqueur. Performers measured their success by the depth of the debris around their feet. *Taverna* owners loved it, since they were able to pay their hands by selling crockery to customers for up to a dollar a plate. In recent months, however, good times *à la grecque* were getting wilder than ever: bored with just breaking things—and perhaps bored, too, by the puritanical reign of Greece's military junta—merrymakers had taken to



CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S DAUGHTER JOSEPHINE AFTER PLATE-SMASHING BINGE
Success measured by the depth of the debris.

to accept such an initiative from Paris as from Moscow. The Israelis are on record as being opposed to any agreement imposed by outside powers, and the State Department reserved judgment.

In the Arab world, the Soviet proposal met with mixed reactions. Syria and Iraq oppose the plan, as do the El Fatah commandos. Other Arabs, however, seem considerably more interested. Lebanon and Jordan indicated at least tacit approval of the Soviet initiative and Egypt hinted that it might go along as well.

GREECE

Breaking an Old Habit

A popular song urges Greek revelers: "*Ola spasta, ola kapsta* [Smash all, burn all]." The notion obviously strikes a chord in the Greek soul. As viewers of the film *Never on Sunday* will recall, tipplers in the portside dives of Piraeus punctuate their drinking contests by breaking glassware, plates and occasionally furniture. In Athens' best clubs, people like Aristotle Onassis have been

tearing off their shirts and setting fire to their own coats.

The junta officers have finally ordered an end to the fun. Appalled by what they termed "this barbaric custom," they decreed that anyone who "offends public sentiment by destroying or damaging movable objects" may now be forcibly cooled off with up to six months in jail.

Athens clubowners are despondent. Some *tavernes* have already closed, and others may soon be forced to follow their example unless their musicians agree to share the losses by accepting smaller fees. One host tried offering patrons free plastic plates and cups to tear. The tranquilizer does not always work; a frustrated drinker in the capital's Skorpis tavern last week commandeered a dozen plates and had just finished shattering the last one when police grabbed him. It was the first arrest under the new decree. The word is about in the capital that some Athenians feel so blue about the latest blue law that at home they go into the kitchen and smash their own plates.



COMMONWEALTH DELEGATES AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE*

LOVE—AND COMPLAINTS—FOR TEACHER

THE biennial meeting of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers is something like a school reunion: it's nice to see the old classmates again, but each time the participants find that they have less in common. Of the 28 Commonwealth members represented at the ten-day conference that ended in London last week, a majority no longer recognize Queen Elizabeth as their sovereign, several have left the sterling area, scarcely any regard their citizenships as interchangeable, and only two (Australia and New Zealand) still display the Union Jack on their flags. The only thing that seemed to unite them was that each had at least one grievance against the old schoolmaster, Britain.

Most African states were seething at British Prime Minister Harold Wilson's efforts to reach a settlement with Ian Smith's breakaway white regime in Rhodesia. Singapore and Malaysia deplored Britain's planned military withdrawal from points east of Suez. Australia and New Zealand were unhappy about London's hankering to join Europe's Common Market, a move that would cost them dearly in tariff concessions. Four East African members that are anxious to get rid of their Asian minorities (Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda and Zambia) were outraged because Britain was not willing to take them off their hands and decided to boycott the conference's discussions on the subject.

Echo of Empire. For all its drawbacks, the Commonwealth gives Britons something they might regret losing: an echo of empire. An amorphous grouping of white and yellow, black and brown, it is well-nigh unequalled for sheer curiosity and panoply. There in London last week were the Daimler sedans, each with a Special Branch man riding shotgun in the front, whisking delegates

from their suites in Claridges, Grosvenor House or the Dorchester to the Regency-style Marlborough House. There at the meeting itself was Harold Wilson, impatiently tapping his outsized Tanzanian meerschaum on the mahogany conference table when a speaker droned on. There, too, were Malawi's Hastings Banda, waving his fly whisk imperiously, and Canada's Pierre Elliott Trudeau, impetuously sliding down a banister after one tiresome session.

But Britain is bothered by a rising impatience at the cost of maintaining the Commonwealth and, more important, at what the Daily Sketch called the "cheek" of members that presume to question Britain's policies. The nation that once ruled over a quarter of the globe is now desperately retrenching, and a great many Britons might agree with the Spectator: "What we must do is to act on the very threat that many of our partners have used against us too successfully in the past. We should withdraw our membership."

Sensing this attitude, many delegates expressed concern. "Britain feels that the task of leadership is onerous," said Malaysia's Tunku Abdul Rahman. "It has lost the power and the will to use it." After "centuries of responsibility," agreed Singapore's Lee Kuan Yew, "a mood of disenchantment and withdrawal is all pervasive. Britain has decided to put British interests first." To an extent, that is true. Britain simply has had it as the Commonwealth doormat, and the other members are beginning to acknowledge this change of mood and to handle the crotchety old schoolmaster with uncharacteristic care.

Wilson, for example, was subjected to none of the outraged harangues of the 1966 session, during which Zambia's Simon Kapwepwe labeled him a "ra-

cialist." The principal speaker on Rhodesia was Tanzania's Julius Nyerere, who complained acidly, to be sure, about Wilson's proposed settlement with Salisbury. But Nyerere went on to declare, to the general amazement of his listeners: "We all love Britain."

Tragic Conflict. Britain's policies were another matter, however. On Rhodesia, Wilson stuck by his proposal that a referendum be held on independence, despite the obvious difficulties in arranging safeguards to protect black voters. A majority of the delegates voted instead for the proposal embodied in the awkward acronym NIBMAR (No Independence Before Majority African Rule). Home Secretary James Callaghan angered nonwhite Commonwealth members by refusing to guarantee a welcome for any and all British passport holders of Asian descent. His refusal was particularly galling to East African nations, which have renewed a harsh campaign against thousands of Asian merchants in their midst. Since the majority hold British rather than local passports, black leaders in East Africa adamantly insist that the British should accept them. Britain has reacted against

* Front row, from left: Sir Dawda Jawara, Gambia; Hastings Banda, Malawi; Harold Wilson, Britain; Tunku Abdul Rahman, Malaysia; Queen Elizabeth, Archbishop Makarios, Cyprus; Keith Holyoake, New Zealand; Saka Stevens, Sierra Leone; John Gorton, Australia. Second row, from left: Aitaf Husain, Pakistan; Chief Obotemi Awolowo, Nigeria; Giorgio Borg Olivier, Malta; Indira Gandhi, India; Dudley Senanayake, Ceylon; Apollo Milton Obote, Uganda; Pierre Elliott Trudeau, Canada; J.W.K. Harries, Ghana; Hugh Shearer, Jamaica; Lee Kuan Yew, Singapore. Third row, from left: Sir Seseoaniso Ramogooana, Mauritius; Prince Makhosini Dlamini, Swaziland; Chief Leabua Jonathan, Lesotho; Kenneth Kaunda, Zambia; Julius Nyerere, Tanzania; James Guchura, Kenya; Eric Williams, Trinidad and Tobago. Back row, from left: Sir Seretse Khama, Botswana; Erroll Barron, Barbados; Forbes Burnham, Guyana.

immigration—and its attendant demands on social services—with a new quota system, and Callaghan was hardly anxious to provoke another storm of Powellite racial tension by promising to stretch quotas.

The Commonwealth's most tragic conflict—the Nigerian civil war—did not even get on the agenda, thanks to the contention of the federal government in Lagos that the 18-month-old conflict is an internal matter. As one of Nigeria's principal arms suppliers, Britain was not inclined to object.

Though there was some truth in the complaint by the Times of London that the conference had "discussed almost everything, but had settled almost nothing," the meeting nonetheless had its value. Differences were aired in open, reasonable discussion, and that, as Wilson said, "is what the Commonwealth is all about." Added the Prime Minister: "I don't know anywhere else where 24 heads of government and four deputies could talk to each other for ten days and then make plans to meet the following year again."

SPAIN

Palomares After the Fall

Before the bombs, this was the best place in all Spain. Nobody bothered us. Nobody even knew about us; we had no tourists. We had plenty of work, but when the crops were in we could say: "There's a bullfight in Madrid? Good, let's go to Madrid." Since the bombs fell, we've had one disaster after another. The water has gone bad. The orange trees have dried up. The tomatoes don't grow. I don't blame the bombs for everything. I don't blame anybody. But life has gone from here. Within a few years, this village will be empty.

The face of José Flores Gómez is creased from 60 years of weather and laughter and, when he speaks, his dark eyes dance as though amused. Don Pepe, as friends call him, is not amused when he ponders the past and the future of his home, the Andalusian coastal village of Palomares. Last week, as he and his fellow villagers celebrated the feast day of their patron, St. Anthony the Abbot, they also marked the third anniversary of the day when the bombs fell on Palomares.

Over the coast that morning in 1966 a U.S. B-52 bomber on a routine nuclear patrol collided with the Strategic Air Command KC-135 tanker that was refueling it. Wreckage rained on Palomares, including three unarmed hydrogen bombs. A fourth bomb fell into the

sea. There were no deaths or serious injuries among the villagers, but a U.S. airman mumbled in schoolboy Spanish after parachuting to safety: "Ustedes todos muertos [You're all dead]." Because two bombs' casings had cracked, several thousand airmen and sailors spent 44 days carrying away almost six acres of topsoil and plowing under 600 acres more to dispel any traces of lingering radioactivity.

The masked and gloved strangers have long since departed, but they left some mementos behind. Four Geiger counters run continuously, and a villager is paid \$66 a month to take daily readings. Other towns will buy no milk, produce or meat from Palomares, despite government assurances that the goods are untainted. Half of the town's 2,000 people have left for jobs elsewhere.

Six successive failures. Situated far off the coastal highway, Palomares was never a tourist attraction. Only a single road is paved. Entertainment consists of two bars and a movie theater that shows old films on Thursday nights, Sundays and holidays. Still, Palomares was a singularly prosperous town. As its lead and silver mines, discovered by the Phoenicians, finally petered out over the past 30 years, the miners were given severance pay in land instead of pesetas. Pride of ownership and an abundance of sweet water from deep wells coaxed from the arid land the best tomatoes in all of Almería province. Since the bombs fell, the tomato crops have failed six successive times. Palomareños blame radioactivity, but the failure may well be due to other causes. Drought has turned Palomares' water brackish,

and the plowing three years ago apparently brought old salt deposits to the surface.

On an anniversary visit last week, TIME Correspondent John Blashill discovered that the village is becoming resigned to failure. But eyes flash when townsmen talk about the U.S. Air Force. They concede that the U.S., which promised to leave Palomares "just the way we found it," was generous with emergency payments for food, clothing and shelter. When 644 damage claims were later filed, they add, the Air Force and the Spanish government turned from Midas into pinchpenny.

A Question of Honor. Some claims, to be sure, were exaggerated. The fishing captain whose sighting helped in the recovery of the bomb from the sea demanded \$5,000,000; he got only medals from two grateful governments. Francisco Alarcon Cano, whose private school was shuttered for six weeks because a bomb fragment landed on his patio, sought \$733 in lost tuition. He got nothing. "We may have made a mistake," says a 16th Air Force officer of the schoolmaster's case. "But the door is always open if he wants to come back." The point that escapes the Americans is that Alarcon, and others like him, will not come back. When the Air Force questioned what Alarcon considered an eminently reasonable claim, it might as well have questioned his honor.

So far the U.S. has paid out \$700,000 on 528 claims that originally totaled \$7,839,519; another 98 claims were rejected and seven were simply dropped. Eleven are still outstanding. "I think

that's very generous, considering how these people live," says one officer. "I would even say overgenerous." Even so, the U.S. apparently feels that something more is still owed. Washington has offered to donate a \$150,000 desalinization plant to the village for drinking water. With plenty of coffee, wine and cognac on hand, Palomares wants a bigger unit to provide water for irrigation. The plant in any case is yet to be built: the Spanish government, which owns a nearby beach-front inn where the drinking water is also brackish, has decided to build a large plant to serve the entire area. Meanwhile, to pacify Palomares, the government unaccountably decided to build a tennis court. The court has no net and its lines are improperly painted, but that hardly matters. "Nobody here has ever played tennis," says Don Pepe Flores, a hint of amusement in his eyes. "We've never even seen anyone playing tennis."



PALOMAREÑOS CHECKING GEIGER COUNTER
Apparently something more is still owed.

WEST GERMANY

Counting Them Out

Two decades ago, when West German rearmament in the face of Communist expansion was being debated, the country's youth expressed its opposition in a protest movement called *ohne mich* (count me out). By the time Bonn finally established the Bundeswehr in 1956, the movement had virtually evaporated, but the federal constitution had incorporated the principle that no German could ever be "compelled against his conscience" to take up arms.

Last week the *ohne mich* attitude once more became a major issue. Military Affairs Specialist Matthias Hoogen told the Bundestag that so many young men were counting themselves out that West Germany now has the highest rate of conscientious objection of any nation in the world. While only one out of every 750 men called for duty in the U.S. claim conscientious objector status and one out of 50 in Denmark, the figure for Germany is one out of 20. Last year alone, 11,789 youths sought C.O. status, including 3,456 who were already in uniform.

In West Germany, the conscientious objector (or *Kriegsdienstverweigerer*) need not prove dogmatic pacifism; he must merely convince a local commission of civil servants that he is against the use of force between states. Some 70 chapters of the German War Resisters' League seek to foster that attitude. Aided by leftist student militants, the chapters have held thousands of parades in the last 14 months, lectured to schoolchildren and demonstrated at military shows.

The Bundestag debated the problem for most of its opening session, then voted by a large majority to require

from every conscientious objector some form of alternate service—as male nurses, Red Cross helpers, gatekeepers or maintenance men. The deputies also called for swifter processes to muster out of uniform those objectors whose presence in the Bundeswehr might damage their fellow soldiers' morale.

CHILE

Disastrous Drought

"Operation Drought," reads the sign on the Pan American Highway 55 miles northeast of Santiago, the capital of Chile. Soldiers have built a tent city there, and government technicians are drilling deep wells in search of water. A few miles up the road, schoolboys play soccer in the dried-out bed of the Aconcagua, normally a mighty river. Even farther to the north, water from the near-dry Recoleta Dam is rationed—four days running, ten days shut off.

Chile is gripped by the worst, longest drought in its history, a crisis so serious that President Eduardo Frei has declared it a "national catastrophe." The drought, now in its 20th month, followed three years of earthquakes, floods and destructive storms. The harried Frei has seen his drive for progress stalled by natural disaster after disaster, as well as by stubborn political opposition and splits in his ruling Christian Democrat Party. Says he: "The drought is worse than an earthquake. An earthquake produces panic, but reconstruction means work. A drought does not produce panic, but neither does it provide work."

More Trickles. The drought, caused by lack of rain and scant snowfall in the Andes watersheds, affects twelve of Chile's 25 provinces. In the nine most seriously stricken provinces, rivers are



CHILEAN IN DRIED-UP RESERVOIR
Soccer field in the river bed.

mere trickles, reservoirs are empty or almost so, and pastureland lies parched. Unfortunately, these are Chile's most populous and most productive areas: they normally provide 52% of the country's wheat and 88% of its beans—both basic Chilean foods.

There is a shortage of potatoes; two-thirds of the crop has been lost, as has nearly half of the corn and one-third of the rice. Nearly 700,000 sheep and about 300,000 head of cattle have perished. Losses in agriculture and livestock alone are estimated to have reached \$180 million.

Not Alone. Frei's government has been trying its best to alleviate the suffering, but only at great cost to the economy. Deficit spending for drought relief has intensified Chile's inflation: the rate was 30% last year. Special government relief now goes to 60,000 people; in addition, some 60,000 are out of work, and that number may well double by next month. Foreign-exchange reserves are being whittled down by costly fuel-oil and coal imports that are necessary to make up for the loss of hydroelectric power.

Chile is not alone in its suffering. Peru lost an estimated \$40 million, chiefly in cotton, when drought struck six of its 24 departments early last year; it allocated another \$10 million in relief and public-works projects to employ suffering *campesinos*. Ecuador saw parts of Manabí and Loja provinces charred, with an estimated \$50 million in losses, mainly in coffee and rice. In Argentina's Patagonia region, woolmen estimate that the drought has taken the lives of at least 200,000 sheep. But Chile's plight is by far the worst of the nations in the area. If the drought there does not end soon, in fact, the Chilean weather bureau warns that the Atacama Desert, one of the world's driest, may begin advancing into the country's crop-rich central zone.



WAR PROTESTERS CLASHING WITH WEST BERLIN POLICE (EASTER 1968)
From one in 20 the word is no.



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PEOPLE

She billed her farewell speech to the National Press Club as "The Swan Song of a Lame Duck." But **Liz Carpenter**, 48, Lady Bird Johnson's press secretary, might better have called it "The Last Hurrahs." There were plenty: "The big question is what Senator McCarthy plans to do. When reporters ask, he doesn't say anything. But he does let them kiss his ring. . . . I offered myself to Governor Walter Hickel as a national monument. He took one look and said, 'I don't believe in conservation just for conservation's sake.' . . . All the new people want an office close to the President's. You should see them scramble. It's like fighting for a deck chair on the *Titanic*."

As it circled lightly over the R.A.F. field at Bassingbourn, the tiny, single-engine trainer looked dwarfed by the huge jet bombers at the base. But the bright red Chipmunk craft nonchalantly settled to a perfect landing and taxied over to a hangar. There, a crowd of R.A.F. officers raised a cheer. Out of the plane stepped Britain's **Prince Charles**, flashing a broad grin. After 14 hours of instruction, the 20-year-old heir to the throne had logged his first solo flight and was well on his way to earning his pilot's license.

The pews in the chapel of St. Luke's Church in McLean, Va., were filled with relatives and friends. Aunt Jackie had flown from New York. Uncle Ted and Aunt Joan were there. So were the Charles Percys, George McGovern's

Robert McNamaras and Mike Mansfield. But the young lady who was the focus of attention had missed her nap: she ignored the distinguished company and gave vent to lusty cries until she was soothed by her mother and her new godparents, Michael Kennedy, 10, and Mary Kennedy, 9. With calm restored, Ethel Kennedy stood aside to watch New York Archbishop Terence Cooke christen one-month-old **Rory Elizabeth Katherine Kennedy**, Robert Kennedy's eleventh child.

In June of 1770, midway on his first voyage around the globe, England's **Captain James Cook** was navigating the *Endeavour* along Australia's Great Barrier Reef when his ship suddenly grated to a stop on jagged coral shoals. The resourceful Cook saved his vessel by heaving ballast overboard, along with six heavy cast-iron cannon; the *Endeavour* floated free on the high tides. In the years since, numerous searchers have tried to recover the cannon. Finally last week, a team from Philadelphia's Academy of Natural Sciences, using a magnetic device suspended from a helicopter, succeeded in locating the coral-encrusted guns off *Endeavour* Reef. "We went to collect specimens of fish," said Academy Director H. Radclyffe Roberts. "Finding the cannon was the fun side of it."

When his wife told a Tokyo reporter last month that he used to consort with geishas, beat her, and "smash things," Japan's Premier **Eisaku Sato** kept a discreet and diplomatic silence. The Premier was more talkative at his year-end bash for the press. "Mr. Prime Minister," asked one reporter, "did you beat your wife?" Certainly, Sato answered. Do you still beat her? "No, I don't," he replied. "Times have changed, haven't they?" Or have they? When Sato asked: "Do you fellows beat your wives?" fully half the newsmen answered yes. Off on another tack, a reporter asked whether Sato really did party it up with geishas. "Oh, yes," smiled Sato. "We wanted to show the older generation that having a good time with a geisha was not their monopoly. Too bad prices are so high nowadays."

Canada's swinging Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau** has never been one to shun the public eye. So when he went to London for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference, he took along a planeload of newsmen. Then reporters got Divorcee Eva Rittinghausen to gush after a date with the P.M., "it was love at first sight." And photographers would not go away when Trudeau and Actress Jennifer Hales tried to steal away to the theater. Annoyed at last, Trudeau made it clear that a public figure—and especially a 49-year-old bachelor—is still a private person. "I do not think



TRUDEAU & HALES
Public but private.

it's your damned business what a particular person thinks about me, or how we behave," he snapped to the press. "Perhaps the police could question the women you have been seen with."

Said Arizona's **Barry Goldwater**, upon resuming his seat in the U.S. Senate: "After what happened to me four years ago, I feel like the only kamikaze pilot who ever made a round trip."

That steely impresario of Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera, **Rudolf Bing**, has grown so used to skirmishes with the critics that his defenses have nearly become reflex actions. In announcing the six new productions he will mount at the Met next season, Bing simultaneously unleashed a blast at the waiting critics. "What is the press? Six or eight people with their own opinions," snapped Bing. "If critics were acrobats, they would all long ago be dead."

Ill lay: German Foreign Minister **Willy Brandt**, 55, in Bonn with an attack of pleurisy that caused him to cancel last week's scheduled trip to Asia; baseball's **Casey Stengel**, 77, recovering in Glendale, Calif. from major surgery for a perforated peptic ulcer; Lawyer **Percy Foreman**, 66, in Houston with a case of pneumonia that could prevent him from preparing the defense of James Earl Ray in time for the March 3 trial opening; Bishop **Fulton J. Sheen**, 73, resting in Rochester, N.Y., after slipping on an icy sidewalk and breaking his left arm; Admiral **John S. McCain**, 58, commander of U.S. naval forces in the Pacific, in Honolulu's Tripler Army Hospital after suffering what doctors described as a mild stroke.



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EDUCATION

Black Is Beautiful—and Belligerent

THE nation's increasingly militant black students last week were admonished by a black man who has spent most of his life trying to advance the cause of his race. Speaking at the annual corporate meeting of the N.A.A.C.P., Executive Director Roy Wilkins warned that students demanding separate, all-black departments of study on the nation's campuses are really seeking "what are, patently, Jim Crow schools." Though many black students consider Wilkins a tame, white man's Negro, his argument had a practical ring that was aimed at the moderates. Since the students are going to live in what is basically a white world, said Wilkins, "they had better learn what the white boys are learning." It was "simple suicide," he added, for the black minority to talk of "separatism and going it alone." Demands for separate dormitories and classrooms, moreover, would unquestionably lead to court action over the legality of using tax funds for such purposes.

Wilkins' warning reflected the growing gap between black moderates on the campus and the aggressive policies of their more militant Negro brothers—and it came at a time when U.S. higher education seemed to be the victim of an artfully orchestrated conspiracy of disruption. At campus after campus, militant black students slammed down lists of nonnegotiable demands on presidential desks, threatening to shut down colleges that would not comply and organizing protests, picket lines and strikes. San Francisco State was near paralysis after 73 days of a strike called by the college's Black Students Union. The militants were also out in force at Brandeis, the University of Minnesota and San Fernando Valley State College, at Wittenberg University in Ohio, Queens College in New York and Swarthmore. In deference to the sudden death last week of Swarthmore's president, Dr. Courtney C. Smith, 52, Afro-American Students Society members ended their occupation of the admissions office, but indicated that their grievances would still have to be resolved by the college.

Together By Ourselves. The assault on the schools was no conspiracy of black students, despite the similarity of tactics and goals. Negro student associations are as autonomous as their campuses; they have no central organization, and not even a common name. Some of them, in fact, are out-and-out competitors for power. Last week, after attending a stormy meeting of several rival black student groups at U.C.L.A., two black students were shot and killed on campus by unknown assailants.

The groups may call themselves Black Students Unions or Afro-American Associations. Whatever their names, they claim to speak for as many as 90% of

the Negroes on their campuses. Some, like the B.S.U. at San Francisco, are run by left-wing militants who are at least as radical as Students for a Democratic Society. Others, like Harvard's Association of African and Afro-American Students, prefer the civilized techniques of negotiation to a formal confrontation with white society.

What all the black students want, fundamentally, is more equality, better facilities for themselves, more courses tailored to what they regard as their own needs—and above all, recognition of themselves as black people with their own history, heroes and culture. Michael Smith of Northwestern, where black students last spring briefly occupied the bursar's office (and thereby won an all-Negro center), defends the students' desire for *apartheid*. "They say we are reverse racists, but the fraternity guys are mainly WASPS with money," he argues. "None of them really wants to associate with us, so it's necessary to have a place where we can get together by ourselves."

Limited Goals. The implacable way in which black students present their demands angers and unnerves college administrators. In fact, argue some students of the movement, most B.S.U. organizations represent something of a conservative force in the academic community. Students for a Democratic Society, for example, makes no bones about the fact that it seeks to overthrow the university as the first step toward total revolution. Despite their political phraseology, the black student groups tend to seek relatively limited goals. At Brandeis, students wanted "soul food" (see MODERN LIVING) in the cafeteria; when they got that, however, they went on to

set forth ten demands, including the right to hire the chairman for the university's new black studies department.

B.S.U.s do not always use violent means to achieve their ends, and not all of their demands are unreasonable. They have also forced the universities to rethink their obligations to Negro students. Yale now offers for the first time a major in Afro-American Studies. The University of Illinois has agreed to admit 2,000 blacks over a four-year period. Last week a faculty committee at Harvard agreed to establish an Afro-American Studies center, subject to a faculty vote, and Berkeley's executive committee of the College of Letters and Science approved creation of a black studies department.

The White Response. One goal shared in common by all B.S.U. organizations is the end of racism, on campus—by which they mean admitting more Negroes to colleges. The real issue, though, is not whether blacks should be given greater access to higher education, but whether they should have the exclusive right to say who should be admitted and what their education should be about. Faculties are unanimous in denying the black students the right to set their own standards and hire their own teachers.

So far, there is no indication that the young militants intend to moderate their demands. "The outcome will be determined by how the whites react," says Juan Cofield, a black student leader at the University of North Carolina. "They'll probably try to repel this, like they've repelled other black demands over the past century. If they do, this will become quite a violent situation. Black people are much more united now, and they're not willing to put up with the same old treatment."



OCCUPIED BRANDEIS SWITCHBOARD



MILITANTS AT SAN FERNANDO STATE

Some of the demands were totally unacceptable.

ART

EXHIBITIONS

Harlem Experiment

TRICKY TOM IS AT IT AGAIN read one of the placards waved by 40 or so pickets in front of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum last week. They were protesting Director Thomas P. F. Hoving's choice of material for "Harlem On My Mind," an exhibition devoted to "the cultural capital of Black America, 1900-1968." The show contained no paintings by black artists—or, for that matter, by white artists. Organized by Allon Schoener, Visual Arts Director of the N. Y. State Council on the Arts and a white man, with Negro

ever, by the complaints about the show. "From time to time, a great institution must do something highly experimental," he observed. "It is necessary to keep alive and thinking."

Whether "art" or not, the show is marvelously evocative and dramatically presented. The first galleries, filled with old pictures and resounding to taped melodies of spirituals and ragtime, depict Harlem as it was in the early years of the century: a prosperous white neighborhood. By 1905, Negroes from the South had begun to trickle in—living then, as now, in appallingly overcrowded quarters. In those far-off days, as recorded by James Vanderzee, a gifted

PAINTING

The Flip Side

The precision of the small has delighted men through the ages. French scribes charmed medieval dukes with their illuminated books of hours. Persian miniaturists captivated jaded sultans with their courtly fables of princess and peri. Dissolute French aristocrats wore miniature portraits of their mistresses in medallions around their necks. Even now, while the big names in painting fill museum walls with mammoth abstractions, the practitioners of the minuscule thrive quietly.

Tiny paintings are intrinsically no more interesting than large ones. The danger that the behemoths run is of becoming bombastic; midgets must combat a tendency to seem cloyingly cute. Since what counts, however, is not an artist's limitations but how successfully he transcends them, both can hope for immortality. Indeed, they are flip sides of the same coin: both rely on scale to create an effect.

Some gifted precisionists acknowledge this kinship with tongue in cheek. "I'm just as serious about having my paintings not mean anything as abstractionists are about having theirs mean something," says Jean Jones Jackson, a Connecticut matron who taught herself to draw during a bout with TB 15 years ago. "I can't bear anything symbolic," Jackson protests that she paints only small pictures because her technique is too poor to allow her to paint big ones. In fact, her pettiness is a positive dimension, making what might otherwise be a fairly conventional mix of René Magritte and Grandma Moses seem witty, bizarre and remote.

Bittersweet Taste. Manhattan's Robert Kulicke, 45, has studied even more closely the gargantuan canvases of the abstract expressionists; he frames them. Well-known in the art business, Kulicke has put rims around hundreds of Pollocks, Klines, Newmans, Frankenthals and Motherwells. For these modernists, he developed the "Kulicke frame"—a simple, tasteful band of polished aluminum. For his frames he won a design award last month from the American Institute of Interior Designers. Yet when Kulicke sits down to paint, he produces minute still lifes in a nostalgic, bittersweet style that he calls "more 17th century than 20th."

His modesty should not be taken too literally. As a framemaker, he concedes that his business is taste. By that he means suiting his style to that of the painting he works with. As an artist, though, he must combat the instinct to be tasteful. "Taste," he argues, "is created by artists who don't have taste. It is through their convictions that they create the taste of other people." Thus, he refuses to frame his own pictures. "If my pictures are going to live," he says, "maybe the next generation will find a sympathetic way to frame them."

Anne Ryan, a New Jersey collagist who died in 1954, at the age of 65, some-



DOLE-LINE MURAL IN "HARLEM ON MY MIND"
How to keep alive and thinking.

Audio Engineer Donald Harper and Negro Photographer Reginald McGhee, it filled 14 of the Met's galleries with 600 photographic blowups and slides, plus videotapes and recordings.

Even before it opened, "Harlem On My Mind" had drawn brickbats. John Canaday, the New York Times's senior art critic, declared that he would not review the show. "Apparently," he sniffed, it had "no art." Mayor John Lindsay charged that an essay by a 17-year-old Harlem schoolgirl, reprinted in the catalogue and containing a remarkably mature discussion of anti-Semitism among Negroes, was "racist." Apparently as a result of his charges, 60 guests invited to the opening canceled out.

Saddest of all, perhaps, an unidentified vandal slipped into the Met's European-paintings gallery and scratched a small *U* into the corners of ten paintings (none was seriously damaged), "An act by a very sick individual," said Hoving. He was hardly fazed, how-

but little-known Harlem photographer who is now 82, Negroes did their best to look more respectable than whites, genteelly taking tea in beauty parlors and marching soberly straw-hatted in parades.

During the 1920s, when many welfare agencies refused to care for Negroes, Harlem's struggling middle classes looked after their own sick, poor and aged. They also sponsored a "Black Renaissance," led by W.E.B. Du Bois and his magazine, *Crisis*.

Harlem's overwhelming musical impact on the jazz age is conveyed by a room where pictures of Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson and Bessie Smith are flashed onto eight screens, while loudspeakers boom their music.

For the 1930s, the mood is set by a winding passage lined with photographs of hungry men. "Last Hired, First Fired" was the rule for Negro workers in the Depression. Yet "Harlem On My Mind" leaves the viewer feeling more alive, aware, and deeply sympathetic to his fellow man—which is, after all, what art is supposed to do.

* Financed by a \$225,000 grant from the Henry Luce Foundation.



JEAN JONES JACKSON

SMALL DELIGHTS

Huge canvases may be the order of the day, but that only makes miniature paintings seem more charming and intimate by comparison, no matter what their style and subject matter. Such small-scale works are now much in demand among collectors. Here, shown full size is "Wildlife Sanctuary," a surrealistic primitive landscape by Connecticut's Jean Jones Jackson, 61, and an untitled collage by New York's Anne Ryan (1889-1954). The untitled still life of pears, almost full-sized, was painted on the top of an old salt box by Manhattan Frame Maker Robert Kulicke, 45, who also paints dollar bills, a subject fit for deflationary strokes.



ANNE RYAN



ROBERT KULICKE



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From a beginning less than two decades ago, computer technology has made remarkable progress. Bob Henle is one of many men and women in the industry who constantly search for new ways to reduce the cost of data processing even more.



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times framed—or rather, mounted—her tiny, exquisite collages of fabrics and colored papers upon other bits of paper. Like visual haiku, they proclaim their sureness and their charm with an absolute economy of means. A sometime poetess and six times a grandmother, Ryan took to collage in 1948 after seeing an exhibition of the collages of the Dadaist Kurt Schwitters. Her own instincts led her toward ladylike materials, failles, polka-dot gingham and tulles. Betty Parsons, the pioneering dealer whose gallery introduced abstract expressionism to Manhattan in the late 1940s, has also at one time or another represented Jackson, Kulicke and Ryan. "It's amazing," says Parsons of Ryan, "how she would capture light with material and shape. Her collages were sensitive and so esthetic that they will captivate forever."

SCULPTURE

Dancing in the Wind

Workers in the yards of the Osaka Shipbuilding Co. intently watched the initial trials of one of the most curious craft ever launched. Floating in the lee of two massive unfinished cargo ships, the contraption was shaped like a midge's pagoda with a giant's spoon balanced across the pinnacle. On cue, a small motor inside the bright yellow and white plywood superstructure began pumping sea water into the bowl of the spoon. As the bowl filled, it dipped down until, with a splash, it dumped 26 gallons of water back into the bay. Empty, the lightened bowl swung up again, and a brass "sound cone," hanging off the other end of the 15-foot-long arm, began broadcasting a high-pitched whine. "Banzai!" cheered the workmen. "O.K. It will be O.K.," said the contraption's creator, Susumi Shingu, who expresses his love of the wind and the water in such lighthearted abstract mobiles.

Fun to Watch. At 31, Shingu is among Japan's most important young artists—and Osaka's shipyard is his workshop. The floating mobile is one of the six nearly identical sculptures that Kenzo Tange, the designer in charge of Osaka's upcoming Expo '70, has commissioned him to provide for the fair's Lake of Progress. "Shingu's mobiles are never ponderous or solemn," Tange says, "but always as they should be: great fun to watch." Many others obviously agree. For their pavilion at the world's fair, Japan's gas companies have commissioned Shingu to create indoor fountains that will frame a huge new ceramic fresco by Joan Miró.

Born in Osaka, the artist was en-

couraged to take up painting by his father, a businessman who was also a Sunday painter. Shingu studied oil painting at Tokyo University of Arts, and in 1960 went to Rome's famed Accademia di Belle Arti. For months he devotedly copied early-Renaissance masterpieces. Then abruptly he turned abstract, eventually took up mobiles because they can be placed anywhere, indoors or out.

For the Sake of Japan. Still in Rome in 1966, he served as a sightseeing guide for a visiting Japanese industrialist, Kageki Minami, president of the Osaka



SHINGU MOBILES AT OSAKA SHIPYARD
Making clouds out of metal.

Shipbuilding Co. Minami admittedly knew nothing about art, but metalwork was his business. When he saw the mobiles in Shingu's Roman studio, he invited Shingu to come back to Japan and live and work in his shipyard, where there would be plenty of welders and painters to help him—to say nothing of unlimited amounts of scrap steel to work with.

Today Shingu and his wife and infant daughter occupy a converted bathhouse in the center of the Osaka yard. Despite the din, he says: "I feel elated working in a wide-open space away from all those small, restrictive ateliers." With help from many dockhands, he assembled his first one-man show in Tokyo last summer.

More than anything else, it is the wind that intrigues Shingu. He finds inspiration in the motion of a cloud, in a blade of grass or a leaf, and he takes long Sunday walks in the woods far from the shipyard. As long as leaves dance in the wind, he is not likely to run out of ideas for mobiles.

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MUSIC

PIANISTS

Diary of a Miracle

Monday, 3 p.m.: Danish-born Pianist Gunnar Johansen, 63, gets a phone call at the University of Wisconsin, where he has been artist-in-residence since 1939. Boris Sokoloff, manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra, is on the line. Conductor Eugene Ormandy and Pianist Peter Serkin have disagreed on the interpretation of Beethoven's *Piano Concerto in D Major*, which Serkin was to play with the Philadelphians in Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall the following evening. Could Johansen fill in? Johansen has never even heard the piece, a little-known transcription by Beethoven of his only violin concerto. He dashes next door to the music library, glances at the score, agrees to do it. What he does not know is that twelve other pianists have already declined the job.

Monday, 10 p.m.: Johansen arrives in Manhattan, barely making a 6 p.m. flight from Madison. On the plane, he has made his first real study of the score. He has had plenty of experience. Trained in Berlin by Egon Petri, he played concerts in Europe for four years before moving to the U.S. in 1929. He has made five previous New York appearances, notably a 1966 performance of Busoni's challenging *Piano Concerto*. But now the magnitude of what he has undertaken overwhelms him. At a hotel, he recites "a prayer to Ludwig for help," and drops off to sleep.

Tuesday, 9 a.m.: Johansen arrives at Philharmonic Hall to check the piano, decides that he needs a different one. He goes to the nearby Steinway building, chooses a piano, has it sent to the hall, then settles down for five solid hours of furious practicing. Then back to Philharmonic Hall for rehearsal, on

the way gulping down a luncheon of carrot juice at a health-food store.

Tuesday, 4 p.m.: Johansen and Ormandy meet each other for the first time. "Did you practice the cadenzas?" asks Ormandy. "What cadenzas?" replies Johansen. His score does not happen to include them. At this point, Ormandy says that he is having a heart attack. But the one-hour rehearsal goes on, with Ormandy concentrating on the passages where piano and orchestra play together. A messenger is dispatched to obtain a score of the cadenzas. Later Johansen practices backstage, then hurries to the hotel for his tails, which are due back from the valet. No tails. Back to Philharmonic Hall for more practice. Several of the Philadelphia musicians offer to lend Johansen their tails. None fit. Says Ormandy to his men: "Why aren't you on your knees praying?"

Tuesday, 9:30 p.m.: Johansen strides coolly onstage in a grey business suit. After the orchestral opening, his first solo entrance is firm, clean and smoothly phrased. He reads carefully from the score, but otherwise nothing in his playing betrays the tension onstage. After the first movement, Ormandy leans over to whisper: "Bravo." Johansen ripples out silvery pianissimos in the slow movement, builds the finale with structural logic and power. At the finish, the audience—which has been told only that Peter Serkin is "indisposed" and knows nothing of what has gone on—gives Johansen a warm ovation. Ormandy—who knows all too well what has gone on—gives him a hug and kiss. Backstage, Ormandy describes the feat as "a miracle."

Tuesday, 11 p.m.: Johansen is acclaimed a hero. The full story is out now, and reporters and admirers besiege him. Calm as ever, Johansen makes plans to return to Wisconsin at week's end. He has his teaching there and his own record label, Artist Direct, on which he has recorded the complete piano-solo works of Bach and Busoni. He also has his projects—flying airplanes, working on a steam-powered automobile, planning an academy of arts and sciences in California. But first, Manager Sokoloff motions him over to a corner for one last detail: signing the contract for tonight's engagement. Until now, there has been no time for it.

COMPOSERS

Sculpture in Sound

The laws of each art are convertible into the laws of every other.

So wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1841. And so believes American Composer Earle Brown, 42, whose music bears an unmistakable relationship to the plastic arts. Brown's work owes a debt to the mobile sculpture of Alexander Calder and the abstract expressionist painting of Jackson Pollock. His

STEVE LANE



BROWN CONDUCTING IN BALTIMORE
With options in the open.

scores are graphic in their detail and precision, but he believes in a certain improvisation or mobility within a performance itself. Therein lies the influence of Calder, whose mobiles are made of 15 to 20 parts moving freely in space and changing their relationships with one another from minute to minute. Pollock's paintings, created by the "action" of dripping paint onto canvas, suggest the spontaneity and freedom accorded the conductor, who cues the musicians as he sees fit.

This does not mean that Brown's works are meant to represent specific works of Calder or Pollock. "I am not trying to make the listener hear a mobile or visualize a Pollock painting," Brown explains. "I was inspired by the manner, the process of their way of working."

Broken Glass. Brown favors what he calls "open form" music. Last week he displayed his style at a concert at Baltimore's Peabody Conservatory of Music. One of the works on the program, *Available Forms I*, which is scored for 18 wind, string and percussion players, is a Calderian example of what Brown calls "conceptual mobility." Each of its six pages contains five musical "events," which the instrumentalists play on specific orders from the conductor. In front of the podium is a numbered board with a sliding red arrow; the conductor moves the arrow to give the page and holds up one or more fingers to indicate the event he wants played. To Brown, a work like Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* is "closed form," meaning that no options to choose materials are given to the conductor. In "open-form" music, every note is precomposed (and rehearsed) and determined, yet the piece at hand can never sound the same way twice. "What I am actually doing when conducting," says Brown, "is creating a piece in the moment of performing it. I can feel it happening under my hands."

As Brown led *Available Forms I* and



JOHANSEN AT PHILHARMONIC HALL
With a prayer to Ludwig.

a second open-form work called *No-vara* (1962), his long fingers fluttered, his hands twirled, his palms undulated in an assortment of uniquely personal and specific hand signals. Clenched fists brought forth hard, crashing sounds. He touched index finger to thumb to produce tiny streams of pizzicato noises. Occasionally a player would press down a trumpet valve without blowing, and let it go just for the click. Or another would blow through a trombone to achieve a breathy effect. There were prolonged single notes and furious tonal scurryings up and down the scale. Yet the Peabody Contemporary Ensemble blended it all into a fascinatingly rich texture of abstract, color-crazy sound in which dense sonic images were rent by small plinks as sharp and gleaming as broken glass.

Not surprisingly, Brown has been strongly influenced by John Cage, the father of aleatory, or "chance," music. But he no longer agrees with Cage's belief that random aberrations in a performance are as valid artistically as the composed parts. What Brown is after is a responsible, controlled and more human improvisatory collaboration between composer and performer. "This is music by choice, not chance," he says. "My music enlarges the potential for musicians to take a more creative part in the music; yet I am not interested in everybody just doing his thing. I didn't compose by chance. I composed what I wanted to hear."

Up from Jazz. Brown learned the value of creative interaction early on: he grew up playing trumpets in small touring jazz bands. Although little known outside avant-garde circles, he was awarded the W. Alton Jones Chair of Composition at the Peabody Conservatory of Music in Baltimore this year. In Europe, he ranks as one of the most influential American composers, and is admired by such leading musicians as France's Pierre Boulez, Germany's Karlheinz Stockhausen and Italy's Bruno Maderna. *Available Forms II*, which is Brown's most ambitious work, was performed by the New York Philharmonic in 1964, with Brown conducting one orchestra of 49 players and Leonard Bernstein another. Brown is now putting the finishing touches on a work for 30 instrumentalists that he will perform with Boulez's Domaine Musical ensemble at the Zagreb Festival in May.

Meanwhile, his 18-year marriage to Dancer Carolyn Brown of the Merce Cunningham company seems to be enough proof of his conviction that "art is the fruit of human relationship." And vice versa. To Brown, what counts about art is that it changes people's lives. "Art observes the condition of the world and asks how we can make things relate better," he says. "What I value most is the way people relate to each other. Life today is about transition, not monuments. I don't want to make monuments. I want to be here, now."

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SPORT

FOOTBALL

Impossible Reality

Considering the circumstances, New York Jet Coach Weeb Ewbank's final instructions to his team before the Super Bowl in Miami last week verged on the ludicrous. The squat, 61-year-old veteran of both leagues, still hobbling from a hip injury he suffered when his players carried him off the field after winning the American Football League title two weeks before, seemed blissfully unaware that his team was a three-touchdown underdog against the mighty Baltimore Colts, overwhelming champions of the National Football League. "Don't nobody put me on their shoulders this time," Weeb said. "Two of you make a bosun's chair with your arms and carry me off that way."

If Ewbank sounded presumptuous, Jet Quarterback Joe Namath was downright cocky. Whatever slim hopes the Jets had of winning centered on Namath's arm—and the only thing he seemed to be exercising was his mouth. The Colts, he said, were not only beatable, but their quarterback, Earl Morrall, the N.F.L.'s most valuable player, would have a tough time making the Jets' third string. Holding court at poolside or swirling a double Scotch-on-the-rocks at a pregame banquet, Broadway Joe's message was always the same: "We're going to win. I guarantee it."

Hitting the Seams. Who were the Jets trying to kid? Didn't they know that the youngsters in the A.F.L. were no match for the tough old pros in the N.F.L.? Hadn't they heard that the rugged Baltimore defense, which held three teams scoreless in regular season play, made a specialty of manhandling up-pity quarterbacks?

As it turned out for the Jets, the role of the underdog has its psychological advantages. Besides, Namath's confidence was catching. By the time the Jets took the field they had more going for them than Joe's wide-open passing attack. Safetyman Jim Hudson wore his lucky red silk shorts. Fullback Matt Snell, a Methodist, wore a silver mezuzah sent to him by a Jewish friend. Cornerback Johnny Sample spent five minutes alone in the stadium washroom, kneeling in prayer. And Joe's mother was at home saying the rosary.

Everything Worked. As quick on pass releases as a coiled spring, Namath repeatedly hit Split End George Sauer in the "seams" of the Colts' zone defense; he connected on 17 out of 28 passes for 206 yds. and no interceptions. Calling about half of the plays at the line of scrimmage, he read Baltimore's tricky, shifting defense like an open book. In the second quarter, Namath put together a smooth and varied 80-yd. scoring drive sparked by Fullback Snell. Hammering again and again at the spongy right side of the Colts' line,



NAMATH AFTER VICTORY
Arm where the mouth was.

the pile-driving Snell ground out 121 yds. in 30 carries. When Baltimore took to the air, the supposedly vulnerable Jet secondary seemed to be operating on radar. On four different occasions, the Colts penetrated to within scoring range only to be stopped on pass interceptions by Jet defenders.

Fading Spirit. Unlike Namath, Morrall could not seem to do anything right. With the Jets leading 7-0 at the close of the first half, he handed off to Running Back Tom Matte, who started on an end sweep, stopped and flipped a crossfield lateral back to Morrall. The old flea-flicker play caught the Jets off guard, but unfortunately the pass Morrall threw to complete the play fell short and was intercepted. Had Morrall glanced to his left, he would have seen, as everyone else in the stadium did, that Split End Jimmy Orr was standing all alone within easy reach of the end zone.

So it went for Baltimore—a fumble here, an interception there. With each broken play the spirit of the Colts and the superiority of the N.F.L. faded. The Jets simply outclassed the Baltimore team. Colt Quarterback Johnny Unitas, sidelined for most of the season with an ailing elbow, finally put his team on the scoreboard. But with only 3 min. 19 sec. left to play, the Colts were a beaten team. The impossible dream became the impossible reality: Jets 16, Colts 7.

The Jets, who had followed Ewbank's game plan ("Do better the things we do best") to perfection all afternoon, failed on his final instructions. Fearing that they would aggravate his injured hip by carrying him from the field, they left him to limp off, waving triumphantly, like an old warrior after the big battle.

WINTER GAMES

The Coldest and Cruellest

Snowmobiling is snowbaling. In the past five years, sales of the low-slung motor-driven ski scooters (price range: \$595 to \$1,500) have leaped from 15,000 to 225,000 annually. This season, more than 1,000 snowmobile races and rallies are being held in the northern U.S., featuring such varied events as the slalom, jumping and drag racing. Though many of the competitions like to bill themselves as the "largest," "richest," "most unique" or simply "world's foremost," Alaska's annual Midnight Sun 600 Snowmobile Race is indisputably the world's coldest and cruelest.

Without Comfort. In the 1969 contest, 309 hardy snowcatters plowed out of Anchorage on the first leg of a three-day, 600-mile trek to Fairbanks. Propelled by tanklike treads and steered by handlebars attached to a pair of front-running skis, most of the 20 makes of snowmobiles in the race were capable of powering through the snow at 80 m.p.h. on a straightaway. The course, however, spiraled up and around the rugged peaks of the Alaska Range at elevations of 3,300 ft. or more. Bone-chilling winds gusting to 70 m.p.h., and the snowmobilers became more concerned with survival than speed. Worse yet, the winds screaming down from the Matanuska Glacier swept the snow cover off long stretches of the roadways, and the gravelly pavement destroyed many of the steel skis. Repairs were all but impossible in the sub-zero weather, since the flesh of the snowmobilers' hands tended to freeze to the metal of their machines. Several snowmobiles were blown off the road and down steep embankments. One competitor suffered a broken pelvis when



SNOWMOBILERS RACING
Through tunnels of

he lost control and veered into a bridge abutment. Frostbite claimed dozens more. By the end of the first day the field had been reduced to 81.

There was no way to find comfort. Liquor was out, since one nip of frigid high-proof alcohol although still liquid would freeze the mouth and throat and cause almost instant death. Swaddled in layer upon layer of goose-down and fur, the snowmobilers looked as bulky as brown bears. One driver rigged his wife's electric hair dryer into his helmet and face mask for added warmth. But nothing seemed to help much. On the second day the temperature dropped to 70° below zero. As the snowmobilers plowed ahead through Moose Creek and the village of North Pole, the freezing exhaust of their engines created a tunnel of ice fog. Visibility was reduced to less than 50 ft.

Lost Winners. Tony Burkel, a 41-year-old turkey rancher from Greenbush, Minn., and a professional driver for the U.S.'s Polaris Industries Inc., which makes the Polaris snowmobile, was among the first drivers to arrive in Fairbanks, but he got lost in the dense ice fog. Officials at the finish line, who could hear his machine growling aimlessly around the side streets, finally sent out a runner to try to guide him home with a flare. Another contestant gone astray startled onlookers by barreling across the finish line from the opposite direction.

In all, only 13 of the 309 drivers finished the race. Burkel, his face and neck covered with red blotches of frostbite, won the overall title and \$3,000 of the total \$20,000 in prize money with a time of 17 hrs. 46 min. and 36 sec. His reaction to the race was the understatement of the week: "This weather you have here is something else."



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BEHAVIOR

Mind Over Matter—Maybe

STRANGE as it seems in the space age, the supposed reality of psychic phenomena continues to fascinate modern men. Although trained in the cold logic of the law before he became a theologian, resigned Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike is convinced that he has had telepathic talks with his dead son. Ever since her forecast of John Kennedy's assassination came true, Soothsayer Jeane Dixon's words and prophecies have been eagerly awaited by a multitude of followers. And despite considerable skepticism, not to say amuse-

ment, Schmidt contends that certain gifted psychic subjects have consistently "outguessed" his electronic random number generator, in spite of extraordinary odds against such a feat.

Men and Mice. Parapsychology, in fact, is international. In Britain, Mathematician S. G. Soal has long toyed with basic ESP phenomena.* A respected French biologist, who carries out his parapsychological research under the pseudonym "Andrew Robinson" to avoid professional ridicule, recently claimed that his complicated electronic

decks, with circles, squares, crosses, stars and wavy lines). Rhine determined psychic ability by letting subjects guess the fall of the dice or the order of the cards. If they did better than could be expected under the laws of chance, they were assumed to be psi-hitting; if they did worse, they were psi-missing.

Currently, parapsychologists are much more concerned with psi-missing than hitting, partly to answer scoffers who want to know why psychic ability cannot be turned on at will. The reason, parapsychologists suspect, may be psychological. Even promising percipients (test subjects), they contend, display sharply varying powers, depending on their mood, attitude and enthusiasm at the time of the test. Performance apparently also hinges on whether the subject is a "goat" (a skeptic in the jargon of parapsychology) or a "sheep" (a believer). In one experiment, volunteers from the elite Mensa society, whose IQs are in the top 2% of the population, scored persistently below statistical par. The parapsychologists suggested that these intellectuals' doubts may have overwhelmed their psychic powers.

Electric Flow. Other recent psi researches are equally esoteric. A New York polygraph expert named Cleve Backster spends much of his time trying to prove an idea as scientifically implausible as telepathic communication between plants and lower animals. Dropping brine shrimp into scalding water, he has found, he says, that their agony is instantly recorded on a Rube Goldbergian array of lie-detector equipment attached to nearby flora. Some parapsychologists are even asserting that psi can influence a natural phenomenon like the flow of electricity. Their evidence: electrical contacts that are supposed to open and close completely at random seem to incline more in one direction than another in the presence of a psychically gifted person.

Although parapsychologists claim that psychic powers have now been proved beyond all doubt, their glowing optimism does not impress many other behavioral scientists. These critics offer any number of explanations for the supposedly successful experiments: outright fraud, statistical error, or even the unconscious wishes of the parapsychological researcher. The search for these hidden powers of the mind goes on. Like other dreams in mankind's long history of belief in the preternatural, it may prove futile and frustrating.

The Art of Not Listening

Everybody knows that somebody listening to a joke is not really listening; he is impatiently awaiting his turn to tell a joke of his own. Everybody knows that husbands give half an ear to the discourse of their wives—and vice versa. Why do these highly disciplined attempts at human dialogue fail? The reason, says Abraham Kaplan, a professor of philosophy at the University of Michigan, is that they are not really dialogues at all. Before a conference on



PK TEST AT DUKE



SCHMIDT & NUMBER MACHINE

Hits and misses with goats and sheep.

ment, in the scientific community, a small band of researchers, led by Duke University's J. B. Rhine, 73, is still pursuing the mystery of ESP, or extra-sensory perception, and its related phenomenon, PK, or psychokinesis, the power of the mind to control matter.

The parapsychologists, as they call themselves, receive financial support from highly respectable sources. Harvard, if only to prove its open-mindedness, is currently bankrolling the efforts of Physicist Charles Buffler to determine whether there really is something to dousing—looking for water with a forked twig. As yet, he has found no proof. Last summer, the first premonitions lab in the U.S. was opened at Brooklyn's Maimonides Medical Center. So far, the lab has been unable to make a scientific case for the power of premonitions to foretell the future. In Seattle, the Boeing Co. for a time backed the ESP researches of a theoretical physicist on its staff, Dr. Helmut Schmidt. Though ESP contradicts all known phys-

ics suggest the possibility of communication between men and mice. Even Russia has its psychic expert: Dr. Leonid L. Vasiliev of the University of Leningrad, whose *Mysterious Phenomena of the Human Psyche* has become a best-seller in the Soviet Union.

The perseverance and undying confidence of psychic researchers are currently visible in a new book of ESP and PK studies called *Parapsychology Today* (Citadel Press; \$6.00). The volume's 22 essays are short on ghostly tales of otherworldly communications, long on dry data of laboratory probing. But they show how sophisticated psi tests have become since Rhine first took up parapsychology some four decades ago.

His classic experiments were simple tests conducted with dice and psi cards (which are marked, unlike ordinary

* These are telepathy (mental messages), clairvoyance (discerning events or objects beyond the reach of the senses), and precognition (predicting the future).

human and animal communication at Minnesota's Gustavus Adolphus College this month. Kaplan introduced his own word for all those human occasions when everybody talks and nobody listens. He calls them "duologues."

Kaplan applies his coinage widely. "Duologue," he says, "takes place in schools, churches, cocktail parties, the U.S. Congress and almost everywhere we don't feel free to be wholly human." In his view, a duologue is little more than a monologue mounted before a glazed and exquisitely indifferent audience, as in the classroom: "First the professor talks and the students don't listen; then the students talk or write and the professor doesn't listen or read."

The duologue has its unforgiving rules: "You have to give the other his turn, and you give signals during his turn, like saying 'uh huh' or laughing at what he says, to show that he is having his turn. You must also refrain from saying anything that really matters to you as a human being, as it would be regarded as an embarrassing intimacy." A near-perfect example of duologue is the televiewer, transfixed by that mesmerizing eye. A truly perfect duologue would be two TV sets tuned in and facing each other.

Open to You. The prevalence of the duologue saddens. Philosopher Kaplan, a devoted student of the late Jewish philosopher Martin Buber, whose I-thou philosophy was based on the conviction that each man defines himself by genuinely engaging others; humanity is a meeting. Kaplan applied this notion to the laryngeal noise that fills humanity's crowded corners and rooms. An honest dialogue, says Kaplan, is never rehearsed. "I don't know beforehand what it will be, I don't know beforehand who I will be, because I am open to you just as you are open to me." Dialogue involves serious listening—listening not just to the other, but listening to oneself. This rare and wondrous event

Kaplan calls "communion" instead of communication.

"It seems to me impossible," he says, "to teach unless you are learning. You cannot really talk unless you are listening." The student is also the professor; the joke teller should also be part of the audience. To Kaplan, there is nothing lonelier than two humans involved in a duologue—and nothing more marvelous than two genuinely engaged listeners. "If we didn't search so hard for our own identities but occupied ourselves with the other, we might find precisely what we were not seeking. If we listen, it may be that we will find it at last possible to respond: 'Here I am.'"

RITES

The Mythmaker

In San Francisco every Thursday evening, several dozen people gather inside a dilapidated loft building, doff some of their clothing and begin a strangely primitive ritual. Joining hands, they wind around the room in a silent processional. Or they playfully hold one another aloft. Or they scurry, like lab animals, through a huge plastic maze. Rites of an oddball religious cult? High jinks by residents of nearby Haight-Asbury? Not at all. These outlandish ceremonies are actually "myths" performed with audience participation by Ann Halprin's avant-garde Dancers' Workshop.

Her workshop activities are as much anthropologic as choreographic. Influenced by the "structuralist" ideas of Claude Lévi-Strauss, Halprin believes that a society's myths, or basic beliefs, are as fundamental to its form as its language. Even modern men are driven by such primal instincts as incest, murder, sacrifice and cannibalism, although such drives are almost entirely submerged by the character of urban life. By encouraging her audiences to act out their anxieties in terms of free-moving myths, Halprin is providing not only a therapeutic outlet but an artistic one as well. "The central idea of every evening," she says, "is to release people's buried creativity."

Orgy of Laughter. The myths usually begin with Halprin urging her visitors—who range from college professors to neighborhood hippies—to make themselves completely comfortable by shedding whatever garments they care to (most stop at shoes and socks). The weekly sessions take place in a barren room with a minimum of props; the usual musical accompaniment is the pounding of drums. After a few basic instructions from Halprin on the nature of the evening's theme, the enactment of the myth begins. And except for some quiet and inconspicuous guidance from her workshop dancers, the non-professional participants are left almost entirely to their own creative devices.

Each myth is different, and not all are equally successful. In one sad enterprise called *Atonement*, the audience remained mournfully silent for an hour. In *Musk*, there was so much comic face-



HALPRIN DANCE IN SAN FRANCISCO
Discovery of the humanness.

making that the occasion literally turned into an orgy of laughter. Occasionally, Halprin's mythical world makes its own social commentary. In *Maze*, for example, the participants first filed docilely through a plastic labyrinth. Then they inexplicably destroyed it. Finally, after much indecision and floundering, they created an entirely new one. Explains Halprin: "I try to deal with ideas that are very common, basic and ordinary—sexuality, conflict, bewilderment, the sharing of tragedy."

Twos and Lessons. The petite, blue-eyed architect of these events hopes that her myths "are speaking out against imposed authority, against ruts and for change." At 48, she no longer dances regularly, but is busily experimenting with new variations of her myth form. So far she has concocted something called "rituals" (which are, in effect, mini-myths) and "twos" (which require participants to act as couples throughout). Next month, at Los Angeles' Music Center, she will stage her most ambitious undertaking to date: a Watts myth. "It will not be a black-white confrontation," she says, "but rather a recognition of ourselves through color differences. We hope to discover our humanness."

Many people think that Kaplan has already made that discovery, and about half of her audience consists of regulars who pay the \$2.50 tab to make a myth a week. Even though he knew none of the other performers at one recent myth, a city planner said: "I had no feeling of alienation or strangeness." A real estate broker commented: "It's a new look at life, which we sorely need. Great!" Halprin herself says that for some people myths are "simply fun, for some a bore, for some extraordinarily sensual, for some a happening, for some a kind of atavistic tribal reawakening. For me, it was all these things—and a new exploration."



KAPLAN
Coinage of the realm.

THE LAW

TRIALS

What Was in Sirhan's Mind?

Starting to examine a jury panel of 25 members at the trial of Sirhan Sirhan last week, Attorney Grant Cooper unveiled the defense strategy. "There will be no denial of the fact," he told the first panel member, Aerospace Corp. Employee George Doudle, "that our client, Sirhan Sirhan, fired the shot that killed Senator Kennedy." The admission may have seemed startling, especially since Sirhan has pleaded not guilty to first-degree murder. Cooper made the statement to etch in the minds of the potential jurors a major issue in the case.

He told Doudle that Sirhan would admit only the "mechanical act" of pulling the trigger. The jury, said Cooper, would be called on to consider "not only the act but the intent" before deciding whether Sirhan is guilty as charged. Then he asked "Now that you have been told the defendant committed the act, would that prejudice you so that you couldn't try him for intent?" Doudle said that it would, and was excused as a juror.

Exposing Skepticism. Cooper asked other panel members whether they had heard of a legal argument called "diminished responsibility," which will obviously be the crux of Sirhan's defense. The argument is an old one. But California is one of only a dozen or so states that permit a lawyer to try to prove diminished responsibility by presenting psychiatric evidence. Cooper's claim would not be that Sirhan was insane at the time of the shooting. Rather, as Cooper indicated, the defense would try to prove that because of mental or emotional illness, Sirhan lacked the malice or "specific intent" required for a first-degree conviction. Unlike a plea of insanity—which can lead to acquittal—the strategy has been used mainly to avoid execution. Thus, the defense in the Sirhan case may be willing to settle for a second-degree murder or manslaughter verdict, since neither of these charges carries the death penalty.

Since psychiatric testimony will be essential to the case, Cooper tried to expose any skepticism about this kind of evidence among potential jurors. Cooper asked a widow, Mrs. Rosa Molina, whether she shared the opinion of some that "all psychiatrists and psychologists are crazy." No, she replied. Did she have any prejudices against the Rorschach test, hypnosis, lie detectors or Sodium Pentothol (truth drug)? Again Mrs. Molina answered no, and she was one of those persons who by week's end had been tentatively accepted as jurors.

As for Sirhan, one of the few outward clues to his state of mind came when an assistant district attorney, David Fitts, pointed out to one venireman that Sirhan had smiled at him. Could



COMMUTERS SIMMONS, GEIGER, PICORA & GLUCKSMAN
Theft of what service?

the prospective juror bring in a death sentence against a man who smiled at him? Looking up, Sirhan made his first remark of the trial. "I smile at you too, Mr. Fitts," he said.

ARRESTS

Ticket Trouble

Passengers on the Long Island Railroad are accustomed to seeing themselves as victims of a callous and capricious railroad management. The line's 150,000 New York commuters, said Nassau County Leader Eugene Nickerson last week, "travel in rolling slums—if they roll at all." When four commuters who share this opinion got together recently and staged a minor rebellion, they learned just how tough the authorities can be. The rebels were an employment counselor, Allen Simmons, 21, and three secretaries, Diane Glucksman, 21, Carole Geiger, 22, and Frances Picora, 20.

Humiliating Postures. It was on a day like any other on the Long Island: the trains were overheated, overcrowded and late. While riding home at night, the four decided that their patience had run out. When the conductor came around, they informed him that they would show him their tickets only when they started to receive better service from the railroad. In response, Conductor Charles Farnsworth signaled for the train to stop at the next station. All four were arrested on an obscure misdemeanor charge, "theft of service." Then they were taken in a police paddy wagon to Brooklyn night court, where a judge set bail at \$500 each.

Unable to produce the bail money, they spent the night in jail. The three secretaries were taken to the Women's House of Detention, where they were fingerprinted and asked to strip. A male

doctor, looking for narcotics, examined them. "We were forced to assume all kinds of awkward and humiliating postures," Carole Geiger later said. Simmons, who was handcuffed and taken to the men's jail—"the Toms"—was unable to contact his family. He claimed that when he filled out a form requesting that police call his father, a cop quipped: "Do you think these calls really go out?" Simmons was bailed out the next afternoon only because the railroad had advised Carole Geiger's family of the arrests.

Allies in Arrogance. Last week, when the four came before Judge J. Wolfe Chasson in Queens Criminal Court, he threw out the charges, saying "This case is a waste of time." In Chasson's opinion, the four commuters should have been put off at the next regular stop, but not arrested. Describing the conditions that brought about the revolt, the judge said: "I don't think people should be dumped into a train in which there is no heat and no seats."

Complaints about the treatment of the four protesters were not only directed at the railroad. The New York Times referred to the police and the Brooklyn night-court judge as "allies in arrogance" of the road. Edward Dudley, a justice of the New York Supreme Court, announced the start of an investigation into the high bail figure set for the four rebels. "This is not the kind of case for which bail would normally be required," said Dudley. "Someone has made a serious mistake." Deciding that the affair was serious indeed—and that someone ought to pay for their discomfort—the four commuters announced at week's end that they would sue both the railroad and the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, the state agency that runs it, for false arrest and malicious prosecution.

OCEAN LAW

Homesteading at Sea

Under the Homestead Act of 1862, squatters took possession of millions of free acres of land in the West, but now there is not much worthwhile public land available. A few years ago, a Louisiana contractor named Louis Ray tried to establish himself as a homesteader on one of the last frontiers. Ray made a claim to several acres of coral reef that lay barely submerged five miles off the Florida coast.

Acting for a group of investors—and without Government permission—Ray started building a small island on the reefs off Elliot Key. He brought out equipment to dig fill out of the sea and, as a homestead, set up a prefabricated hut on his man-made island. When the U.S. contested his legal claim, Ray then argued that the island was outside Government jurisdiction. The reefs, he pointed out, were beyond the three-mile limit of U.S. territorial waters. Ray claimed that international law allows anyone who discovers an oceanic island and colonizes it to proclaim it a sovereign country. Dubbing his new nation the "Grand Capri Republic," he made plans to "occupy and defend the area against all comers."

Isle of Gold. Ray was not alone in the unusual claim. A competing company, Atlantis Development Corp., had started dredging and filling operations on the same off-Florida reefs for a \$250 million "Atlantis Isle of Gold." The rival investors planned to build government offices, a radio-TV station, a national mint and maybe even a gambling casino.

After a full year of deliberation, a federal judge in Miami has just decreed that neither group of investors has any right to the property. Ruling in favor of the Government, Judge Charles Fulton declared that the disputed territory is not a real island but sea bed. Under an international convention, the U.S. has all rights to exploit the resources of the Continental Shelf. Moreover, federal law empowers the Army to veto potential obstacles to coastal navigation—such as Ray's artificial island. Judge Fulton also speculated that if the U.S. does not control offshore reefs, an alien missile base might conceivably be built on them.

Easy Terms. The Ray case illustrates the fact that a great many legal issues must be resolved before underwater territory can be developed. Last week a special Government commission, headed by former M.I.T. President Julius Stratton, deplored the present haphazard approach to exploiting the oceans. One proposal of Stratton's group attempts to revive the spirit of homesteading. To encourage aquaculture, recreation projects and other uses of the sea, the commission recommended the leasing of submerged lands on easy terms to small investors. It proposes to call the arrangement "seasteading."

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FASHION

Redoing Pat

She is "a pretty blonde who looks younger than her 56 years." Moreover, she has "a good figure and good posture," "nice coloring" and "the best-looking legs of any woman in public life today." Thus Women's Wear Daily praised Mrs. Richard Nixon—while simultaneously bemoaning her taste in clothes as "bland." In sketches by a staff artist, the daily bible of the U.S. fashion industry then offered its own notion of what Pat Nixon should wear. Time went further, calling on four top U.S. designers to comment on Pat's clothing and create an elegant wardrobe for the new First Lady of the land.

• **BLISS** agrees that Pat Nixon has "a classic Anglo-Saxon look with marvelous bones, a fair English complexion and beautiful legs." He also thinks that she has "a mysterious quality—a bit of the Shanghai Express." But she squanders her assets. "She wears a ghastly bright red lipstick that kills the color in her face. She does not wear any eye make-up and therefore looks mousy. She buys brightly colored, constricting clothes." Bliss' prescription is to dress her in Edwardian or Russian-inspired clothes. For daytime receptions, he would like to see Pat in a round-cornered cloth coat, with a Russian sable stole and hat to soften the lines of her face.

• **GEOFFREY BEENE** finds Mrs. Nixon "terribly attractive physically" but "overly cautious. She seems apprehensive." He attributes this to her attempt "to identify with the voter. The average voter doesn't want to be able to identify with the First Lady. He wants to look up to her." To put Pat on the proper pinnacle, Beene suggests a severe hairdo and tailored clothes in muted, neutral colors. Tailoring is evident in the waist-coat-and-shirt effect that Beene created in his evening gown for Mrs. Nixon.

• **OSCAR DE LA RENTA** thinks that natural shyness is probably responsible for the fact that Mrs. Nixon "hasn't started blooming yet." He envisions her as "ladylike" and "distinguished," an air she could cultivate by dressing in "a more feminine and fluid way." His boldly belled crepe pants suit with gold trim has that liquid look.

• **DONALD BROOKS**, of the four designers, is the most outspoken and persistent in his criticism of Pat Nixon's current mode. "Maybe now that she has arrived," he says, "she can achieve a feeling of calm and contentment. She can stop considering herself in terms of the average and create her own style. Her little pink coat is too pedestrian an approach. Fluff just isn't becoming on her. She needs an overhauling job." Brooks proposes to start with clothes that make "strong, simple statements"—like his red-on-pink dinner gown in crepe with velvet and satin jacket. He

would also like to see Pat wear more jewelry, including fancy belts and long chain necklaces hung with crosses or medallions. But he suspects that the President would not approve.

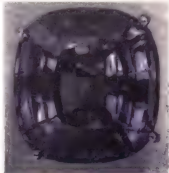
GEMS

New and Hard to Come By

Diamonds are a girl's best friend, and the egg-sized ruby bestowed on his new wife by Aristotle Onassis has put those blood-red stones, the rarest of all gems, very much back in vogue. But the newest item in the gem world is a precious stone that precious few people have even seen. It is a sapphire-like gem called Tanzanite, which was discovered in 1967 in East Africa.

Until the past year, little was known of Tanzanite. Among the first to realize its value was a Gionese prospector named Manuel de Souza, who

GEORGE LEVANS



16-CARAT TANZANITE STONE
Klondike revisited.

stumbled across a pocket of crystals in Tanzania in the summer of 1967. Samples were sent for appraisal to German lapidaries, who recognized the stones' potential for use in jewelry. Other prospectors dug in, and the area of that first find is now pockmarked with holes. "It is all rather like the Klondike," says Dr. John M. Saul, a New York geologist with three claims in the area.

The local crime rate has risen steeply, reports Saul, and "there's a great deal of dirty work, with shifting or substituting claim pegs." De Souza and his four sons now stand guard over their claims with shotguns. Tanzanian officials, who have been attempting to control the export of the gems, say that until three months ago no Tanzanite had left the country legally—a clear hint that many of the stones now in Europe or the U.S. were smuggled out.

Flashes of Purple. It is Tanzanite's uncanny visual resemblance to the sapphire, the second-biggest seller (after the diamond) among precious stones, that made a gemologist at Manhattan's Tiffany & Company hail its discovery as "the most exciting event of the century." Although it actually is a three-colored stone that shows flashes of purple



BLISS'S COAT



BEENE'S PARTY GOWN



DE LA RENTA'S PANTUNIC



BROOKS'S GOWN & JACKET

and green, its predominant color is a deep royal blue. Since "blue is the most popular color in gems," according to Henry B. Platt, vice president and director of Tiffany's and the man who gave Tanzania its name, the potential market for the stone is huge. It is hardly diminished by the fact that Tanzanites, because they are softer and somewhat less refractive than sapphires, are also less expensive: they retail for a maximum of \$400 a carat, compared with as much as \$2,500 a carat for top-quality Burmese or Kashmirian sapphires. Tiffany's, which now has some 60 Tanzanites in its vault, currently is the only U.S. jeweler with any substantial supply. Most of the gems are still unmounted, and Tiffany's is not selling the loose stones. The biggest sale so far: a brooch containing an 84-carat, square-shaped Tanzanite surrounded by diamonds. The price and purchaser are Tiffany secrets. Says Platt: "She is a very discerning collector of fine jewelry, so we can rest happy in the knowledge that our stone has found a good home." Wherever it is.

FOOD

Eating Like Soul Brothers

"White men are too much," says a Negro advertising copywriter in New York. "Here we are, trying to live the way they do, and what happens? They get themselves beads and shades (dark glasses) and go out and dance the boogaloo." Indeed, few Negroes can suppress a grin at the growing fascination among earnest whites for things black. The most bewildering of all is the current hunger for black cookery. Soul food, Southern Negro cooking that was born in the slave quarters and is based on ingredients that the plantation owner ordinarily would not have on his table, has become a fad in U.S. dining.

For those who want it, of course, soul food has always been around. In Richard Wright's *Native Son* (1940), a Communist organizer tried to impress the black protagonist by eating soul food in a black restaurant in a black neighborhood. One of the reasons that Rodgers and Hart's lady was a tramp back in 1937 was that she wouldn't "go to Harlem in ermine and pearls." In those days, the few white connoisseurs of ham hocks and black-eyed peas had to go to Watts or Chicago's South Side to get them. To supply today's faddists, soul food is moving out of the ghetto. Two new soul-food cookbooks have just gone on the market, and every week or so soul-food restaurants open in white sections of Manhattan, Chicago, Los Angeles and cities in between.

King of Wings. At Manhattan's West Boondock, for example, miniskirted waitresses ply the tables while a jazz combo plays softly in the background; there is a wine list, and Diners' Club or Carte Blanche cards are honored. The Player's Choice, a restaurant on Los Angeles' Sunset Strip that claims to be "strictly soul," is jammed to the rafters



SOUL-FOOD PARTY
The name is the game.

each night with customers—90% of them white—dining with apparent gusto on such soul specialties as barbecued ribs and yams. Melvin's, a soul-food place in the heart of Boston's department-store district, is a popular luncheon spot for shoppers and a favorite meeting place for professional athletes, both black and white.

The Little Kitchen, an 18-seat restaurant on Manhattan's Lower East Side, got such good newspaper reviews that its Negro owner-cook, who calls herself "Princess Pamela," finally closed the place for three weeks last month to get a rest. In Detroit, Charlie Red, owner of a soul-food takeout business who is known locally as the "King of Wings,"



INEZ KAISER IN KITCHEN
Silk purses from sows' ears.

reports that orders from whites for his fried chicken wings in barbecue sauce have nearly quintupled in the past two months. The craze has even spread to Paris, where Leroy Haynes, an expatriate Chicagoan, serves Spanish yams and African okra in his restaurant near Pigalle. Last Thanksgiving, Liz and Richard Burton took 58 friends to dinner there and ran up a \$2,000 tab.

Of the two new cookbooks, one is the work of Ruth Gaskins, a Negro from Alexandria, Va., who works as a federal clerk in Washington. Her *A Good Heart and a Light Hand* (Turnpike Press, \$3) contains recipes for everything from possum casserole to potato wine, and is selling at the rate of 1,000 copies a month. The other, *Soul Food Cookery*, by a black public relations woman in Kansas City named Inez Kaiser (Pittman, \$3.95), has 266 carefully indexed recipes that include "soul" sandwiches and "soul" TV snacks.

Marinated, Then Smothered. The big question is why soul food is so popular. It is cheap, simple fare that reflects the tawdry poverty of its origins. Forced to live on "discards from the big house on the hill," Negro slaves—as well as many poor white tenant farmers—learned to make edible meals out of the vegetables and meats that their masters regarded as waste. Turnips went up the hill; turnip greens stayed down. Whites slaughtered pigs for the ham, loin, bacon and spare ribs; Negroes made do with the pigs' feet ("trotters"), knuckles, tails, ears, snouts, neck, backbones, hocks, stomach (hog maw) and other innards. Today, as 200 years ago, the true "stone soul" dish is chitterlings, pronounced "chittlins." These are the small intestines of a pig, boiled, marinated, then smothered with "Louisiana hot sauce," served with turnip or collard greens, black-eyed peas and hot corn bread. The meal is traditionally topped off with a slice of sweet-potato pie, a delicacy regarded as soulful even by Southern aristocrats.

Chewing on a chitterling, even after it has been carefully cleaned and cooked, is rather like chewing on a football bladder. So soul-food restaurants that cater to whites rarely carry chittlins on their menus, instead stick to more conventional dishes, such as shrimp gumbo, "smothered" pork chops and ham hocks. Even those have little appeal to a gourmet-palate. Soul food is often fatty, overcooked and underseasoned. Vegetables are boiled with fatback for so long that their taste and nutritional value go up in steam; meats have to be sprinkled liberally with salt and pepper to give the eater anything to remember them by. Considering the tastelessness of the cuisine, the soul-food fad seems certain to be fairly short-lived. For many Negroes, it is long since over; it ended, in fact, as soon as they could afford better food. "Let white folks eat hocks and collards," says a black Manhattan stockbroker. "I'll take a rare steak and French fries any time."

MEDICINE

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Warning!

Look to the Palms and the Soles

Rocky Mountain spotted fever got its name for the good and simple reason that it was first identified as a distinct disease among residents of the mountain states. For years, however, a majority of the cases have occurred east of the Mississippi. Now a disproportionate number are being reported from Cape Cod and the islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket.

Spotted fever is caused by an unusual microbe, halfway between viruses and bacteria. It is harbored by ticks, which live in scrub and especially around garbage dumps, and gets to man either when a tick lands directly on him for a free meal or—more commonly—when

dog? Yes. It turned out that the dog had been trained, only a month earlier, on Cape Cod—where, presumably, it had picked up one or more ticks.

Although spotted fever may prove fatal if not treated promptly, it can almost always be cured with antibiotics (chloramphenicol or the tetracyclines) if diagnosed early enough. The trouble, say Murray and his colleagues in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, is that most doctors in the East are not alert to the danger. Unless they happen to spot the palms-and-soles rash, they are likely to misdiagnose the disease and treat it with sulfas or penicillin—both of which seem to make it worse. Lives can be saved, they say, if doctors will look for the distinctive signs, especially in summer, when the Cape and the islands are crawling with tourists—and ticks.



SPOTTED FEVER TICK (MAGNIFIED)
To man, from his best friend.

a tick nestles in a dog's fur and transfers later to his master. Either way, the tick's bite gets the microbe into the bloodstream, where it multiplies. It soon causes high fever, splitting headache, severe muscle aches and mental confusion. Many other diseases produce similar symptoms, but spotted fever has one distinctive feature: it causes a measles-like rash on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet.

Misdiagnosis Likely. A New England research team, reports Microbiologist Edward S. Murray of the Harvard School of Public Health, has studied 13 recent cases, two of them fatal. Six were on Cape Cod, five on Martha's Vineyard and one on Nantucket. The out-of-area case involved a man in Gloucester, Mass., 100 miles from the Cape. That was puzzling because no infected ticks had been found there. The doctors questioned the man closely. No, he had not been to the Cape. In fact, he had not been anywhere except out on the marsh, duck hunting. With a

DRUGS

The Trouble with THC

Among fad-following drug users, the initials of the day are THC. They stand for tetrahydrocannabinol, the chemical compound that is the active ingredient in marijuana, hashish and all other psychodelic drugs derived from Indian hemp. In other words, THC is the kick-er in the high.

THC has been extracted in microscopic quantities, and at great cost, for years. It was first synthesized—again, at great cost—in Israel in 1967. Ever since, U.S. potheads have been waiting for a reliable supply of genuine THC from illegal laboratories.

Something called THC appeared on the black market last summer, but in such short supply that it commanded a price of \$8 or more per capsule. The predictable result is that nearly all the "THC" now being consumed, by sniffing or otherwise, is not really THC at all. Instead, it may be talcum powder, an amphetamine ("benny"), LSD or, more likely, a tranquilizer no longer approved for human use but still used to knock out ailing rhinoceroses and elephants in zoos.

Consumer Criterion. "We have yet to encounter any legitimate THC in the street trade," says Richard Callahan, New England regional director for the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. Narcotics agents throughout the U.S. agree that genuine THC is virtually unobtainable on the street. The reason, say Callahan and other experts, is that the process of synthesizing THC is so complex and costly (\$5 to \$10 per effective dose) that its manufacture makes no commercial sense, even to the Mafia. According to Stanford University's Psychopharmacologist Leo Hollister, genuine THC in doses as low as 70 milligrams may produce symptoms like those caused by LSD—dizziness, blurred or vibrating vision, shortened attention

span and otherworldly hallucinations. Dr. Harris Isbell of the University of Kentucky, one of the nation's top researchers in psychotropic drugs, goes further: "Sufficiently high doses of THC," he maintains, "can cause psychotic reactions in any individual."

How do users know whether or not they are getting real THC? "If it doesn't cost at least \$15 a capsule, I stay away from it," says a worldly California coed, applying the American-consumer standard that if it costs enough, it must be all right. Whatever the users' criteria or confidence, they are most likely to get such substitutes as the animal tranquilizers, which are known to West Coast aficionados as "hog" and to East Coast fanciers as the "peace pill."

Kicking a Cat. One hopeful but skeptical Manhattan hallucinator recently submitted one of his trusted \$5 caps of



SNIFFING "THC" IN NEW YORK
Not even enough for mouse dreams.

"THC" to Arthur D. Little Inc. of Cambridge, Mass., for chemical analysis. The disquieting, bad-trip report: it contained less than one-hundredth of one percent of THC (the rest was a common tranquilizer). In that low concentration, one cap would not be enough to give a mouse dreams of kicking a cat.

Marijuana itself is so variable in potency that the National Institute of Mental Health announced last week that it will have five standard strains grown under contract at the University of Mississippi. At the Research Triangle Institute in Durham, N.C., extracts—including THC—will be prepared from this pot, and the N.I.M.H. will let a limited number of qualified medical researchers test the products, under strict control, on human subjects. That way, N.I.M.H. hopes eventually to find out what are the standard, predictable effects of pot and its various derivatives, including genuine THC.

THE THEATER

REPERTORY

Nabokov in Embryo

Vladimir Nabokov wrote a play called *The Waltz Invention* in 1938. More in the spirit of a dizzy gamble than of a calculated risk, the Hartford Stage Company has now given the drama its belated professional world premiere. The play itself is deeply flawed, only fitfully flaring into zany, poignant and prophetic life. Though it will try some playgoers' patience and mystify others, admirers of Nabokov can scarcely fail to find it oddly fascinating.

It is a little like discovering the prehistoric ruins of a writer before he has built the edifices on which his reputation rests. One must bring to the play more than the play can possibly bring on its own: a knowledge of Nabokov's prevailing predilections. The most fundamental of these is that Nabokov has always regarded writing as an act of magic, of conjuring up rather than noting down, of producing totally unexpected rabbits from nonexistent hats. He is also as playful as a small boy, a trait that sometimes results in childishly prankish writing, atrocious puns and sub-college humor. Yet along with the impishness runs a strand of poignance and melancholy, a nostalgia for the paradise lost of childhood, quite possibly inspired by Nabokov's enforced early exile from his native Russia.

Wish Fulfillment. In embryonic form, all of these Nabokovian traits and interests are present in *The Waltz Invention*. The hero, Salvador Waltz (Roland Hewgill), is a paranoid who believes himself to be the possessor of a potentially earth-destroying machine that makes ordinary bombs look like firecrackers. Awaiting an interview with the Minister of War (Henry Thomas) of a kind of Balkan republic, he imagines how the interview will go and how his threats will be honored. The play therefore takes the form of megalomaniacal wish fulfillment, rather like *Hudrian VII*.

As a starter, Waltz blows the top off a mountain; then he goes on to sink an island and dig a moon crater or two. In Act II, a sequence of absurdist hilarity, the nation's council of generals begins bidding at 2,000 crowns and goes to 1,000,000 in a vain effort to buy Waltz's infernal machine. During the negotiations, these senile clowns play with toy automobiles and sail paper airplanes at one another and into the audience. Rarely has the military mind been caricatured with such zest and glee.

With his monstrous inventions, Nabokov seems to say, man has expelled himself from the Eden of Nature. Waltz rules the world but loses the girl who had captured his love when she told him who had lived on the mountain top he had blown up—"an old enchanter and a snow-white

gazelle." At play's end, the humiliatingly real interview with the Minister of War takes place and Waltz is hauled off to the madhouse.

Since Nabokov lists Waltz as "a haggard inventor; a fellow author," the play is as much or more a parable of the writer as it is a prescient glimpse at the potential holocausts of atomic power. The writer too destroys old worlds and conquers new ones without necessarily easing his heart's anguish or desire. It is no discredit to the Hartford Stage Company that a playwright who had not learned his craft should test the players beyond their abilities. Roland Hewgill's Salvador Waltz is a shade too much the plausible confidence man to appear demoniacally unhinged, and

TON KASZUBSKI



GENERALS' COUNCIL IN "INVENTION" (WALTZ, FAR RIGHT)
Unexpected rabbits from nonexistent hats.

Henry Thomas' Minister of War is a doddering Polonius with insufficient guile. All the characters most nearly resemble playing cards, and Director Paul Weidner riffs them with the dexterity of a card shark.

ARTS CENTERS

High Cost of Culture

Atlanta prides itself on being a city of culture as well as wealth, and last October it put its most prestigious culture under one \$13 million roof: the Atlanta Memorial Arts Center.* The big glass and concrete structure on Peachtree Street was hailed as the only one of the nation's arts centers to house resident companies in repertory theater, opera, ballet and symphony—as well as

an art museum, and an art library and school.

Last week, just 100 days after the Memorial Center's dedication, Atlantans were shocked to hear that the ballet, opera and dramatic repertory were folding. Their parent, Atlanta Municipal Theater, had already run up a deficit of \$300,000 and could continue no longer at the center. The reason was partly financial mismanagement and partly over-ambition. The Theater had kicked off its season with a super-production of John Dryden and Henry Purcell's 17th century opera *King Arthur*, which simultaneously showed off the opera, ballet and dramatic companies. It cost \$250,000, but it drew enough of an audience to just about break even. Other productions (*La Bohème*, *Les Sylphides*, *The Hostage*) were less successful and, as costs rose far above revenues, the def-

icits began to pile up. Editorialized the Atlanta Constitution: "There is still an altogether too widespread attitude that culture is an exclusive club—something to be seen by black-tied, be-minked audiences only." Michael Howard, artistic director of the Repertory Theater, feels that "people ought to be able to go to the theater without a necktie if they want to. They ought to be able to buy popcorn. Theater should be part of their lives."

Apparently that idea has not caught on in Atlanta. As matters now stand, unless Atlanta's citizens come forward with a big, overall subsidy, the opera, ballet and repertory theater will have to operate independently, scrambling in an every-man-for-himself competition for funds. In that case, the ballet and theater face severe difficulties. The opera, under the direction of veteran opera singer Blanche Tebom, may go under altogether.

* Named for 106 Atlantans who died in a Paris airplane crash six years ago, while on a tour of European art galleries.

SCIENCE



COSMONAUTS KHRUNOV, SHATALOV, VOLYNOV & ELISEEV
Piloting the pieces together.

SPACE

The Russians' Turn

As he circled the earth in his Soyuz 4 spacecraft last week, Russian Cosmonaut Vladimir Shatalov looked down toward central Asia to watch a tiny billow of flame and smoke. It was Soyuz 5, on its way with Cosmonauts Boris Volynov, Evgeny Khrunov and Aleksei Eliseev. "I'll meet you soon in space," radioed Shatalov.

After slipping into orbit, the second Soyuz extended its winglike solar-energy collectors; it looked like some species of space bird as it sought out its sister ship. "We've been hunting for you," said someone in Soyuz 5 as ground controllers nudged the ships ever closer. Shatalov took control of Soyuz 4 to maneuver into final position, and the two ships docked. "He's raped us," Volynov said.

Khrunov and Eliseev entered the work compartment of their two-room ship and sealed it off from Volynov in the crew's quarters. In the other spacecraft, Shatalov sealed off his own control room. After donning new spacesuits that have individual life-support systems, Khrunov and Eliseev emerged from Soyuz 5 and space-walked across to Soyuz 4. They entered the work compartment, sealed its outside hatch behind them, brought up the pressure and then opened the compartment to join Shatalov.

Docking Crucial. This did four rookie cosmonauts perform the world's first crew exchange in orbit, serving notice to Americans that Russia has not given up in the space race. Jubilant Russians could point to their first manned-flight breakthrough in a long while. By the time the two vehicles separated 4 hrs., 35 min. later, Tass was hailing "the

world's first experimental space station." Then Shatalov, Khrunov and Eliseev landed Soyuz 4 safely some 1,500 miles southeast of Moscow, within sight of recovery helicopters. This display of re-entry accuracy overcame the perils of the snowy landing site's 31-below-zero cold, making Russia's first manned launch in winter a triumph.

For all the drama of the crew exchange, it was the docking that mattered most. Soviet booster rockets are dwarfed by America's Saturn 5 and cannot thrust a manned spacecraft to the moon in one leap. Instead, the Russians must assemble their lunar vehicles in earth orbit. Until last week, although they had twice docked unmanned spacecraft, no cosmonaut had piloted the pieces together.

Now the way is open for the Soviets to use future orbiting platforms not only as launching pads for manned lunar shots but also as bases from which rockets will explore the solar system. In addition, even the present four-compartment version might provide a roomy orbiting laboratory from which to observe the earth and its weather, or to give astronomers a wonderfully close, clear look at the heavens. Western scientists cited the attractions to biologists and engineers of space-lab experiments in utter vacuum and weightlessness. There also remained the unspoken threat that Moscow could turn a space station into a military weapon.

Although many scientists still place the Soviets behind the U.S. in overall manned space flight, not until late next month will America attempt a crew transfer with Apollo 9. Thus there could be no doubt that last week's Russian space exploit had to be taken as a major step forward.

SEISMOLOGY

Toward Better Quakecasting

California's politicians have long boasted that their state is on the move. Scientists agree. On opposite sides of a 600-mile line called the San Andreas fault, the coastal strip of California is slowly but inexorably moving to the northwest while the remainder of the state is shifting toward the southeast. This strange mobility of terrain is of more than academic interest. It produces the earthquakes that suddenly and without warning jolt areas of California, occasionally with catastrophic results.

Although scientists are powerless to prevent earthquakes, they have high hopes that they can some day forecast them with reasonable accuracy. That day may not be far off. By carefully measuring movements along the San Andreas and nearby smaller faults, Seismologist Renner Hofmann says, he has successfully predicted recent California earthquakes. To prove that he is not merely displaying scientific hindsight, Hofmann has issued a new U.S. quakecast. Within the next 18 months, he predicts, earthquakes of at least moderate intensity will rock areas near Santa Cruz and south of Bakersfield.

Between Two Points. A team led by Hofmann developed the quakecast method while investigating fault zones for the California Department of Water Resources, which is understandably concerned about the effects of earth slippage and quakes on its vast system of pumping plants, dams and aqueducts. To measure the earth movements in the fault zones, they established over 90 fixed observation points along the faults.

Using an instrument called the geodimeter, Hofmann aimed a beam of intense light from a site on one side of a fault at a reflector set up on the other side, between twelve and 20 miles away. By measuring the time required for the light to travel to the reflector and back to the geodimeter, he calculated the precise distance between the two points. By repeating the measurement annually, he was able to determine with precision the amount and direction of movement that had taken place since the last measurement.

Slowdowns & Reversals. At many observation points, along the San Andreas fault, the scientists found that California's coastal strip was moving to the northwest at a rate of two inches per year. In some areas, however, friction between the sliding masses of rock caused the movement to slow and even to stop. "When the fault sticks," Hofmann says, "the movement is transferred to smaller, adjacent faults that can stand only a limited amount of movement. When these smaller faults reach their limit, the forces increase until the main fault breaks loose again. This sudden breaking loose is the earthquake."

By observing slowdowns—and even

apparent reversals—in the fault movements at certain points, and by correlating them with subsequent earthquakes in the same areas. Hofmann gradually developed a rule-of-thumb system for quake prediction. His technique is far from foolproof; although he has correctly forecast eight recent earthquakes of significant size, 17 other quakes that his method predicted have failed to materialize. But Hofmann believes that more frequent monitoring of an even larger system of observation points will make his technique more reliable. He is convinced that the future of earthquake forecasting lies in being diligent to a fault.

BIOCHEMISTRY

Synthesis of an Enzyme

Man prides himself upon his growing mastery over nature, but in the ultimate biochemical analysis nature remains the master of man. With their most sophisticated laboratory glassware and corrosive reagents, scientists can set off any one of a few thousand biochemical reactions in an hour or two, but they need to generate unnaturally high temperatures to do the job. Nature can instantly produce millions, or possibly billions, of such reactions at normal body temperature. The agents that effect such biological miracles are enzymes, commonly referred to as "nature's catalysts." They provide no nourishment to animal or man, yet they are essential to the metabolism of all creatures. They are the honest brokers or middlemen of life, mediating countless actions between living creatures and their environment and within the creatures themselves.

Last week, two groups of scientific researchers jointly announced that they had succeeded for the first time in synthesizing an important enzyme in the laboratory. The triumphant research teams came from Manhattan's Rockefeller University and the Merck Sharp & Dohme Research Laboratories at Rahway, N.J. Working independently from different starting points and along different routes, both of the research groups reached the same end point: synthesis of ribonuclease, an enzyme found in the pancreas (sweetbreads) of cattle that helps to break down ribonucleic acid.

How They Did It. The Rockefeller researchers, Drs. Robert B. Merrifield and Bernd Guttie, began their experiment with a tiny bead of plastic, onto which they hooked a 124-link chain of amino acids. There are 20 different amino acids, and, because all proteins, includ-

ing enzymes, are made of amino-acid chains, the acids have been recognized for many years as the "building blocks of life." The exact sequence and identity of successive acids in the ribonuclease chain were recently established, and the Rockefeller team's job was to link them, one at a time. The painstaking process involved 369 chemical reactions and no fewer than 11,931 different laboratory steps, taking three weeks in all to complete.

The Merck researchers, Drs. Robert G. Denkwalter and Ralph F. Hirschmann, went at it differently. They prepared groups of six to 17 amino acids in linked series. They then put these groups together to form the ultimate 124-link chain. Their product turned out to be the same as the Rockefeller synthetic enzyme; its identity was proved by the way in which it broke down ribonucleic acid.

Dependent Generals. Ribonucleic and deoxyribonucleic acid are the fundamental chemicals that determine the nature of living things—whether they will grow normally or abnormally, whether they will reproduce their kind or perish. The two nucleic acids are as dependent on their loyal enzymes as a general on his junior officers. The bovine ribonuclease that has been synthesized will have no immediate value as a treatment for any of the ills of animals or man. But its synthesis shows that man is coming closer to his goal of emulating nature at the most basic, biochemical level.

The first synthesis of an enzyme, said Merck's Dr. Max Tishler last week, should provide much of the knowledge needed for researchers to devise and produce "the next generation" of healing agents.



RESEARCHERS WITH ENZYME MODEL
Closer to emulating basic nature.

MILESTONES

Died. Dr. Courtney C. Smith, 52, president of Swarthmore College since 1953 and American secretary of the Rhodes Scholarships; of a heart attack; in his office on the eighth day of an Admissions Office sit-in by militant black students. A Harvard man ('38) and Rhodes Scholar himself, Smith was one of the country's youngest college presidents when he assumed office at the small, Quaker-founded liberal arts school. A determinedly academic president, he shunned the role of fund raiser to concentrate on improving the quality of Swarthmore's faculty and curriculum. When 20 black students staged the current sit-in to dramatize their demands for greater black enrollment and a black studies program, the usually imperturbable Smith began to despair. "We have lost something precious here at Swarthmore," he said, "the feeling that force and disruption are just not our way" (see EDUCATION).

Died. Welton Becket, 66, master architect whose clean, functional structures grace five continents; of congestive heart failure; in Los Angeles. Becket's eclectic approach lacked the individuality of a Mies van der Rohe or a Frank Lloyd Wright. "We are trying to solve the client's problems, and it is out of the solution of those problems that the design evolves," said Becket. And from his drawing board came buildings for ten of the U.S.'s top industrial firms, six of its leading banking houses and five of its largest insurance companies, as well as plans for Los Angeles' \$34 million Music Center and the 275-acre Century City. All told, he was responsible for \$4 billion worth of construction during his 40-year career.

Died. Vernon Duke, 69, Russian-born songwriter who scored many Broadway and London musical hits (*Cabin in the Sky*, *Two Little Girls in Blue*) with such well-remembered favorites as *April in Paris*, *Autumn in New York* and *Taking a Chance on Love*; of lung cancer; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Louis Feder, 77, king of the toupee makers, who ministered to the bald and the balding for 50 years; of cancer; in Miami Beach, Fla. The Austrian-born wigmaker established the House of Louis Feder, Inc., in 1914, created his famous "Tashay" (he abhorred the term "toupee") and advertised it as "a hurricane-resisting hairpiece that can be combed and brushed, kept on in high winds and when swimming, and worn for weeks without removal." By the time he retired in 1964, his company had sold wigs to more than 100,000 happy clients. When someone asked who his most satisfied customer was, Feder tugged at his Tashay and cried, "Who else? Me!"

CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Black Handiwork

The old men have eyes like dirty ice and mouths as inviting as tombs. The young men have subdued ties, three-button suits and Ivy-covered vocabularies. Together they make up the modern Mafia that inspired "Lucky" Luciano, Murder Inc. and *The Brotherhood*.

No single film can tell the whole story of an organization as stark as Sicily and as Byzantine as the stock market. Instead, *The Brotherhood* concentrates on the microcosmic death struggles of a single Mafioso family. Frank Ginetta (Kirk Douglas) is the son of a deceased "soldier" of Murder Inc. days. Like his father, Frank still kills in the same old way, ordering a stool pigeon shot in a New Jersey dump, then stuffing his mouth with a symbolic canary. But Frank's college-educated brother Vince (Alex Cord) has acquired new credit cards of identity. Not for him the violent memories, the long jags on vino, the crude labor racketeering. His work is the more up-to-date business of "washing" dirty money: making ill-gotten gains look legitimate by putting them through business firms that the mob has taken over. The new rulers have also learned to watch their Black Handiwork; to them, the older brother is an embarrassing antique, to be brought up to date or kept out of sight.

When Frank avenges his father by garroting an old killer (Luther Adler), the mob decides that he must die. Their choice of triggerman: Brother Vince. But for a soldier's son there are no surprises. Lying low in Sicily, Frank re-

alizes that his life really ended years before, when he refused to get out of the gutter and on to the sidewalk. All he can do is cloak himself in the traditional peasant armor: resignation.

\$75 Hit. Working with Lewis John Carlin's spare script, Director Martin Ritt has fashioned a film like *grappa*, with a raw kick and a bitter aftertaste. Seldom has a movie so resembled its characters. Like them, it has a primitive volatility, churning from glee to fury in the space of a second. Like them, it has aspects of a legend that has outlived its time. Like them, it strains for respectability—and never makes it. For all its sober posture, the film is hooked on its participants. It stays too long at the graphic garroting; it details too lovingly the good old days when a "hit" (a decreed death) cost a fast 75 bucks. It forgives the criminal because, though he is endemically corrupt, he is thoroughly dramatic.

The Brotherhood's pervasive nostalgia grants the senior members the best scenes. As Frank's wife, Irene Papas has a rare, abiding femininity that has taken on middle age and won. Luther Adler invests his role with the kind of craft and authority that make for supporting-actor awards. Douglas, fitted out in a push-broom mustache and dyed hair, is the most convincing, perhaps because the role of a prideful, aging bullock who clings to an old *persona* hits astonishingly close to home.

Surrealist Augury

If French films have a flair for love, the Italian cinema has a zest for decadence. Most major Italian directors have their own highly personal vision of spiritual and psychological deterioration, whether it be as flamboyant as Fellini's, as operatic as Visconti's or as brooding as Antonioni's. Now Salvatore Samperi, 25, continues the tradition with *Grazie Zia*, a bit of caustic surrealism that dazzles with the energy of youth while it is disappointing with excesses of inexperience.

Charge on Wheels. Samperi's protagonist is a lunatic adolescent named Alvise (Lou Castel), who spends most of his time scooting about in a motorized wheelchair. Alvise, the doctors tell his wheel, shows no positive physical symptoms. Still, his parents airily dismiss the suggestion that the paralysis could be psychosomatic and leave on a business trip, entrusting Alvise to the care of his Aunt Lea (Lisa Gastoni). Zia Lea, a lithe beauty with raven hair and a creamy complexion, is vaguely dissatisfied with her lover of 15 years (Gabriele Ferretti) and begins to take a more than consanguine interest in her antic charge on wheels.

Alvise, aware of Lea's fascination, mocks her with feigned madness and vague promises until she rejects her lover, resigns her position as a doctor at a large hospital and finally renounces



CASTEL & GASTONI IN "ZIA"
On to the ultimate game.

all her dignity. Lea becomes "It" in a series of progressively debasing games devised by Alvise. She searches frantically for a hidden ring, plays the roles of comic-book characters and chases Alvise blindfolded as he forces her to tumble into a cesspool. "You know I'll never make love to you," Alvise taunts her, but Lea's passion is so great that her nephew seduces her into the ultimate game—Mercy Killing. She cleans and grooms him carefully, knots his tie and, as Alvise watches smilingly, injects him with a fatal dose of poison. As his body lies slumped in the wheelchair, Lea walks slowly up the stairs to her bedroom and sits in front of her dressing table, applying eye shadow.

Feeling for Movement. Like most young directors, Samperi owes much to others. Alvise's energetic forays in his wheelchair are photographed in a manner heavily reminiscent of Robert Aldrich's *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* Like Roman Polanski, Samperi likes to use objects as characters (a necktie, a rifle, a vase), and his consuming interest in role playing and destruction through domination is almost pure Pinter. Unlike Pinter, however, Samperi fails to draw his characters in full proportion. Even if the viewer can accept Alvise's sadistic madness, he can never be sure just what it is in Lea that drives her so insanely to her nephew.

First films hold a special fascination, however, and *Grazie* is a handsome accomplishment as an augury of things to come from Samperi. Although he dwells too long on Signora Gastoni's admirable legs and thighs, Samperi generally demonstrates a knowledge and feeling for camera movement that is far beyond his years. Even more important, he has attacked his subject with energy and wit—qualities that, throughout most of *Grazie Zia*, the viewer can easily appreciate.



DOUGLAS & CORD IN "BROTHERHOOD"
Grappa in the kick and aftertaste.

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CLASS **3** Medium—8 Cylinder
Dodge Polara 2-dr. Hardtop

CLASS **5** Standard—8 Cylinder
Plymouth Fury I 4-dr. Sedan

CLASS **7** Compact—6 Cylinder
Plymouth Valiant 2-dr. Sedan

CLASS **8** Sport Intermediate—V-8
Dodge Charger R/T 2-dr. Hardtop

CLASS **9** Sport Compact—V-8
Plymouth Barracuda Fastback

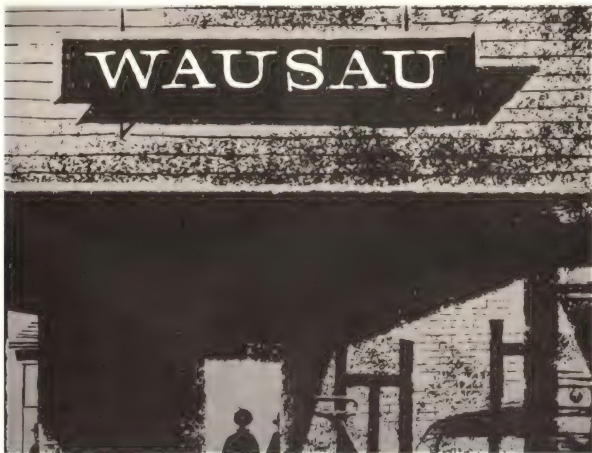
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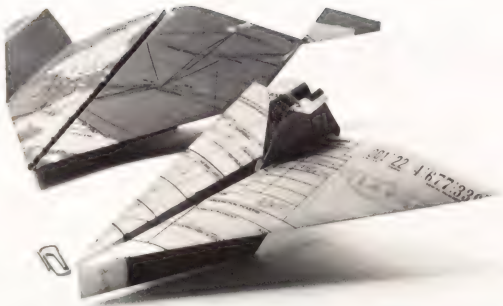
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RELIGION

THE VATICAN

The Pope's Bulletin Board

If L'Osservatore Romano, the Vatican's daily newspaper, were the only source of information about Roman Catholicism, the world might have a rather strange picture of the contemporary church. Students of Christianity would scarcely be aware, for example, that there had been any major differences between liberals and conservatives at the Second Vatican Council. They would assume that Pope Paul's encyclical *Humanae Vitae* had been almost universally acclaimed by the faithful. They would have no inkling that last month 40 of the church's best-known theologians issued a historic Magna Carta demanding greater intellectual freedom within the church.

Largely because of the widening gulf between the reality of Catholic turmoil and L'Osservatore Romano's version of it, the paper has lately come in for some strong and pointed criticism. The editor of an Australian Catholic paper recently branded L'Osservatore "the Pravda of the Vatican." An editorial in the *Tablet*, Britain's leading Catholic weekly, complained about L'Osservatore's myopic coverage of the debate over birth control. "It is doing a great disservice to truth and to the health of the church," said the *Tablet*, "to ignore or gainsay this controversy, or, even worse, to convey the opposite impression that all is well."

In the *Drawer*. Critics all complain that because L'Osservatore is widely regarded as the "voice of the church" its interpretations give outsiders a distinctly one-sided impression of Catholic opinion. Actually, the "official" journal is the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*, a sort of Vatican City *Congressional Record* in which major papal pronouncements must be printed before they are considered promulgated. Although L'Osservatore is owned by the Holy See and supervised by the Vatican Secretariat of State, it is classed as only "semiofficial." Material in L'Osservatore is deemed official in only three cases: when it is listed under the column "*Nostre Informazioni* [Our Information]," which reports the Pope's private audiences and appointments, or when it carries the datelines "Holy See" or "Vatican City." The Vatican can disclaim official responsibility for all other stories.

Archbishop Giovanni Benelli, deputy secretary of state, acts as an informal link between L'Osservatore and Pope Paul. Benelli meets twice a week with the current editor in chief, Raimondo Manzini, 67, to plan articles for the paper, and consults the Pope on major points of editorial policy. Paul himself maintains a close personal relationship with L'Osservatore. He occasionally telephones Manzini, and sometimes reads proof on exceptionally important stories. When doing so, the Pope makes cor-

rections in red ink and adds his personal comments, also in red ink, in the margins.

Paul carefully reads L'Osservatore every day, after his usual afternoon prayer in his private chapel. He makes comments on the margins, and afterwards sends the marked copy to Manzini. Paul once caught the misspelling of a curial prelate's name. Wrote the Pope: "These are errors that L'Osservatore should not make. He is one of our own people."

Country Weekly. Located in a three-story, stone-and-brick building just inside the Vatican City's walls, L'Osservatore exudes less the atmosphere of an afternoon daily than of a country weekly. The paper normally goes to press around 3:30 p.m. but will hold for an hour or longer if a papal announcement is expected. The twelve editorial staffers, who include both laymen and priests, rarely worry about deadlines; if they miss one day's edition, they merely put their copy in a drawer until the morrow.

All of L'Osservatore's editorial staffers are Italian and, except for the priests, are considered career journalists. They are chosen mainly through personal contacts with the Vatican. L'Osservatore practices little beat reporting as such. If the occasion arises, such as a special papal appearance, a staffer may be sent to cover it. But generally L'Osservatore's commentaries are put together without benefit of firsthand reporting.

Manzini, a veteran Catholic journalist and former Christian Democratic member of Italy's Parliament, was appointed to the job by Pope John. Under his leadership, the paper has made a few changes in style. Stories about papal pronouncements now read "the Pontiff said"

rather than "as was heard from the august lips of the illuminated Holy Father." In appearance, though, the paper has changed only slightly since it was founded in 1861. Its long, grey columns of type are filled with stultifying ecclesiastical newnotes under such headlines as **FIRST CATECHISTS OF THE MARUDI TRAINING CENTER IN SARAWAK.**

Lack of Impartiality. Far more serious is the fact that L'Osservatore has not changed to reflect the new, mercurial character of modern Catholicism. During the Second Vatican Council, L'Osservatore generally carried only the official communiqués issued after each day's session, which were masterpieces of noncommunication. The paper has not published the full texts of the resolutions on *Humanae Vitae* adopted by the episcopal conferences of the U.S., Canada, France, Belgium and The Netherlands—all of which cited the role of individual conscience in the question of birth control. Instead, L'Osservatore has published excerpts from the statements praising the encyclical, thus giving the impression that the episcopal conferences were in full agreement with the Pope. Other manifestations of Catholic ferment, such as the theologians' petition for freedom, are simply ignored or referred to obliquely in articles by conservatives of the Roman Curia attacking Catholics who challenge papal authority.

The paper's editors readily admit to their lack of impartiality. "Freedom of the press is one of the natural and fundamental rights of the human person," declares L'Osservatore's second-in-command, Federico Alessandrini, 63. "But the church does not admit the same degree of liberty for the true and the false, for the moral and the immoral." Editor in Chief Manzini defends his approach to the birth-control controversy



PAUL VI AND L'OSSERVATORE EDITOR MANZINI
Widening gulf between reality and reporting.

Latest U.S. Government test finds Carlton lowest in "tar"

The U.S. Government has released results of its latest test of cigarette "tar" content.

The Government now lists Carlton as lowest in "tar" with only 4 mg.



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with a particularly beguiling argument. Criticism of *Humanae Vitae* has been played up so much elsewhere, he maintains, that L'Osservatore must be one-sided in order to strike a balance.

THEOLOGY

Challenge in the Heavens

The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's; but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

—Psalm 115

While man is taking new steps into the heavens, religious thinkers are pondering again some of the issues that space travel raises for faith. In churches and synagogues, the flight of Apollo 8 was a favorite topic for sermons, particularly because of the astronauts' reading the opening verses of *Genesis* as a Christmas Eve message to mankind.* A number of clergymen feel that growing knowledge of the immensity of the universe may prove to be a stimulus to renewed faith in God the creator. Contemplating the sight of the earth seen from thousands of miles in space, observes Episcopal Chaplain Malcolm Boyd, "might open up new dimensions in conceiving of God, of dealing with the enhanced mystery." Whether or not this is a vain hope, a number of churchmen have suggested that the time has come for Christianity to produce an up-to-date "astro-theology."

Certainly one of the biggest spiritual problems posed by man's conquest of space is the new perspective that he will have from which to contemplate himself and God. Although the question is not a new one, man's journey in the cosmos raises again the issue of whether he and his planet enjoy the special favor of God, as set forth in Scripture. Space exploration, suggests Dr. Bernard Loomer of Berkeley Baptist Divinity School, "may reinforce the idea that man may not be the most important thing in creation. Say that out there we find persons superior to us, as we consider ourselves superior to dogs?"

Imperialism. The Rev. Jules Moreau, professor of church history at Seabury-Western (Episcopal) Seminary in Evanston, Ill., suggests that the moral issues of imperialism and religious elitism, which were raised by Europeans when they began colonizing the rest of the world, also confront modern man as he prepares to colonize space. A modest but perplexing dilemma would result from the discovery of intelligent beings elsewhere in the universe. The question then would be: Should Christians attempt to convert their celestial neighbors? Extraterrestrial evangelism might not be necessary, suggests Dr.

* An act that was publicly denounced by Professional Atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair as a violation of church-and-state separation. NASA, however, has received more than 800 letters approving the Scripture reading—many of them also proposing that Mrs. O'Hair be rocketed to the moon and left there.



STEVENS IN COCKPIT OF SUPERSONIC JET
Other beings, another Providence.

Per Hassing of the Boston University School of Theology. "If God has revealed himself to people on another planet," he says, "that revelation must be essentially in agreement with that which he revealed to us—given the assumption that the Christian faith in its essence is true."

Jesuit Theologian Paul Curtin of Boston College asserts that there is no authority for man's spiritual proselytizing outside the earth. "The only theology I know or can know," says Curtin, "is that of a revealed God in relationship to the children of Adam. If there are beings on another planet, then they must be the object of another Providence. They are not the children of Adam, and so they are not a part of our salvation history, which is that of a fallen and redeemed race."

Space-Capsule Communes. Many theologians are asking whether it is ethical for man to transport bacteria from earth to other planets without knowing what the biological effects might be. Some clergymen suggest that prolonged space travel might result in new forms of family—sort of space-capsule communes. "When you have ships with a dozen or so people on them," says the Rev. Edward Hobbs of Berkeley's Episcopal divinity school, "I would presume that there would be some sort of heterosexual community formed."

Father Clifford Stevens, executive editor of *The Priest* magazine and former Catholic chaplain at California's Edwards Air Force Base, suggests that "theological think tanks" ought to be established to help theologians cope with the spiritual and moral problems of space. He has even consulted the Rand Corporation about the possibility of setting up a "theology fellowship." The theological think tank, as Father Stevens envisions it, would enable a theologian "to carry on dialogue with the scientists. He would take the problems of aerospace and other sciences and try to evaluate them in the light of the theological vision of things."

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BUSINESS

WASHINGTON'S CHALLENGE TO IBM

IN many ways, the most successful modern American industrial enterprise is International Business Machines Corp. Its primary field, high-speed data processing, is barely 20 years old, but IBM has risen to rank among the ten biggest U.S. companies, with 1968 sales of \$6.9 billion and profits of \$871 million. With a reputation for excellent technology, marketing and servicing, it dominates the computer business at home and abroad. The company's smoothly aggressive and generously rewarded salesmen have captured about 74% of the U.S. market. Investors value IBM's prospects so highly that its 112.7 million shares are worth a total of \$34.6 billion—far more than G.M., A.T. & T. or any other U.S. company.

Bargaining Point. IBM's future has been based on its computers and its competitive prowess. Now the future may depend on the courts. Last month the company was charged with monopolistic practices in a civil antitrust suit brought by a competitor, Control Data Corp. Two weeks ago IBM was the target of another suit, brought by a customer, Data Processing Financial & General Corp. And last week IBM was hit by the most important suit of all. The Justice Department climaxed a long investigation by bringing its own antitrust action—the biggest of the Johnson era—against the company.

In a broadly worded eight-page brief filed in Manhattan's Federal District Court, the trustbusters charged IBM with blocking competitors from "an adequate opportunity to compete." One complaint was that companies that sell only hardware or software or maintenance services could not easily win customers because IBM offered the whole package at a single price. For certain customers, such as universities, the suit continued, IBM set unreasonably low prices in order to crush competitors. The suit also charged that IBM had quashed the sales prospects of newly developed rival machines by simply announcing new products of its own—even though production was a long way off. That echoed a Control Data complaint that sales of one new computer model had suffered when IBM announced the impending development of a competing model.

The Justice Department suit asks the court to order any necessary "divorcement, divestiture or reorganization" of IBM. It is not likely that Jus-

tice has any intention of breaking up the company. Probably, the trustbusters will use the threat as a bargaining point in working out a consent decree at the end of a case that is likely to drag on for years. Justice mainly hopes to restrain IBM's zeal a bit so that more competition can flourish. IBM called the charges "unwarranted" and promised to "defend itself forcefully." As evidence of the "open and strongly competitive nature of the computer business," it cited the fact that more than 60 systems manufacturers and some 4,000 companies dealing in related parts have been attracted to an industry that was "virtually non-existent 20 years ago." Nevertheless, IBM Chairman Thomas Watson Jr. now has to ponder hard before moving to expand his firm's headquarters hold on the market.

Attorney General Ramsey Clark waited for the last full business day of the Johnson Administration to file the suit. The timing allowed Clark to avoid one small embarrassment: this week former Under Secretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach, who was Clark's predecessor as Attorney General, will take over as IBM's general counsel and begin masterminding the defense for Watson. The timing also pushed the case onto the Nixon Administration, which must decide how vigorously it will press action that the outgoing administration chose to file—but not to fight.



CHAIRMAN WATSON

Perhaps too much competitive prowess?

THE ECONOMY

Strategies for Slowdown

"The immediate task in 1969 is to make a decisive step toward price stability. This will be only the beginning of the journey. We cannot hope to reach in a single year the goal that has eluded every industrial country for generations—that of combining high employment with stable prices."

With a mixture of prophecy and prescription, Lyndon Johnson last week summed up the chief economic challenge that he bequeaths to Richard Nixon. In his final economic report to Congress, he called for a strategy aimed at slowly reducing both inflation and the excessive boom in business. The principal ingredients are a small—and perhaps precarious—budget surplus (see *The Nation*) and a Federal Reserve Board policy of permitting the supply of money and credit to expand less than it has over the past three years. What the nation must avoid, warned Johnson, is "an overdose of restraint" that could easily lead to recession.

No Jolt. In most essentials, the Nixon Administration and the independent Federal Reserve Board seem to agree. To halt inflation, said Secretary of the Treasury-designate David Kennedy last week, "we must maintain a tight budget and a restrictive monetary policy." The Federal Reserve has gone to considerable lengths lately to proclaim its intent to curb credit gradually.

How much restraint can the economy stand? One indication came in a Los Angeles speech by Andrew Brimmer, a member of the seven-man Federal Reserve Board. Citing a study by the board's staff, Brimmer said that even if the nation's real economic growth slowed to practically nothing for one or two quarters, the result would be only a 0.2% rise in the jobless rate, now at a 15-year low of 3.3%. The findings reinforce the belief that the Nixon Administration will have a bit of leeway in which to move against wage-price rises without causing a significant increase in unemployment. But Brimmer and the other Federal Reserve governors believe that "some increase" in the jobless rolls will be unavoidable in a successful fight against inflation.

Fortunately, no jolting slowdown is expected. In its annual report, the President's Council of Economic Advisers foresaw a 6% gain (to \$941 billion) in Gross National Product this year. Inflation should account for "a little more than 3%" of that growth and real output "less than 3%." Real growth last year was 5%.

The council foresees continued weakening in housing and consumer spending, a moderate \$10 billion rise in federal spending, and strong gains in business outlays for new factories. The 10% sur-



YAWATA STEEL PLANT IN JAPAN
Voluntary cutbacks instead of damaging quotas.

tax, along with federal spending restraints, will bring a "significant slowdown" in business during the first half of this year, said the council. The latest figures support that outlook. From November to December, retail sales slipped by 2% and housing starts by 15%.

A Miserable Surplus. President Nixon also inherits some global economic problems. In international trade, the nation last year suffered a setback. As Under Secretary of the Treasury Frederick Deming reported, the trade surplus shrank to a "miserable \$500 million, down \$3 billion from 1967's respectable but relatively poor showing and down more than \$6 billion from the 1964 level." Inflation, the Viet Nam war, and higher imports (see *following story*) share the blame. Only because many foreign investors poured funds into the U.S. was the nation able to achieve a \$150 million surplus in its balance of payments. It was the first such surplus in eleven years.

Though the nation faces serious difficulties in foreign trade, President Johnson last week again deplored protectionist sentiment in the U.S. "The only real solutions are ones that improve our economy—not ones that erect new barriers that could provoke retaliation," he told Congress. To help strengthen the U.S. dollar, he also asked for continued controls on private investment abroad. Nixon is likely to keep those controls in force.

STEEL

Bar to Imports

The traditionally fat U.S. trade surplus shrank to almost nothing last year largely because of steel. Foreign steelmakers, who accounted for less than 5% of the U.S. market as recently as 1961, won a 12% share in 1967 and a surprising 17% in 1968. American purchases of steel from abroad last year reached a record \$1.5 billion.

As imports have risen, so have demands by domestic producers for pro-

tectionist quotas. Faced with growing Congressional support for protectionism, the Johnson Administration feared the damage that mandatory import controls would do to its policies of free trade. Thus it has been trying to induce foreign steelmakers to cut back shipments to the U.S. voluntarily. Last week the Federal Government announced that Japanese and Continental European steel producers, who together account for four-fifths of all steel imports, had agreed to impose their own restrictions for the next three years.

Spurge. The agreement came in "letters of intent" from the Japan Iron & Steel Exporters' Association and the six-nation European Coal and Steel Community. In addition, Secretary of State Dean Rusk said that other leading steel producers, presumably Britain and Canada, are expected to hold down their exports. As a result, Rusk added, U.S. steel imports—which soared to 17.5 million tons in 1968—will be limited to 14 million tons this year, 14.7 million in 1970 and 15.4 million in 1971.

Senator Russell Long and Congressman Wilbur Mills, chairmen of congressional committees that have conducted hearings into proposed steel-import quotas, jointly applauded the agreement as "a welcome and realistic step." Steelmakers were not quite so exultant. Industry spokesmen pointed out that the levels agreed upon would still amount to more than 13% of the U.S. market—greater than any year prior to 1968. Some steelmen also feared that the Japanese and Europeans would compensate for the hold-down by shipping higher-priced lines of steel.

American steel companies, beset by rapidly rising costs for labor, have steadily lost ground to lower-priced foreign steel. The trend was accelerated last year, when the threat of a strike prompted consumers to hedge by ordering foreign steel. The spurge was all the more alarming to domestic producers because the Europeans and Japanese made especially strong gains in the flat-rolled

products that are used in such key industries as autos and appliances.

Unaccustomed Discounts. American steelmakers, benefiting from the strength of the economy in general and of auto sales in particular, will show total profits for 1968 of about \$900 million, up from \$843 million the year before. Nonetheless, profits as a percentage of sales dropped off. Imports squeezed profits by putting downward pressure on steel prices. To hold on to its markets, for example, even U.S. Steel Corp. resorted to some unaccustomed price discounting. If, as appears likely, the Japanese and European cutbacks produce firmer prices, domestic steelmakers will have to admit that the voluntary agreements were better than nothing—although they are likely to continue demanding mandatory quotas.

MUTUAL FUNDS

How They Fared

A casual glance at investment statistics might suggest that 1968 was a vintage year for mutual funds. Most of them outperformed the market and, overall, the assets of 300 U.S. funds grew a healthy 22%, from \$45 billion to \$55 billion. Of 307 funds surveyed by Manhattan's Arthur Lapper Corp., 285 did better than the Dow-Jones average of 30 blue-chip industrial stocks, whose average 4.3% growth barely kept abreast of inflation. Altogether, 238 funds topped the 9.4% gain of the New York Stock Exchange's index of all its 1,249 common stocks.

Unfortunately, that record is more than a little misleading. The 69 funds that failed to outperform the Big Board's index account for some \$21 billion—or more than 38%—of all the money in funds. Investors Mutual Fund, the industry's biggest (assets: \$3 billion), grew a disappointing 8.45%. A sister fund, Investors Stock (\$2.3 billion), gained 8.3%, while Wellington Fund (\$1.8 billion) rose only 8%. Fidelity Trend (\$1.4 billion), which registered a 34% in-

crease in 1967, achieved no more than a 1.76% rise last year.

Deep Tsai. Eight funds actually declined in value. Among them was Gerald Tsai's \$454 million Manhattan Fund. It rose 39% in 1967 but slumped nearly 7% in 1968—to wind up at the very bottom of the list. Though Tsai's 1967 performance was certainly above average, many investors expected much greater growth; in 1968, his fund was hit with higher than normal redemptions.

To fund managers, 1968 proved the general rule that the bigger they are, the more difficult they find it to grow through investment. "It's been a tough year," says Grady Green, vice president of the \$351 million Channing Growth Fund. Channing ranked high in 1967, when it grew 47%; last year, with a growth of 2.6%, it was 296th. Like the Manhattan Fund and many other big funds, Channing was heavily invested in the more seasoned glamour stocks—Ling-Temco-Vought, Fairchild Camera, Polaroid—that declined during the stock slump before Lyndon Johnson's March 31 renunciation, and have been slow to recover. Big funds cannot move out of such stocks quickly without upsetting the market; but smaller funds can—and they did. In a highly selective market, says Channing's Green, "There is no doubt that a small fund has an advantage. After you get to a certain size, bigness itself interferes with your flexibility in moving in and out of stocks."

Of last year's ten fastest-growing funds, only four exceeded \$10 million in assets. Fastest rising was the Neuwrith Fund, which has assets of \$94 million and achieved 90% growth. In 1967—a year in which it was hard to do badly—Neuwrith grew 300%. But 1968, as 36-year-old Manager Henry Neuwrith says, "was more on the selective side." Neuwrith selected a number of long-depressed insurance stocks (CNA Financial, Safeco) early in the year, then rode them up as insurance companies became sought-after merger candidates.

Like Neuwrith, the other rapid risers specialized in new issues, thinly traded "Twiggy" stocks, and the year's fads. Among the faddish items were the shares of computer-software companies, nursing homes and mobile homes. Nonetheless, it is a Wall Street axiom that the performance funds cannot put two spectacular years together back-to-back because stock fads shift so suddenly.

There is at least one exception: Fred Carr's Los Angeles-based Enterprise Fund. A big one by any standard (\$748 million), it has ranked among the top 25 in growth for six years running, and last year rose 44% to No. 11.

Will the larger funds do better this year? They well may, especially if the new Administration succeeds in dampening inflation, which has been the breeze behind many of the stylish stocks in the smaller portfolios. Right now, though, managers of performance funds tend to be wary of 1969. Neuwrith has some 33% of his assets lying about in

cash. Though the big, conservative funds tend to fall back of the pack in an inflationary market, Wall Street well remembers that, in past market downturns, the smaller funds have been the fastest to fall.

AIRLINES

Skyful of Trouble

For travelers in a hurry, Eastern Air Lines' hourly "air shuttle" has been a boon from its inception eight years ago. The service, which links New York-Newark with both Washington and Boston, guarantees passengers a seat even if they show up at the last minute. When passengers fill one of the jet planes to capacity, Eastern simply rolls out a second-section backup craft—usually a prop-jet Electra—to handle any overflow. The shuttle drew 3,200,000 passengers in 1968. But Eastern last week advised the Federal Aviation Administration that "the life of this service is now at stake."

That warning was Eastern's way of pressing for changes in FAA restrictions on airport traffic scheduled to go into effect in April. Aimed at relieving air congestion in the Chicago-New York-Washington "Golden Triangle," the restrictions affect operations at five airports—New York's John F. Kennedy and La Guardia, Newark, Washington's National and Chicago's O'Hare. Eastern objects to an FAA proposal that would rigidly limit takeoffs and landings by all commercial and private planes to 60 an hour at Newark and La Guardia. That would restrict its ability to add extra sections to its shuttle flights. The result, says Eastern, would be that "the air shuttle could not live up to its seat guarantee." Confronted by the argument, the FAA may very well wind up bending its restrictions for Eastern's

benefit, particularly if shuttle users complain loudly enough.

Tobacco Road. An end to the popular, if only moderately profitable service would be another setback for Eastern, which is the most sorely troubled major U.S. airline. It ran a deficit of about \$10 million in 1968, and few airline analysts expect it to fare much better in 1969. The price of its stock has dropped 50% since 1967.

Eastern's main problem is that it is a relatively short-haul carrier. It generates 45% of its revenues within the crowded Golden Triangle and much of the rest from the short hops that Former Chairman Eddie Rickenbacker once characterized as "Tobacco Road stops." Fare structures are generally less profitable on short hauls than on longer flights. And Eastern's concentration on densely traveled routes has left the carrier vulnerable to the traffic congestion that the FAA is desperate to alleviate; delays cost the line \$6,000,000 more last year than in 1967.

Possible Partners. Eastern had high hopes of winning rich new routes after a Civil Aeronautics Board examiner recommended approval last April of its request for runs to Hawaii and Asia. But Eastern's lobbying in Washington did not measure up to that of other carriers, most of which engaged high-power political bigwigs to plead their cases. When the matter reached the White House, President Johnson divided new Pacific passenger routes among five airlines, but bypassed Eastern altogether (TIME, Dec. 27). That left Eastern Chairman Floyd Hall committed to buy \$48 million worth of stretched DC-8s, which are designed for long-haul routes.

The lagging line stands to be helped a bit by fare increases. Last week the CAB gave preliminary approval to hikes averaging 3.8% for all airlines, effective



BOARDING SHUTTLE JET AT LA GUARDIA, WITH BACKUP ELECTRA BEHIND
Squeezed by short hauls and long delays.

March 1. That will not get to the root of Eastern's basic troubles. Unless the Nixon Administration reconsiders the transpacific routes—and that is a remote possibility—Eastern may well have to merge with another, longer-legged line. Other airlines also may be forced to merge in order to get the long routes and big capital resources needed to support the costly jumbo jets and the supersonic transports of the 1970s. Some industry officials foresee a general realignment and expect the number of trunk lines to shrink from eleven to as few as five or six within a decade. The possible merger partners mentioned for Eastern include Delta, Braniff, Continental and Northwest.

TRAVEL

Mediterranee on the Move

Vacation-bound Europeans can find a wider selection of resorts at Britain's Thos. Cook & Sons, fancier accommodations at Hilton hotels, or lower prices at youth hostels and campsites. The competition is intense, but even so, the Paris-based Club Mediterranée has prospered. For its 700,000 members, who pay \$10 each in annual dues, Mediterranée has a unique attraction—the away-from-it-all ambience of the 47 "vacation villages" that it maintains in 13 countries on five continents. Founded in 1950, the club has been increasing its revenues by 25% a year; in 1968 it took in an estimated \$30 million.

That performance has made the stock of the publicly owned corporation one of the highest-flying issues on the Paris Bourse. Over the past five months, its price has risen from \$88 to \$120 per share. Investors include Edmond de Rothschild, who owns a 35% interest, and France's Louis Dreyfus Bank, which holds 8%. Last August, American Express Co. paid \$2.7 million for a 15% interest in the club and took over as its North American booking agent. An American Express spokesman says that the company expects to increase its stake in Mediterranée in order to get more of "the swingers' market" in travel.

For Mediterranée, which already has 17,000 American members, the American Express tie-in has provided a computerized reservation system and a ready-made U.S. sales organization. Last month, establishing a more tangible foothold in the Americas, the club opened a 140-bed, \$1,000,000 ski lodge in Bear Valley, high in California's Sierra Nevada. It also added a 250-bed, \$4,000,000 hotel on France's Caribbean island of Guadeloupe.

Total Escape. Belgian-born Gerard Blitz got the idea of starting Mediterranée while he was operating government recreation centers for concentration-camp victims after World War II. He scraped together capital from friends and family and set up a village of U.S. Army surplus tents on Mallorca. The accommodations were spartan, but the club's predominantly French members jumped at the chance to spend a two-

SKI BEAR! CLUB MEDITERRANÉE



AT BEAR VALLEY

AD FOR CLUB'S CALIFORNIA SKI RESORT
Out to blitz the swingers' market.

week holiday on an exotic island for \$30. After that, Blitz added one vacation village after another in North Africa, the Middle East and Tahiti as well as in Europe.

Blitz's basic notion was to provide "total escape" from the complications of modern society. Even today, none of the club's villages have telephones in the rooms, television or even newspapers. Members wear sport clothes, bikinis or sarongs, and hardly anyone carries around any money. The club's youthful employees, recruited from France and other countries, wear no uniforms, accept no tips and mingle freely with the guests. The emphasis is on food and fun. The club serves hearty if standard French cuisine—*langoustine à la parisienne* is a typical dish—and an unlimited quantity of free wine at meals.

Full Circle. By comparison with its older outposts, some of Mediterranée's more recent villages are almost luxurious, featuring such amenities as air conditioning, wall-to-wall carpeting and private baths. And prices are not always the rock-bottom bargains they once were. U.S. members can spend a week at Bear Valley for \$182, including bus transportation from San Francisco, meals, four hours of ski instruction daily and chair-lift tickets.

The new vacation villages reflect the fact that Mediterranée, which once ap-

pealed mostly to secretaries and young marrieds, has lately been attracting affluent, middle-aged vacationers as well. Within the next year Blitz, 56, still the club's chief, plans to open both an inexpensive "family village" in Tunisia and a costlier, more comfortable resort on Martinique. Last month the club, which was founded mainly to provide Frenchmen with vacations abroad, came full circle. It agreed to manage four new vacation resorts for the French government. French tourism declined by more than 10% in 1968, and officials want to use the Blitz lightning technique to help attract more foreigners to the country.

PRODUCTS

The Great Diaper Battle

U.S. businessmen collect and collate countless minor statistics—not the least of which is the fact that American mothers change their babies' diapers about 25 billion times a year. While pondering that vital information 13 years ago, executives of Cincinnati's Procter & Gamble Co. decided that there was money to be made in diapers. That was the genesis of what has become one of the best-selling new consumer products in years.

In 1966 P. & G. was ready to introduce a disposable diaper called Pampers. Since then, sales have climbed to more than \$30 million a year, and the company has been unable to keep up with demand. It operates two Pampers factories and will add a third this year. For lack of manufacturing capacity, it has not even begun to sell the diapers in the South or Far West.

Enter the Engineers. The effort that went into the Pampers' development was worthy of the creation of a new line of automobiles. Product designers created the company's first disposable diaper in the late 1950s, but it flunked its market tests because the retail price of 10¢ was simply too high for mothers—who make an average of eight diaper changes a day. The problem was then turned over to production engineers, who devised a high-speed, block-long assembly line that brought the price down to 5¢. That is considerably more than the cost of buying and home-laundering a standard cloth diaper—which works out to an average 11¢ per change—but within competitive range of the 3¢ or so typically charged by pick-up-and-delivery diaper services.

The toughest task was to develop a throwaway that was soft yet strong and moistureproof. For that, the engineers came up with a three-part design consisting of a quick-drying inner lining of soft rayon-like material, a middle layer of absorbent tissue wadding, and an outer sheet of waterproof polyethylene. By way of acknowledging that babies differ widely, the designers made Pampers in three sizes—"newborn," "daytime" and "extra strength" for overnight.

Competition in the disposables field is becoming fierce, but P. & G. com-



CINCINNATI HOUSEWIFE & PAMPERED BABY
Effort worthy of an auto.

mands at least three-quarters of the market. Among other throwaways, Johnson & Johnson's Chux is a distant second. Playtex and Borden Co. have similar products. Scott Paper is testing its "babyScotts," a two-part assembly consisting of a permanent outer panty into which fits a disposable diaper. Kimberly-Clark, maker of Kleenex, is test-marketing Kimbies, which differ from Pampers and Chux in that they have adhesive tabs that do away with the need for safety pins. Officers of Kimberly-Clark estimate that the total diaper market is now \$1 billion a year, and they predict that disposables will eventually win half of it.

Nothing Like Fear. Disposables already worry operators of the nation's 400 diaper services, which have an \$85 million-a-year share of the market. Such services spare mothers from having to launder diapers, but throwaways have the extra advantage of eliminating malodorous diaper containers. Inevitably, there is a Diaper Service Industry Association, based in Philadelphia. Its executive vice president, John A. Shiffert, says: "I would be less than honest if I told you that the association is not concerned about the competition presented by disposable diapers."

Not surprisingly, Shiffert turns up his nose at Pampers. He points out that the plastic outer covers have to be removed before the paper filler is flushed down a toilet, and that it sometimes clogs up plumbing. P. & G. executives contend that clogging seldom if ever occurs. Some time ago, Shiffert's group hired a Manhattan market-research firm, Drake Sheehan Stewart Douglass, which concluded that the No. 1 need of the diaper service is to develop an odor-free container. That task has been entrusted to the Arthur D. Little Inc., a management-consultant firm, and Shiffert claims that such a container is "about

a year away." At the very least, the threat of disposables has inspired the diaper-service industry to seek improvement. As Shiffert says: "There is nothing like fear to motivate a businessman."

INVESTMENT

Counting Peter's Pence

Despite its pious title, the Institute for Religious Works in Rome is much less interested in theology than in economics. It is the Vatican's bank for investing the resources of Roman Catholic religious orders and charities from many parts of the world. Set up by Pope Pius XII 27 years ago, the institute manages a sizable portion of the Holy See's vast securities portfolio. Its guiding principle is the maxim that 1,000 lire sown today can reap 10,000 for charity tomorrow.

As the new year began, an American prelate in the Vatican took charge of the institute's affairs. He is Paul Marcinkus, a 47-year-old native of Cicero, Ill., and former special assistant to Pope Paul. In a 24-hour ceremony in St. Peter's basilica in Rome, a choir chanted and Swiss Papal Guards stood stiffly at attention while Marcinkus prostrated himself at the Pope's feet to be made a bishop. The next morning, the burly Marcinkus, who stands 6 ft. 3 in., started his new job as the institute's Secretary of the Administrative Office. Since the president of the institute, 84-year-old Alberto Cardinal di Jorio, plays only a nominal role, Marcinkus is now a key man in Vatican finances.

The Bishop as Banker. The Holy See, which is as secretive as a Swiss bank in money matters, has never revealed the extent of its temporal wealth. But according to the expert opinion of bankers, economists and others who closely study its affairs, the securities that it owns in many countries are worth more than \$2 billion. By best estimates, the Vatican holds 2% of the shares quoted on Italian stock exchanges. It is a stockholder in several Italian banks, including one called the Bank of the Holy Spirit. It has blocks of stock in insurance firms, steel corporations, a leading tourist organization, the Lancia automobile company and several construction firms. As the largest shareholder in Generale Immobiliare, Italy's largest construction firm, the Vatican helped finance the Rome Hilton and the huge Watergate apartment complex in Washington.

The wealth goes far beyond shareholdings. Not counting the churches and other properties owned by dioceses around the world—which are completely independent of the Vatican's financial control—the value of the Vatican's real estate holdings runs into billions. The Real Estate Department, which is not headed by Marcinkus, owns apartments in Rome plus land in the hills around the city. It has other properties in Europe, South America and the U.S. A third section in the Vatican's financial structure, the Special Administration Department, has handsomely multiplied

the \$83 million that Mussolini paid in 1929 under the Lateran Treaty to compensate the church for territorial losses sustained in the unification of Italy.

Papal Advance Man. An unofficial advisory panel of bankers and financiers counsels the Vatican. Among them is Guido Carli, president of the Bank of Italy. By his own admission, Marcinkus needs all the help he can get. A genial and highly popular prelate who studied at Rome's Gregorian University for priests, he is a first-class organizer, but readily confesses: "I have no banking experience." Since 1959, he has been a member of the Vatican Curia—the central administration of the church. He was principal planner and advance man on Pope Paul's foreign trips and his English-language interpreter in meetings with such men as President Johnson.

Marcinkus' new job is not all high finance. The bishop-banker grants subsidies to needy dioceses and disburses the money for the salaries of Vatican employees, from cardinals on down to sacristans. Anyone who resides within the walls of Vatican City is entitled to bank at the institute.

For running this complex, Marcinkus earns something less than \$6,000 a year, just about a teller's salary in a New York City bank. He lives in a modest three-room apartment in a residential home for American priests within walking distance of his office in Vatican City. There are, of course, other compensations. Marcinkus does not have to publish any balance sheet, and neither does he have to face the hazards of an annual stockholders' meeting. He is ultimately answerable only to Pope Paul—who, at least until recently, has been answerable only to God.



MARCINKUS AT CONSECRATION IN ROME
Profits for charity's sake.



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BOOKS

Poetry: Combatting Society With Surrealism

WILLIAM FAULKNER once remarked: "An artist is a creature driven by demons. He is completely amoral in that he will rob, borrow, beg or steal from anybody and everybody to get the work done. If a writer has to rob his mother, he will not hesitate; the 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' is worth any number of old ladies." It is an attitude shared by all who have discovered just how difficult it is to write one superlative poem and what bitter battles must be waged to keep poetry vital and relevant in an age when so much else seems more important.

One such battle began after World War II and during the 1950s, when the so-called Beat poets rebelled against both society and the academic, formalist mode of poetry. Three schools of revolutionary poets were founded: the San Francisco school of Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Gary Snyder; the Black Mountain school of Charles Olson, Robert Duncan and Robert Creeley; and the New York school of Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso, Frank O'Hara and John Ashbery. Basically, the San Francisco school represented a fresh imagism combined with oriental influences; the Black Mountain group leaned toward an intellectual eclecticism typical of Ezra Pound's *Cantos*; and the New York school was surreal and Dadaistic, or more adamantly colloquial and hortative, as in Ginsberg's "Howl." But these distinctions tended to blur as the groups began influencing one another. Behind them, unifying them, were the established voices of Kenneth Rexroth, Kenneth Patchen, William Carlos Williams, and even old Walt Whitman, whose emotional, plain-speaking idiom came to be idolized by many of the new poets.

Seeking Identity. What was important was not the schools but the changing attitudes toward poetry, the breaking down of old poetic forms in an effort to initiate a fresh dialogue between the poet and his audience. What has emerged in the U.S. is a crop of poets who cannot be pigeonholed in schools or academies, whether they are writing in free verse or with a conscious debt to form. Among them, James Dickes and John Berryman have become the most prominent, while Robert Lowell continues to be the most profound force among the most formal American poets.

If there is a trend, it is toward the personal voice—the poet not only seeking his own identity but combatting society with that identity, the poet engaging the real world with more or less surreal imagery and ideas. Joined in that combat today are both well-known poets and those whose voices are just beginning to be heard.

HIS TOY, HIS DREAM, HIS REST by John Berryman. 317 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$6.50.

In 77 *Dream Songs*, Berryman introduced his readers to Henry, whom he describes in his latest collection as "an imaginary character (not the poet, not me), a white American in early middle age, sometimes in blackface, who has suffered an irreversible loss." Henry's world is modern man's world, particularly the world of the past eleven

142, describing one of Henry's amorous situations:

*The animal moment, when he sorted
out her tail
in a rump session with the vivid
hostess
whose guests had finally gone,
was stronger, though so limited, though
failed
all normal impulse before her inter-
diction, yes,
and Henry gave in.*

*I'd like to have your baby, but, she
moaned.
I'm married, Henry muttered to
himself
So am I and was glad
to keep chaste. If this lady he had had
scarcely could he have have ever for-
given himself
and how would he have atoned?*

*—Mr. Bones, you strong on moral these
days, hey?
It's good to be faithful but it ain't
natural,
as you knows,
—I knew what I knew when I knew
when I was astray.
all those bright painful years, forgiving
all
but when Henry & his wives came
to blows.*

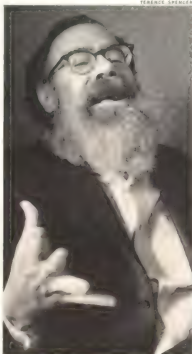
This poetic cycle is a major achievement by one of the most important poets writing today, one who has chosen to challenge society by means of an engaging, corruptible, contemporary character, that compassionately discerned yet always dispassionately dissected middle-class white/black American, Henry—Mr. Bones.

WHITE-HAIRED LOVER by Karl Shapiro. 37 pages. Random House. \$4.

Karl Shapiro's second volume of verse, *V-Letter and Other Poems*, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1945, and established him as a poet who could deal ably with the emotions of war. His *Selected Poems* won him a half share, with Berryman, of the 1969 Bollingen Prize. But his latest book of verse demonstrates that the toughness is gone and the vision is blurred when it comes to love. In this cycle of 29 love poems, adolescent maundering most often conquers whatever maturity of poetic line or concept should be expected.

*How do I love? I don't even know
Now we're cut off again like a bad
phone
(Faulty communications are my mid-
dle name).*

What is most surprising is that he should publicly confess it.



JOHN BERRYMAN
An imaginary character, not me.

years, and embraces the whole range of human experience.

Berryman's new collection (*Songs 78 to 385*) completes the work started in 77 *Dream Songs*. As in the first volume, Henry figures as the central character; occasionally a friend, who is never named, addresses him as "Mr. Bones." The songs' idiom is always peculiarly American, peculiarly Berryman. It is a successful combination of colloquial dialects and a modern, jazzy, discordant line that continually startles.

As Henry fights his intensely personal wars, struggles with love, drinks away his loneliness and imagines killing his father, who was really a suicide, Berryman fashions an epic view of life, often more dream than real. The tone is usually mournfully ironic, as in *Song*

THE INDIVIDUALIST AT KIDDER, PEABODY

SCHEDULE D (Form 1040)

U.S. Treasury Department
Internal Revenue Service

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Attach this schedule to your income tax return.

Name and address as shown on page 1 of Form 1040

Part I—CAPITAL ASSETS—Short-term capital gains and losses—455

a. Kind of property. Indicate security, real estate, or other (Specify)	b. Description (Examples: 100 sh. of "Z" Co., 2 story brick, etc.)	c. Date acquired (mo., day, yr.)	d. Date sold (mo., day, yr.)	e. Gross price	f. Gross price
1					

TALKS ABOUT INVESTMENT DECISIONS FOR CAPITAL GAIN



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WRIGHT

THE PILL VERSUS THE SPRINGHILL MINE
DISASTER by Richard Brautigan. 108
pages. Four Seasons Foundation. \$1.95.

In this book of selected poems (1957-1968), Brautigan is Harlequin on a tightwire, poised between Earth and Heaven, simultaneously mocking the passions of the populace below and his own frail fumbblings toward the stars. Though his vision sometimes expresses only itself, it often fully exposes man's foibles and feelings. His poems are, by turns, brutally realistic or surrealistically witty. Brautigan, a West Coast poet, needs but three lines to puncture "Man":

*With his hat on
he's about five inches taller
than a taxicab.*

The poet's concerns, for the most part, trick the reader into seeing life afresh, as when he remarks that his nose is growing old.

*I wonder if girls
will want me with an
old nose.*

*I can hear them now
the heartless hitches!*

*"He's cute
but his nose
is old."*

Occasionally Brautigan fails, tumbling from his poetic perch, but the dare is worth every one of the falls.

THE BODY by Michael Benedikt. 77
pages. Wesleyan. \$4.

Benedikt might be a cubist or surrealist painter, reconstructing the body, finding new relationships between lip and eye, discovering with insane logic that man's hair is the most important part of love. Raised in New York City, Benedikt is continually inspecting, distorting and re-creating the skyline of human existence. The method is often deliberately and delightfully nonsensical.

"The European Shoe," for example, might be considered a parody of Wal-

lace Stevens' "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird." The shoe, like the blackbird, incongruously becomes the focal point for all the varieties of life.

*The European Shoe is constructed of
grass and reed, hound up and wound
around so that it may slip easily
over the wearer's head.*

*The European Shoe spends summers
in delightful ways. A lady feels its sub-
tle and unexpected pressure the length
of her décolletage. (It winters in pain.)*

*It helps an old lady, extremely crippled
and arthritic, move an enormous cor-
nerstone. It invents a watch, which,
when wound up tightly, flies com-
pletely to pieces.*

In all of Benedikt's poems, the body is somehow in a contest with the spirit, while fact struggles with fancy. The result is a verbal battlefield strewn with strange, barely recognizable victims of war, delighting in their own demise.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER by
James Wright. 58 pages. Wesleyan. \$4.

A remembrance of his uncle, dead in Ohio, the wayward life in Minneapolis, the cold loneliness of a man beside the river or hunched in a freight car—these are elements captured in James Wright's latest book of poems. As in his earlier works, the Midwest is the center of his poetic world.

*My life was never so precious
To me as now.
I gape unbelieving at those two lines
Of my words, caught and frisked naked.*

*If they loomed secret and dim
On the wall of the drunk-tank.
Scraped there by a raw fingernail
In the trickling crusts of gray mold.*

*Surely the plainest thug who read them
Would cluck with ancient pity.*

It is a tribute to the intensity of his vision that Wright's poetry—distilled to the essential, like Robert Frost's—does

make the reader cluck with the ancient pity.

BREAKING CAMP by Marge Piercy. 74
pages. Wesleyan. \$4.

Marge Piercy writes highly charged poems about death, sex, love and a wide range of other social experiences. Her perceptive eye can be tough and precise ("precinct house benches dark with the grease of fearful buttocks"). She can also be highly imaginative, portraying her husband, a mathematician, in deep thought:

*You go fathoms down into abstraction
where the pressure and the cold would
squeeze the juice from
my tissues.*

*The diving bell of your head
descends.*

In this, her first book-length collection, Marge Piercy proves that modern poetry can be both passionate and perceptive, well-structured and inventive.

COMING CLOSE by Helen Chasin. 54
pages. Yale. \$4.50.

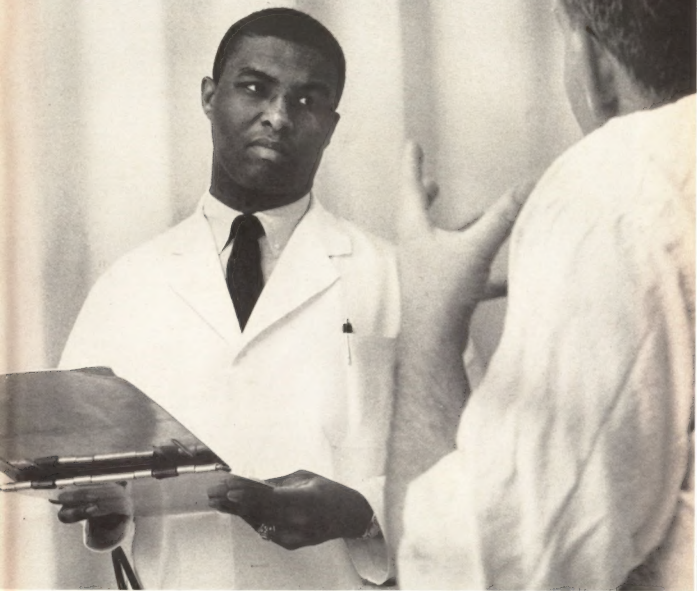
In this latest volume in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, Helen Chasin demonstrates that she is a poet not only of promise but of some achievement. She can tease the word plump until the reader can almost taste it. Witnessing Harvard Square's hippies, she can gently puncture their posturings. Her passion is often tempered with irony, particularly in speaking about love:

*Once I said always; once
is enough, God knows, to establish rel-
evance.*

She can be imaginative but tough, as when she sees the sexual connection between love and junk in "Addiction."

*Daddy, the concern
in your expressed hope
that I'm not on the stuff's
extremely touching.
Would it be too much to guess
your guess:
Who turned me on? what junkie*

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*pressed his packet, fixed me
in his need until I moan
for his sweet sake? You liar,
love's a racket, at best
only a connection.*

There may be youthful uncertainties in her work, but most often her talent allows her to gamble and gambol.

THE RESIDUAL YEARS by William Everson. 238 pages. New Directions. \$6.50.

This collection includes all of the poems written between 1934 and 1948 by William Everson, before he became the Dominican monk Brother Antoninus, under which name he now writes. Brother Antoninus writes about the book: "Its roots go back to the earth of the San Joaquin Valley, the substratum of my life, back to a happy marriage, inexorable incarceration in the Waldport Camp [a conscientious objector's prison], painful divorce, hopeful remarriage, and abrupt, disturbing separation—back to my love of nature and of woman, to a poetry of physical celebration and tortured sensuality; back, in a word to the 'residual years'..."

His work is hammered out of the acute awareness of self. But, while it can be accused at times of self-dramatization, his vision is harsh and realistic, and his lines have a driving force, as in "The Stranger."

*Pity this girl.
At callow sixteen,
Glib in the press of rapt companions,
She bruises her smatter,
Her bed-love brag.
She prattles the lip-learned, light-love
list.
In the new itch and squirm of sex,
How can she foresee?*

BENDING THE BOW by Robert Duncan. 137 pages. New Directions. \$5.

For Robert Duncan, a member of the Black Mountain school, the poem is a universe in itself, and a soul. With his consciousness of poetry's epic and mythic nature, it is no wonder that Duncan's efforts to collect so much of living, thought and feeling into the world of one poem should be quite like Ezra Pound's *Cantos* and William Carlos Williams' *Paterson*. His concern, therefore, is most often with the poem itself, as in "Bending the Bow."

*We've our business to attend Day's
duties,
bend back the bow in dreams as we
may
till the end rimes in the taut string
with the sending. . . .*

At other times, Duncan escapes from the esoteric game playing of his cross-referencing of word and image, forgets to be the Delphic oracle, and finds a poem that reaches outside of itself to the real world of experience. In "My Mother Would Be a Falconress," the relationship between mother and child is

placed on a chilling medieval level that includes a touch of Freudian contest:

*My mother would be a falconress,
And I, her gay falcon treading her
wrist,
would fly to bring back
from the blue of the sky to her, bleed-
ing, a prize,
where I dream in my little hood
with many bells
jangling when I'd turn my head.*

THE BACK COUNTRY by Gary Snyder. 128 pages. New Directions. \$4.25.

A member of the San Francisco school, Gary Snyder writes primarily from his modern Western background and the influences of his journey to the Far East. This new collection contains four sections: those poems written before 1956, when he was working as a logger and forest ranger; those composed between 1956 and 1964 in Japan, where he studied Zen; those influenced by his visit to India; and those completed on his return to the U.S. In all, the mark is of the imagist poet concentrating on the pure intensity of the picture.

The structure of each poem is determined by the fragmented highlights of what is apprehended, as in "What Do They Say."

*The glimpse of a once-loved face
gone into a train.
Lost in a new town, no one knows the
name.
A lone man sitting in the park
Chanced on by a friend
of thirty years before,
what do they say.
Play chess with bottle caps.
"for sale" sign standing in the field:
dearest, dearest,
Soot on the sill,
a garden full of weeds.*

The impressions are drawn together out of the subconscious and the memory to collide with the fresh sensations of the present. The logic must be pieced together from the wreckage. In recording this poetic traffic accident, what must be remembered is that it's not the speed that kills, it's the impact.

INCARNATIONS: POEMS, 1966-1968 by Robert Penn Warren. 64 pages. Random House. \$4.

The old magician is back again, bringing new poems written since his *Selected Poems: New and Old, 1923-1966*. A major craftsman in poetry as well as fiction, Warren demonstrates in his latest book that age has not diminished the passion he brings to his witnessing of life. The fierceness of nature is here placed side by side with the violence of urban life and the physical frailty of man. A convict in a cell doubles over in pain in "Keep that Morphine Moving, Cap." Death arrives in a cheap motel. A woman is struck by an automobile. All of it is told with a combination of elegant line and colloquial speech that makes each moment vivid

and real beyond the pretensions of poetic form.

*Oh, in the pen, oh, in the pen,
The cans, they have no doors,
therefore
I saw him, head bent in that
primordial
Prayer, head grizzled, and the sweat,
To the gray cement, dropped it,
it dripped,
And each drop glittered as it fell,
For in the pen, oh, in the pen,
The cans, they have no doors.*

CABLES TO THE ACE by Thomas Mer-ton. 60 pages. New Directions. \$3.75.

The late Trappist monk, in his last book of poems, offers his apprehensions of the Kentucky woods and views of his mystical insights. Basically, however, he is a modern antipope. Sense and nonsense are mixed, but out of the confusion comes a curious lucidity. In his parody of a newscast, he finds that:

*In New Delhi a fatal sport parade
Involving long maives and delicate
slanders
Was apprehended and constrained at
three P.M.
By witnesses with evening gestures
In a menacing place where ten were
prohibited
Many others were found missing in
colossal purples
And numerous raided halls.
Martial Doctors recommend a low-
cost global enema
To divert the hot civet wave
now tending
To swamp nine thousand acres of
Mozambique.*

Wit is the order of the day; anger against the misuse of language and life is the primary emotion, and bizarre revelation is most often the final effect.

While poets are finding fresh and forceful ways to address their times, and an increasing number of literary journals are devoting themselves to poetry, the folk-rock singers and lyricists have pre-empted a sizable share of the primary poetic audience—the young. It may be that youth finds it easier to grapple with the social commentary found in Simon & Garfunkel's "Mrs. Robinson" or in the political-protest songs of Bob Dylan than with the more complicated work of poets like Berryman. Or it may be that the poem as ballad is simply coming back into its own. In any case, the music world is experimenting with a revolutionary surrealism, and contemporary songwriters and poets are apparently enriching one another's work. Many folk-rock lyrics stand up as poems, and some poets—Michael Benedikt and Canada's Leonard Cohen among them—are devoting part of their energy to writing songs. Meanwhile, a modern music has entered into and enlivened the poem, giving Faulkner's demon-driven creatures new voices for their poetic torments.



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